"UNCLE SAM'S"

CABINS.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE

LOOKING FORWARD A CENTURY.

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PREFACE

Friends, to whom the author submitted the manuscript of "'Uncle Sam's' Cabins," have unanimously expressed the opinion that the author would be accused of an attempted imitation of that remarkable work of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The author desires to confess frankly that the motive and title were suggested by the famous book of that talented writer. Indeed, most gladly would the author of "'Uncle Sam's' Cabins" plead guilty to the charge of being an imitator throughout the entire work, if this book be only partially as successful in preventing an enslavement more painful for the descendants of Anglo-Saxons to even contemplate, than the slavery which the influence of Mrs. Stowe's work, "'Uncle Tom's' Cabin," so powerfully assisted to terminate.

By a concatenation of circumstances, the very measures necessary to accomplish the liberation of those slaves, in whose behalf Mrs. Stowe's great book so wonderfully aroused the sympathy of the Nation, have resulted in creating conditions pregnant with danger to the freedom of a large class—in fact, the majority of the population of the United States.

AUTHOR.

"UNCLE SAM'S" CABINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE mist lay dense upon the face of the earth that April morning, 1994, concealing the bending figure of a woman, as she pushed aside the fast disappearing snow in her search for the first appearing dandelion, fresh and crisp, clinging close to the warm earth, beneath its white and frosty blanket. The woman, rising from her hunt in the snow, stood erect, raising her head and shoulders above the low-lying mist, as mountains lift their heads above humid clouds, disclosing a face of pathetic beauty, accentuated by the total absence of even an attempt at personal adornment.

The coarse home-made sun-bonnet, falling back from her head as she rose to an erect position, revealed a mass of light brown hair, gathered in a plain knot at the back of her head, (held in place by a wooden pin,) which together with the open brow, full, large grey eyes and almost transparently fair skin, proclaimed her Anglo-Saxon blood; the mouth and chin though cast in nature's mould of beauty, told a painful story of suffering and resignation,—the sigh, that parted the lips as she gazed about the ghostly clad fields, served to exhibit the white, regular teeth, with which the

descendants of that race of conquerors, the Anglo-Saxons, are usually blessed.

The woman was hardly twenty years of age, fresh, beautiful, and, yet the painfully apparent absence of a something in the face, would have caused a pang to the most callous beholder—that something, not to be found reflected in the face of the young woman who stood half revealed above the mist that covered the district of Ohio, in America, this April morning—was Hope. The drooping shoulders, and slender, bended neck, told the story of hopelessness and despondency as well and clearly as the sad, beautiful eyes, whence the very soul seemed to shine forth only in sadness.

The unbeautiful bonnet, as it hung by pieces of twine from her neck, had not even one bit of ribbon upon it to proclaim a poor effort at making homely surroundings more attractive. The plain gown, made of roughly woven woolen stuff, had not a frill or tuck, to give evidence of that instinct, last to die in the womanly heart, a desire to appear well, even under the most adverse circumstances. All of this had evidently gone out of her young life, or such feelings had never existed in the heart of this woman. Perhaps such natural feelings had been crushed out of the very possibility of existence in the descendants of the American tenantry, by their surrounding conditions which, in each succeeding generation, became more and more hopeless and horrible.

The mist fading away before the rays of the rising sun, discloses the slim figure moving across the fields towards the road. From time to time she would pause to push aside the snow with the clumsy shoes she wore, made of leather straps nailed to wooden soles,

and would stoop and dig up the bunches of dandelion concealed beneath, until the rude basket made of bended willow twigs was filled.

As the girl, (for she was hardly more,) divided the bushes growing upon the bank of the ditch, which separated the field from the road, and sprang across, she saw riding down the hill towards her at a headlong gallop, a horseman accompanied by three hunting dogs, which seemed to have imbibed, like the impetuous rider of the large black horse, a wild desire for exercise and excitement.

The young woman paused as if meditating flight back into the field, but the opportunity if such were her intention was lost, as the voice of the approaching horseman called out in a cheery, wholesome kind of tone, which bespoke the open, frank nature of the early morning rider:

"Hello! Mollie, what are you doing out so early in this damp, cold mist, without cloak or shawl?" By this time the horse stood impatiently jerking at the bit by the woman's side, the dogs springing and dancing around, showing an old and intimate acquaintance with the fair gatherer of dandelions.

The young man who thus addressed the woman, presented an incongruous appearance. His large muscular frame, together with the scars of past battles, gave evidence not only of the ability to wage war, but also, the fact that he had done so.

The clear, ruddy, dark skin and nervous, sun-browned hands, told a story of vigorous health and days spent in open air.

The fact that he wore no mustache or beard made even his twenty-five years of life, seem less to the

casual observer, but the steady earnestness of his dark eyes soon eradicated the impression of youthfulness in those who met him often.

The face carried the idea of determined, steady, tirelessness of character, the chin square and strong, marked the almost bulldog tenacity and combativeness of the handsome fellow who sprang down from his horse, into the mud of the road, beside the girl whom he had addressed as "Mollie." As he took off his cap in salutation, the black, closely cut curls which lay all over his head, like a frame served to set off the frank, manly face.

He wore long riding boots reaching nearly to the hips, black cloth trousers and jacket, but beneath the pugnacious chin, bespeaking the spirit of a gladiator, and around a chest which might serve as a model for a statue of Hercules, with seeming incongruity, was the uniform of God's soldiers—the black, buttonless vest and little strip of white collar above, denoted a clerical calling.

As he grasped the girl's slender hand in his large, strong palm, and held it, while in a jolly, brotherly way, he scolded her for her imprudence in exposing herself, so scantily clad, to the dampness of the early spring morning, the girl looked up into the face of the man, towering above her, and a flush of momentary pleasure stole over the fair neck and face, as she said:

"Really, Mr. Lawton, I have not felt any chilliness."

With mock gravity, this clerical giant, bowing low, replied:

"I beg Miss Mary Hollister's pardon for presuming to—oh! pshaw, Mollie, stop calling me '*Mister* Lawton.' I am the same rough-and-tumble Jack Lawton

who romped with you in boyhood over these fields, and I don't believe that I will prove a poorer soldier in the Great Master's army, by retaining the liberty of loving old friends in the old way, and speaking, and being spoken to, as before I became a clergyman."

With almost an imperceptible sigh Mary said, releasing her hand: "It is not that you are now a clergyman, Mr. Jack, but you know how many reasons other than that there are."

"Well, never let any reason, Mollie, prevent you from feeling that the long-standing friendship between us still remains as firm as ever." With this speech he threw the bridle over his arm, saying: "Come, I will walk up the hill to your home, and as we go, I will help you balance accounts with me for the scolding I have been giving you, by confessing some sins of my own."

As this strongly contrasted couple walked down the muddy road, the man striking away with his whip, the mud clinging to his boots, seemed to hesitate and at last blurted out: "Well! we had a row last night at home and I fear I was no more respectful to my father than I should have been. I got up early this morning intending by a long hard ride to obliterate all recollections of it, and in the freshness of the morning air, lose the fumes of last night's temper, so that by the time the family are in the breakfast-room, I will be in condition to beg pardon!"

Mary, looking away from the tramping figure striding beside her, heedless of mud or snow, said, seemingly addressing herself more than her companion, "It was a discussion about the tenants!"

"Yes, it was, Mollie," almost fiercely said the man;

"it will ever and always be that one question as long as the present condition of affairs in this country exists. I regret always, doing or saying anything to offend my father, so I will apologize for my manner of last night and my hot and hasty speeches; but I hold, of course, to my opinions, and shall ever do so, concerning what I consider the duty of a Christian, a man and an American with regard to the Proprietors and tenants. The enforcement of Bonds of Servitude upon the farm-class of the country is, to me a horror, and a disgrace to Christianity and civilization. I have rejoiced that the tenants of my father's estate have been enabled to resist—until now.

"Last night when the lawyer arrived bringing the bonds to be executed by the tenants, and I heard the chuckle of delight with which he read the conditions of the bonds to my father and elder brother, I recalled that these instruments were intended to make slaves of some of those, with whom the happiest hours of my boyhood were passed. I lost all control of myself, and I fear was disrespectful and unjust to my father and brother. I am truly thankful that Weaving, the lawyer, slipped out of the room when I began to talk, for, had he remained I don't believe I could have resisted the temptation to kick him through the window" and he added, half to himself, as he glanced with a look of satisfaction at his powerful legs,—"He would have sailed out of that window as far as any football I ever kicked for old 'Eli.'"

Turning toward the pale, drooping figure, he saw the effect of the mention of the Bonds of Servitude upon his meek companion. The light had faded from

her downcast eyes, and the color had fled from the face now averted from him—she walked the embodiment of a crushed spirit. Seeing her, so poor, so frail, and cast down, he grasped her hand, saying: "Oh, Mollie forgive me! I am so forgetful, so hasty, sometimes I fear so unfitted for the work of my Master, that I almost give up. My indignation and hot temper made me last night forget the uniform I wear, and be disrespectful, unjust and violent. This morning's thoughtlessness, makes me wound the heart of my oldest and dearest friend. I am an unfortunate man, unsuited I begin to believe, for the work I love and have chosen."

The girl's cold fingers returned the pressure of his kindly hand, and without lifting her head, she said in a low voice, half inaudible: "God never made a brave and honest warrior for His service, Mr. Jack, if you are not one! From boyhood, you have been the friend and champion of the poor, desolate tenantry. Nightly, in every humble home for miles around, your name is uttered as the prayers of the poor ascend to God." They had now reached in their walk the top of the hill where just back from the road, stood a dreary, wretched hut.

The girl stopped, placing her disengaged hand over the firm, brown hand holding hers, and looking up into the man's face, said: "Good-bye, Mr. Jack!—Heaven keep you—our only friend except the God above us!" and hurried across the road into the hut on the hill.

The man paused as if undecided whether to follow her or not, then looking sadly at the hovel, slowly got into the saddle and rode down the road.

CHAPTER II.

THE hut Mary Hollister called home was the usual mud-plastered hovel of the farming class of America in 1994. It stood bleak and dreary on the hill beside the road; no fence nor trees surrounded the place, nor was there a barn near it. Cheerless and comfortless, it stood alone, in all the ugliness of mud-plaster and squalid poverty.

A woman bending over a fire in the open chimney-place, turned at the abrupt entrance of Mary. She was the wan, aged, faded picture of the younger woman, only the hopelessness and despair in her face were more pronounced by reason of the sunken eyes and the white scanty locks of hair falling around her pale face, making a background of deathly whiteness for a countenance which, as a picture would have been labeled "The Grave of Joy."

Mary sank down upon the earthen floor of the room, near her mother's side, and said: "The lawyer has brought the Bonds of Servitude down from the court-house for the tenants to execute and at last, we are to become slaves. Jack Lawton met me on the road this morning and told me he had a quarrel

last night with his father and brother Henry, on the subject of the tenants. God bless Mr. Jack noblest boy and man that ever lived!" and Mary's pale face flushed beneath the anxious, intent gaze of her mother as she finished the declaration.

In that subdued tone of voice of one long accustomed to humiliation the mother said: "Well, God's will be done! I had hoped not to be obliged to see my children attached as serfs, to the land, that was once the property of their grandfather. I am thankful that your proud, heart-broken father was spared the hateful spectacle.

"Did Mr. Jack say when the tenants will be called upon to settle the matter?"

"No; but of course, I fear that it will be very soon, if this weather continues, as the land will be ready for sowing within a few weeks, and the Proprietor has notified all the tenants, as you know, through Johnson the superintendent, that horses to plow the land, and seed to plant it, will only be furnished to those who give the Bonds of Servitude.

"Oh, mother! what shall we do? It will kill George to become a slave of the Lawton family, for, much as George has always loved Mr. Jack, the fierce resentment against the Lawton name, inherited from our father, has made my brother a rebellious spirit among the tenants of this district.

"I pray that Mr. Jack will be able to reason, and lead George to acquiescence in this, as I am ever fearful of the result of the violent temper of my brother."

Mrs. Hollister had seated herself upon one of the three rough stools, with which the room was furnished,

and regarded the pitiful, crouching figure and anxious face of her daughter, in sympathetic silence.

The worry and care of the women were too great to be expressed in words.

A glance around the humble abode of the Hollisters, where lived widowed mother, daughter and a son of twenty-seven years of age, disclosed the condition of the farm-class at the time, of which, we write.

The floor was made of clayey earth, beaten hard, clean, but, of course, without carpet or other covering. The walls of the hut had originally been made of planed boards, tongued and grooved, but time and weather so destroyed the planks that it had become necessary to plaster the entire outer walls with mud, to keep the wind and rain out of the cheerless interior.

Just over the rough mantel-shelf there was a circular hole in the chimney, showing, where at some long past time, a stove-pipe had done duty; now, stoves were unknown in the homes of the farm-class in America. All cooking was done in an open fireplace, the stoves of a century before having become worn out and impossible to replace because of the poverty of the tenantry. Two rough, unplaned shelves, attached to the wall at either side of the room, covered with a coarse kind of bagging, beneath which was a sort of mattress made of dried moss, served as the sleeping-places for mother and daughter.

A ladder at the back of the room led to the dark leaky attic, where George Hollister slept upon a bundle of straw not even covered by bagging.

Across one corner of the room was hung a curtain, made of the woven twigs of willow bushes, arranged to form a closet, in which, was kept the few poor articles

of wearing apparel owned by the two women. A box of crude workmanship at one side of the hearth, held the scanty stock of provisions for the household.

In place of the bright tins and glazed crockeryware of the latter part of the nineteenth century, a few, brown, unglazed plates of earthenware were placed on the mantel-piece. A table made from the remains of a packing-case, stood in the centre of the room, and with three stools and two common benches, constituted all the furniture of the hovel.

A battered pot was boiling on the hearth, over a fire made of bits of branches, collected in the nearby forest. Instead of andirons, pieces of rock supported the blazing branches of wood. Only one window admitted light to the gloomy interior of the hovel, and as that was without glass, light was obtained only at the expense of comfort, this damp morning.

Mary arose and in an automatic manner began to place the earthenware platters upon the clothless table, then having emptied the basket of dandelions into a basin, began to wash and assort the welcome addition to the meagre meal, which, when the boiling pot was placed upon the table, consisted of coarse corn, hominy or grits, water, salt and the dandelions.

As the two sorrowful inmates of the hovel seated themselves to partake of the poor fare upon the table, Mary asked:

" Mother, where is George? is he sleeping still?"

" No; he left the house soon after you did, to gather wood in the forest. He said not to wait for him, as he intended to make some bird snares in the woods before returning," said the mother.

The women bowed their heads in prayer, before tast-

ing the uninviting food. In their gratitude for even that little, in the cheerless waste of their lives, thanking God with a fervor unfelt in more prosperous times, by even those blessed with luxurious surroundings.

The frugal meal quickly finished, the table cleared, Mary gathered up out of one corner of the room several bundles of dry broom grass, and, seated at one side of the hearth, began with nimble fingers to weave, or rather plait a straw basket. Her mother sat near the window, enduring the dampness and cold for the sake of the light, which was necessary for her failing sight, to enable her to knit the coarse stockings then worn by all the women of the working people of the country.

The stillness was not broken by mother or daughter; each absorbed in her own bitter thoughts, each loath to add to the already crushing load of sorrow borne by the other, by giving expression to the feelings filling their wretched minds.

CHAPTER III.

THE three men seated at the breakfast table, when the Rev. John Lawton entered the room after his morning ride, afforded the strongest possible contrast to that vigorous clerical athlete. The oldest man of the party, at the head of the table, to whom he addressed a hearty "Good-morning father," was past sixty years of age, pale, slender, of refined, ascetic appearance, but with the evidences of physical weakness, the firm chin and small blue eyes marking him as a man of resolute character. There was an expression upon the face of John Lawton, Sr., which, in some manner, conveyed the idea of cruelty, in spite of the refined and gentlemanly bearing of the man.

The youngest man at the table was Henry Lawton, the eldest son, and heir of the proprietor of the Ohio District. His colorless skin, and wasted form, told a story of ill health. The effect of the contrast between him and his sturdy younger brother became painfully apparent as the newcomer took his seat opposite him. Henry Lawton had hastened the foot-steps of time by early dissipation, and while only thirty-five years of age, so like was he to his father in

form and features, that one not knowing them, might have guessed them to be brothers of nearly the same age.

The third man who greeted the new arrival, was Mr. Weaving, the lawyer of the Lawton family. He was a dried up, brown, parchment-like old-young man, of any age from forty to sixty. The deep set, glittering, small black eyes, with which he regarded the young minister, recalled to mind the baleful light of the bead-like eyes of the deadly rattle-snake.

The room was plainly yet handsomely furnished, some paintings of game adorned the walls, the bright flame from the blazing English cannel coal, with which the large grate was heaped, was reflected in the polished, mirror-like hard-wood floor, where the warm rugs beneath the table and before the fireplace, left the smooth surface exposed. The table held the usual glass and china to be found in the homes of the large landowners. A tempting and delicately served meal presented a welcome sight to the hungry horseman who, now as he raised his head after a silent prayer, said:

"Father, I am exceedingly sorry for permitting myself to become angry last night and to use language disrespectful to you, unkind to Henry, impolite to Mr. Weaving, and unbecoming a clergyman, I most humbly apologize to you all."

Mr. Lawton smiled in an indulgent manner, saying: "Oh! it's all right Jack, but my dear impetuous boy, you don't consider the welfare of the estate a minute, when your sympathy is aroused for your old playmates, the tenants; if you were the first son and heir to the property, I really don't know what would happen.

Truly, Jack, I begin to appreciate the wisdom of our forefathers in creating the " Family Compact " a century ago, whereby the eldest son inherits all the estate of the ancestor. True, it was originated to obviate the operation of the laws against entailment, and to magnify in succeeding generations the fortunes inherited, but verily, I am now thankful that Henry, at my death, will become the sole inheritor of the estate. You are so blinded by your sympathy, that it would hardly be safe under your control."

Henry Lawton cast a glance of pitying contempt upon his robust brother, as his father paused, Weaving grinned his acquiescence to the speaker.

" Well," said Jack Lawton, as he helped himself to toast, " I may regret with propriety my manner and temper, but I cannot change or regret my opinion with regard to the condition of the poor people of America; a wrong has been committed, possibly with the best intention, a century ago. I attach no blame to our ancestors because I believe many of them meditated no injury to their fellow citizens, but I think it now the duty of every Christian man in America to reject the benefits derived from the wrong."

" But! Jack, my son," said the smiling father, " you suggest difficulties and objections but offer no means of escape from the consequences of the policy pursued for more than a century by those gone before us. As a matter of fact the situation is just this—money must be obtained in some manner by the Government to pay the expenses of the Nation.

" And since our imports amount to almost nothing, the tax collected now hardly pays the wages of the custom officers. As the last resource, the Proprietors

are obliged to tax their lands and incomes. The European markets are flooded with products similar to those of our farms, but which are drawn from Africa, Asia and South America. The prices, therefore, now obtained are so low that they leave no margin for the tenantry—the farm-class in America—consequently they can buy not even the necessaries of fifty years ago, and as a result, the factory property of the Lawton estate in New England stands idle, and is going to ruin.

"The houses belonging to our factory companies, formerly rented by the mill-hands and mechanics are vacant and tenantless, only serving to increase our taxes. The former occupants have become tramps and vagrants, or emigrants to other countries.

"Were it not for the strong army which we the Proprietors, are obliged to tax ourselves to maintain, rapine and riot would rule the land. Under such circumstances, slave labor alone can save the owners of property in America. It is not cruelty, it is self preservation. Without slave labor, we cannot compete with the raisers of farm products in other lands."

"Father," replied Jack, "I grant the truth of what you say concerning the difficulties confronting the land owners, but somehow the feeling that we and men of our position are as much responsible for the present state of the country, as the poor tenants, leads me to a willingness and desire to share the burden inherited from past generations, along with the miserable farm-class whom, necessity and self preservation, you say, force the Proprietors to make slaves."

"But Jack, how can we share the load? I respect your charity, but tell me how you would advise the Proprietors of America to act?"

" I think, sir," said the young man, " That it is not a matter of charity, but it is the duty of the Proprietors as Christian men, to refuse to be benefitted by acts of injustice done by their ancestors, which, at the time of doing may have seemed harmless, but they have proven ruinous to the majority of the people of this country, and I believe fully, that, if advantage be now taken of the position of the tenants, when all educated men recognize the falsity of the system of taxation by which, the farm-class has been brought to this condition, the Proprietors will be punished by a just God to the third and fourth generations, as the farm-class are now being punished in the third and fourth generation for the faults and errors of their ancestors, committed a century ago."

Weaving could no longer resist the desire to prod the man of sentiment and charity, with the goad of practical business.

" That is very pretty sentiment for men of your cloth, but can you suggest some every day method of accomplishing any permanent benefit for the tenants?" said the lawyer.

Jack colored to the fringe of black curls on his forehead, for he knew he was no match for the cold, hard, practical man of business affairs, who addressed him, but looking around the room, an idea was suggested by the various imported articles he saw.

" To begin with, Mr. Weaving," replied the young man, " Why do not the Proprietors buy rugs, glass, clocks, furniture, in America, instead of in Europe?" " Well, first, Mr. Jack," said the man of law, as he smiled at the Proprietor, " for the best of reasons, we do not manufacture them in America."

"Then, why not?" exclaimed the undaunted Jack.

"For a second most excellent reason, we have not a sufficient number of people in the country who have enough money to purchase them even if made here, hence the manufacturers cannot run their factories to supply the very limited demand arising from the few Proprietors," answered Weaving with exultation, and added: "You see the greatest land owner or Proprietor in America can only use one coat at a time, but a limited number of rugs, clocks, glass, etc. It is impossible for him to create a sufficient demand to run home factories, so he is obliged to purchase in Europe, and pay the import duty which, of course, helps to support the government."

"But," said young Lawton, "my father just now said that the duties collected were hardly enough to pay the wages of the custom house officers."

"That is true, and has been so for years, and, of course, as estates become larger and wealth concentrated, the amount collected as customs, will ever grow smaller as there will be fewer people able to buy anything but the commonest necessaries of life; however, that is not the fault of the present Proprietors, it is the result of the American system," said Weaving.

Not to be silenced by the unanswerable truth of the statements of Weaving, young Lawton said:

"Why not manufacture goods for exportation to other countries, since our farming people are too poor to purchase the result of the labors of the mechanics?"

"To reply properly, my dear sir, to that question would keep us at table until bedtime," said the crafty lawyer, "however, to put it briefly, at present, skilled artisans are so few in America that it would be difficult to

supply the necessary operators to manufacture—factories having been closed for many years here,—and again, to go over all the causes which created the impossibility of manufacturing goods as cheaply in this country as in Europe, would be to relate the story of a system by which the materials used in manufacturing, cost more in a raw state in this country than elsewhere, and also to explain that wages paid to labor were higher than elsewhere."

"If," said the listening clergyman, interrupting the speaker, "the wages received by mechanics and artisans were too high in the former period of American prosperity, why were they not reduced?"

"I can explain that by saying that the cost of living, rent, clothing, etc., was so much higher here than in Europe that a mechanic could not live in America unless he received higher wages than those received in Europe. In fact, he had very little opportunity to save even with the higher wages paid."

"By whom was cloth and other things which the mechanics were obliged to use, manufactured?" again broke in Jack.

The lawyer chuckled in silent glee, and replied:

"In looking over the family papers I found, Mr. Jack, that your great-grandfather owned a great many tenement houses, much factory stock, bank stock. I expect he was paid a good part of the wages received by mechanics, in his life time."

The Rev. Jack Lawton had finished his breakfast. He arose, with an indignant flush mantling his manly face, bending not toward the lawyer, but looking straight into his father's cold blue eyes, he said:

"Now you see, sir, how even the advocate of the

'Bonds of Servitude' for your tenants, admits the trick by which our family and others in our position became rich. Our ancestors deceived the farmers years ago, telling them that by buying goods in America and paying higher prices than similar goods cost in the markets wherein their produce was sold, resulted in high wages to their fellow-countrymen, the mechanics. Thus they made the agriculturalists poorer, year after year, deluding them by the higher wages paid mechanics, while gathering in the wages of the same mechanics whom, they posed as benefitting in the form of rents and profits upon every necessity of life."

The very meanness of the trick is disgusting and repugnant, for it was played through the one weak spot in the armor of the American character—patriotism. I, sir, am sure, that the accumulated wealth resulting from the first ill-gotten gains of a trick would not be sacred in my hands, the Lawton estate would soon disappear."

For the first time during the morning meal, Henry Lawton, with the contempt which he felt for the sentiments expressed by his brother but half concealed, said:

"My dear Jack, it is well for you that your profession raises you above suspicion, else one would guess you were bewitched by your beautiful pauper friend, the fair Hollister."

The hot, quick temper, which, at Yale, had made Jack Lawton, one not to quietly submit to being slugged, either on the foot-ball field, or insulted with impunity anywhere else, flamed out as he leaned one brawny hand upon the table, and exclaimed:

"Here, Henry, leave Mary Hollister's name alone,

or as I am a living man, and you say one word unworthy of being spoken in connection with the name of that good girl, clergyman and your brother though I be, I will hurl you through that window!" and at the smile of malice which his heated words brought to his brother's face he added:

"You know how to annoy me and arouse a temper of which I am ashamed!—Never having had a mother's love or care my only kind friends in babyhood or boyhood, outside of this dark and gloomy house, were the poor tenants of the estate;—and that I esteem the Hollisters more than any other family because they possess education and refinement, which the hard lot of the tenantry has crushed out of all the others."

With which speech, Jack Lawton turned and opened the door, but Henry did not intend that he should leave the field without firing one last shot at him, so he called to him:

"Hold on, old man! when the tenants sign the bonds I will gladly resign all my interest in the Hollister girl to you—you doubtless will prove a better master."

The departing man slammed the door, without replying to the taunt of his brother.

CHAPTER IV.

In the year 1862, or just one hundred and thirty-two years before the date of the events narrated in the former chapters—one Charles Lawton kept a little cheap restaurant near the depot in Philadelphia, at which the soldiers from the North and West proceeding to the scene of the war then going on between the Southern States and the balance of the Union, changed cars. He had dragged out a precarious existence in this, (until the War,) undesirable business, having a constant struggle with the necessity of paying rent and obtaining enough money to satisfy his butcher and baker. But as soon as the thousands *en route* for the "front," and the sick and wounded from the fields of battle, returning home, began to stop at the nearby station while waiting to change cars, his prospects brightened and dollars commenced to accumulate in his till as the hungry soldiers flocked into, his once almost unknown restaurant.

Charles Lawton lacked neither courage nor patriotism. He had ever the desire to enlist in the army and join the Southward-moving soldiers, but Nature had been unkind to him, inasmuch as from infancy, he

had been crippled in his lower limbs and by that misfortune or chance, he was obliged to remain at home. Being deprived by his infirmities from participating in the pleasures of dissipation or protected by the same reason from all temptation to indulge therein, during a time of war and extravagance, (money being easy to make,) he did, as many others, make a great deal of money, and in the very nature of things, he did, what many others did not do, saved it—Soon, he was enabled to purchase the small building, for the use of which, he had so long been obliged to pay rent—Shortly after his purchase, a railroad company needing more room to accommodate its largely increased business, resulting from the war, purchased the property recently acquired by him, at a large advance upon the price he had paid, for the purpose of erecting additional freight warehouses.

At the time of the sale of his old restaurant, Charles Lawton's family consisted of his wife, one son a lad of sixteen, and himself.

The necessity to furnish a sufficient revenue for the expenses of the Federal Government in carrying on the war then waging, was so great that it became imperative to place large import duties or taxes upon all manufactured articles, and most raw materials brought from Europe.

Inasmuch as the farmers had a steady demand for all of their products, at good prices—the result of the large armies in the field—they did not, of course, resist the imposition of the taxes, but aided the passage of laws to that effect by their votes—and also from the fact that the farmer folk of America have ever been especially patriotic, having quickly responded to the

call of the Government, for soldiers, enlisting themselves and sons.

The result, of course, of the almost entire exclusion of European goods from the American market, was to greatly increase the price of all manufactured goods in America, and consequently, largely increase the profits of those engaged in the manufacturing business in this country. The farmers did not complain of the increased price of their manufactured supplies, because the war was giving an artificial stimulant to the prices of their farm-products.

Such was the state of affairs at the time Charles Lawton sold his restaurant. The cash obtained from the advantageous sale to the railroad company, together with his savings from the sale of food to the hungry soldiers, gave him control of quite a sum of ready money.

In looking for an investment, where but little physical activity would be required of him, he found an opportunity to purchase the interest of one partner in a thread factory. The interest offered had been that of a partner, who being more patriotic than prudent, had risked and lost his life while fighting to preserve the Union. Charles Lawton, anxious to obtain some revenue from the money then lying idle in bank, gladly availed himself of the opportunity and purchased the interest in the factory, from the widow of the dead soldier.

Thread, being indispensable and used by every man, woman and child in the land, practically, European competition being cut off by the importation taxes, a monopoly was obtained by the American thread manufacturers of this, one of the most universally used

articles. By combinations, afterwards called Trusts, the prices were fixed by and between the American manufacturers, this, of course, the whole people had to pay. The prices so fixed however, while sufficiently low to prevent any European thread manufacturers from sending thread to America and paying the high taxes on it, were also, so high as to obtain from the American consumers an enormous profit, which, went into the coffers of the American thread combination.

Charles Lawton from the money invested by him in the thread business, gained a large income, more in fact than he, with his humble tastes and small family, could spend. He invested the surplus in land near the factory in which he was one of the owners, and built small houses for the mechanics who worked in the factory, to rent. The rents being high because wages were high, Lawton as the years went by, bought other land out of his surplus income—which was derived not only from the manufacture of thread—but also from taking back, a large part of the high wages paid to the workmen engaged in the factory, in the shape of rents. He erected many tenement houses in the city of Philadelphia, which he rented to mechanics, artisans and laborers, thus year by year, adding to the number of those who paid tribute to him.

When Charles Lawton died a few years after the close of the Civil War, his son Thomas, (then a man of twenty-five,) inherited nearly a million dollars, invested in factory stock, land and houses. Within a short time after the death of his father, Thomas married the only daughter and child of his late father's partner in the thread business. By this marriage, upon the

death of his wife's parents, another million was added to his rapidly increasing fortune.

It was this ancestor of the Reverend Jack Lawton who adopted the idea of a family agreement, or as it was called afterward "The Family Compact"—when it became generally adopted by the wealthy American families—whereby, the laws preventing the entailment of property, were avoided, by an agreement between the members of the family concerned, that the eldest son should inherit the bulk of the accumulations of the preceding generations, thus hindering the distribution and dissipation of the enormous fortunes gathered during and shortly after the Civil War.

Each succeeding generation of the Lawtons after the said Thomas, adhering strictly to the traditions of the family, had continued to keep the now perpetually growing mass of property and money concentrated in the hands of the eldest son of the family in each generation—until the grandfather of the present head of the Lawton family, was recognized as the wealthiest man in America.

He had followed the practice of his ancestors and by lending money (through land, trust and insurance companies of which he was a large stockholder) to the farmers of the (then) state of Ohio, and taking mortgages on the land, until at last, he practically held all the farming land of the state of Ohio in pawn.

The price of all farm-products now constantly declined to such an extent (as new fields were opened for cultivation in other countries than America), and the farmers received such small returns for their crops that they were unable to pay the interest due, on the money borrowed on mortgages—or the

taxes of the State. The final outcome of this condition was that Jack Lawton, Sr. inherited almost the entire state of Ohio by reason of the foreclosure of these mortgages, by his grandfather. Ever after this time the farms had been rented to the former owners of the land which was now the property of the Lawton estate.

During the lifetime of the present owner's father, the great landlords had been so much annoyed by the conflict between state and Federal authority, that, by the use of their enormous wealth and patronage, they had been enabled to have laws enacted, abolishing all state governments, and concentrating all power in the Federal government—having the largest landowner appointed as executive of the Federal government in each district, which, corresponded with the territory of the former state—the executive of each district having the title of Proprietor.

These proprietors being also the owners of the factories, continued the old laws in force, taxing all manufactured articles imported from other countries, thus deriving all the profit possible out of the tenants of the land—until at the period of this story, the farm-class had become so absolutely impoverished that they could no longer even pay the rent of the land they planted.

It was then that the "Bonds of Servitude" were introduced, whereby in return for the opportunity to merely exist by laboring upon the land formerly owned by them, the farmers bound themselves and their descendants as serfs to the soil and passed as any other chattel with the land, to each succeeding heir of the great landed gentry.

These "Bonds of Servitude" had been so generally

entered into by the tenantry of America, that, in the year of which this narrative is given, there was not a freeman tilling the soil in the whole country except in the district of Ohio—where, by the exercise of almost superhuman exertions and self privations, the tenants had struggled, and succeeded in paying their rents, until within the last two years, when the great central table land of Central Africa had been placed under cultivation by the British government. This new field produced grain so cheaply that at last, the few remaining American farmers were confronted with no other alternative but slavery or starvation.

John Lawton, the Proprietor of the district, had while still a very young man, come into possession of the vast Lawton Estate, by the death of his father. The young ruler of the District, had been most carefully educated and his mind most thoroughly impregnated with the traditions and theories of his forefathers and absolutely made impervious to the teachings of the lectures on Political Economy, delivered before him, at the university where he was graduated.

His faith in the "American system" of the exclusion of imported goods, was as absolute and firm as that of the Chinese, two hundred years before. He knew by that system, his ancestors had amassed the immense wealth which now was his, and heedless of the increasing poverty of the larger part of the population, he clung with unshakable hold to the faith of his forefathers.

While still a boy, his father had arranged a marriage for him, (which duly took place when he became of age,) with the daughter and heiress of the "Sugar King" (as the people called the great man) who con-

trolled the manufacture of refined sugar in America, from which source he had accumulated an immense fortune. At one time, sugar had been considered one of the necessaries of life, by the Americans.

Of this marriage was born Henry Lawton, the heir apparent to the Lawton estate, and the Rev. "Jack" Lawton. A difference of ten years in the ages of the brothers, had been the cause of their being almost strangers to each other. While Jack was still in frocks, Henry had been sent away to college and as the heir and future proprietor, his father had taken great care of this son's association and instruction so that the principles of the "American system" should be persistently instilled into the mind of the elder son, and that his character should be formed upon the model of the past generations of the Lawtons so eminently successful in building up the family fortune.

Jack, being only a younger son, was permitted much greater liberty, or rather, was more carelessly trained and educated, the more so by reason of the fact that the mother of the two sons had died soon after the birth of Jack, which had caused the breaking up of the home life of the Lawton family. Young Jack being left to the care of a nurse and the servants at the Lawton mansion in the country, while his father made his home at his club in New York.

From his mother, the daughter of the great "Sugar King," Jack inherited, together with his magnificent physique and handsome dark face—a courageous, frank, Christian spirit—Jack's mother had been a perfect angel of mercy to the poor peasantry of the Lawton Estate —as far as possible, fearlessly defending them from each new encroachment upon their liberties and rights.

Unlike the majority of the women of her class, she remained unspoiled by wealth, presenting a grand type of the independence and intelligence of American womanhood.

The Hollister family had been always especially an object of sympathy to her. The fathers of both Hollister and his wife, had been among the last farmers of the district of Ohio, forced by resistless fate, to surrender the ownership of the lands occupied by them, and become tenants of the proprietor.

This fact accounted for the superior education obtained by the parents of Mary Hollister, and the lingering evidences of refinement in the lives of the now impoverished family; however, in the same proportion as it aroused the interest and sympathy of Mrs. Lawton, in like manner did it make their lot in life harder to bear.

George Hollister's father (the grandfather of Mary Hollister) had owned and cultivated five hundred acres of the land now the property of the Lawton Estate, which had been secured to it by means of the mortgages placed upon it years before. The remembrance of that fact had embittered the life of Mary's father, who was forced to work as a tenant of the Lawtons, being a man of strong prejudices and unreasoning temper, he had always associated the loss of the land with some unknown act of injustice upon the part of the Lawtons.

This ceaseless inward volcano of temper and anger had so worn upon the man, together with the hard labor necessary in his struggle to pay rent, that shortly after the birth of Mary, his youngest child, his health began to give way and it only required the proposed introduction of the "Bonds of Servitude," like the last

straw upon the camel's back, to finally break the heart as well as the health of the proud-spirited tenant, bringing him to his grave.

Jack's mother, not being a Lawton by birth, had not shared the measure of resentment poured out by Hollister's bitter spirit upon that family. She had not patronized in the character of "Lady Bountiful" the Hollister family, but as one young mother had met Hollister's wife as simply meeting another—while delicacy forbade open charity, still, during the lifetime of Mrs. Lawton, many comforts and pleasures came to the Hollister family, which shed a ray of light into the lives of the unfortunate people.

By means of the books obtained from this source, Mary's mother had been enabled to give to her children something of an education. In fact, the constant aim and object of the life of Mrs. Hollister, even after the death of her husband, and while struggling alone against want and poverty, was to prevent her children becoming ignorant and degraded.

Upon the death of Mrs. Lawton and the breaking up of the family at the Lawton mansion, the lonely, little, motherless boy left to the care of the servants in the cheerless great house, appealed strongly to the motherly heart of Mrs. Hollister, particularly, as the child in his face and character, recalled his mother, to whom Mary's mother was indebted for all that had made her miserable existence bearable. Consequently, the servants, only too willing to be rid of the care and responsibility of the little fellow, gladly acquiesced in an arrangement by which Jack spent most of his time in the cottage of the tenant Hollister. Here with Hollister's son, George, only two years older than

himself, Jack found all the happiness of his babyhood and early boyhood.

When Mary was born, she became the object of intense interest to these two little chaps, respectively five and seven years of age. When she was old enough to be trusted out of her mother's arms, the boys would battle for the honor of being her nurse. Jack was only too happy to be permitted to lug the baby about in his arms,—or to act the part of horse in the little home-made wagon and trot about the fields dragging the crude baby carriage,—George driving, with unstinted lashes, the son of his father's landlord.

Thus these children one—the son of the proprietor—the others, the children of the tenant, had grown to be almost one family, until, at the age of ten years, Jack was sent to a boarding-school in the city. All of Jack's vacations, however, were spent at the family mansion in the country, and the girl and boys grew up, continuing the old association, until Jack, at the age of sixteen, had been sent to the University, where he remained for four years, his father, during his vacations, sending the youth to travel in Europe with a tutor.

CHAPTER V.

UNTIL Jack Lawton was ten years of age, he had been almost forgotten by his father who only saw the boy during the hunting season, when he came down into the District bringing a lot of men of his Club set, to hunt. When Jack was only a boy of eight, and had to be lifted up on his horse, he could ride with the boldest and best horsemen of the hunting parties. He knew every fence and ditch, and was up in the front rank of the riders—"At the Death."

George Hollister and he had, with their first trousers, imbibed a love for the chase and hunt, which, had led them as almost babies into every hole and hollow of the surrounding country.

After an exciting day of sport, one of the Proprietor's friends, when Jack was eight years of age, suggested to the boy's father, the fact, that such a sturdy, fearless fellow should not be left entirely to the care of women to be educated, whereupon, a young man who had been educated by charity at one of the Universities, was sent down to the country house of the Lawtons, to instruct the neglected child, so that when Jack was ten years of age, his father concluded that he was

far enough advanced to be sent to a boarding-school.

The young man who had been Jack's teacher during the two years prior to his father's suggestion that it was time to send him to a boarding-school, had utilized all his leisure hours while at the Lawton home, in fitting himself for the profession chosen by him—the ministry. From this teacher, and in the home of the Hollisters, where the only hope of the heart was in the love and mercy of Christ, (the earth and present being so dark and desolate to the poor tenantry of America,) Jack had the latent and inherited truths of Christianity derived from his good mother, so developed, that when as a lad of ten years, he came to the boarding-school, in his sturdy breast and frank fearless heart, he carried the spirit of a Crusader, ever ready to break lance for right, justice, and for the sake of his dear Christ.

The boy soon won the respect of his fellow scholars, both by reason of his leadership in all games requiring the exercise of skill and strength, and by the frank and honest heart of the chap who not ashamed to kneel down and pray at bedtime surrounded by a ring of jeering companions, did not hesitate to rise from his knees, select the largest and strongest of his tormentors, and assail him with blazing eye and vigorous blows, as earnestly and fearlessly as Richard Coeur de Lion ever entered battle with the Saracens.

"Jack Lawton's Principles," as the boys at the boarding-school got into the habit of calling honesty, frankness and Christianity, became soon well understood and respected, for Jack had a warrior's soul in his bosom,—the natural combativeness of his character found vent like that of the followers of Peter the Hermit, or the

soldiers of Cromwell, in a desire to fight the battles of the Cross.

During the time spent at boarding-school, Jack returned every vacation to the Lawton mansion in the district of Ohio. His first thoughts were of his old playmates, George and " Mollie " Hollister with whom he spent his holidays, romping and rambling over the hills and through the woods of Ohio. Upon these happy occasions all idea of the difference in their stations in life, landlord and tenant, was absent from the minds of the children.

However, when Jack arrived at the age of sixteen he was sent to Yale College, and these joyous periods of reunion ceased, as his father insisted that he should travel abroad during the season of vacation—deeming it unwise to allow the son of the Proprietor of the district to form too strong and matured an attachment for the tenants of the land.

" Jack Lawton's Principles " became at Yale, as well known and highly respected as at the boarding-school. While he was a member of the football eleven, and pulled an oar in the University eight, he still was a hard student. When he was graduated, his father and elder brother suggested his entering the army, the idea, doubtless, occurring to both because of Jack's martial figure and combative disposition, however, much to the surprise of both, Jack rejected the offer of a commission in the Federal army, with absolute scorn, saying that he saw—" nothing tempting in a career where the highest duty to be performed, was to play the part of constable to defend the property of the Proprietors, or to charge a mob of unarmed tenants driven to desperation by the injustice of their land-

lords. That he believed more lasting laurels awaited a soldier of the Cross; the field was large and notwithstanding the defects of his temper, he might be able to render some service to his brother men who suffered from the crushing effects of poverty; that therefore he had determined to study theology and enter the ministry." Consequently he went to England, and for the next succeeding five years devoted himself to preparing for the work, he had chosen.

At the time our story opens, Jack Lawton had just been ordained, but assigned to no field of labor. Three days before his meeting on the road with Mary Hollister, he had returned to his father's house in the district after a continuous absence of nearly nine years—four of which, had been spent at the University and five at a theological college in England.

The now, Reverend Jack Lawton upon his arrival at the Lawton homestead hastened to see his old friends, the Hollisters. The horrible change in the lives and surroundings of his former intimate companions, which the past nine years had brought to them, filled him with astonishment and overpowered him with sorrow. The widow Hollister and her young son, George had been unable to pay the rent of the land formerly occupied by them, and they had been obliged to move to the hovel where they now lived.

The former home was at present the residence of Johnson, the superintendent of the district. Mrs. Hollister had become an aged, broken, despairing woman; George, her son, a reckless, desperate, revengeful tenant; Mary, time had developed into a beautiful young woman, in whom misery had crushed out all joy and mirthfulness; he found her only as a moving mar-

ble statue bearing some outward likeness to his friend of childhood.

Jack Lawton had been surprised to learn in New York when he arrived from England, that his father and brother had both left the city and gone to the district of Ohio, at that season—unaware as the new comer was that the question of "Bonds of Servitude" was then agitating the Proprietor and tenants of the district of Ohio, and it was the reason that had taken his father and brother to the Lawton mansion house in the country, at this time of the year.

On the first night of his stay at the mansion, after his visit to the Hollisters and his learning something of the deplorable condition of the tenants on the estate, a heated argument had occurred between his father and brother on one side, and Jack on the other; the next day, when Weaving, the lawyer, arrived and Jack was first informed of the intention of his father and brother to force the tenants to enter into "Bonds of Servitude," his indignation knew no limit and led to the discussion of which Jack had spoken to Mary Hollister when he met her in the early morning, on the road.

Poor Jack! he had looked forward to this, his homecoming, with so much pleasure for such a long time. The only spot in which he had known any love or tenderness in his motherless life, had been the home of the Hollisters, poor fellow! Jack had lost sight of the fact that time had not stood still during his absence. He had looked forward to finding the same boy and girl that he had left, the same affectionate motherly reception accorded him by Mrs. Hollister, as when a lad of twelve he had come home from boarding-school. In-

stead, he found two despairing, heart-broken, silent women, and a wild, almost insane young man. For fully forty-eight hours, Jack Lawton remained so completely dazed by his disappointment and horrible surprise, that he had even forgotten the many little gifts he had gathered in Europe, as tokens of remembrance for these loving friends of his early life.

He had been so perplexed by the unhappy position in which he found the Hollisters and so anxious to render them assistance in proportion to his love for them all, that he neglected to do what he considered trifling.

By the "Family Compact" now merged into a law, the younger sons were entitled to no share in the property of the father—the eldest son, by a system of entailment, being the sole heir—thus Jack had no expectation of ever receiving any part of the Lawton estate, unless his brother died without sons, and was, therefore entirely dependent upon the pension allowed him by his father.

This pension, while liberal enough, was always promptly gotten rid of by Jack upon its receipt—for among his other characteristics, generosity was most conspicuous. It was only necessary for any one in want to make that fact known, and the last dollar possessed by Jack would instantly be at the disposal of him who needed it; thus, the poor fellow found himself, almost helpless in this hour of the greatest need in the lives of his dearest friends.

* * * * * *

When Jack left the breakfast-room, after the taunt of his brother, the morning of the discussion with Weaving, he ascended the stairs to his own room, and

opening his trunk, spread out the presents intended for his friends, but when he gazed on them, the hollow mockery of sending pictures, books, trinkets and such things into that abode of wretchedness and hunger, struck him with such force he quickly replaced the pretty things in his trunk and sat down on the side of the bed, his head resting in his hands, to have what, as a student, he used to call a "square think—"

The result of his meditations was apparent in the large hamper,—filled with all kinds of groceries and good things, packed by the old butler, happy to do anything to please one, whom he and all the old servants at the Lawton mansion, loved almost as one of their own children,—which was placed in a cart to be taken to the Hollisters' home with a note, saying—

"DEAR MOLLIE :

"I have made up my mind to be a boy again for one afternoon, and, as in the days when we went gathering berries, each fellow brought his own lunch, so now I insist upon playing boy properly, and be allowed to do the same thing—only as I can't come until late this afternoon, I am obliged to send it—I shall be on hand to eat it with the same hearty appetite as when I was called

"FRIEND JACK."

CHAPTER VI.

As Jack Lawton, Mrs. Hollister and Mary sat in the twilight waiting for George, who had been absent since morning, to return and join them in what Jack had written of, as a "lunch," many straggling figures were making their way towards the large, mud-beplastered farm house occupied by Robert Rossmore, which stood in a ravine or hollow near the bank of the stream which drained this section of the country.

The house, like the home of the Hollisters, was sheltered by no tree, surrounded by no fence, the only out-building being a sod-covered chicken house at the door of which were gathered a few scraggy fowls. Still Rossmore's house, and the lands he held with it as tenant of John Lawton, was considered the most desirable of any upon the great Lawton estate.

There came through the dusk of the evening, sometimes two or three together, and again, singly, the Lawton tenants, George Hollister among the others, until the large room of which the entire lower story of the house consisted, held nearly sixty men. The room was lighted only by the flame in the wide fire-place at one end of it—unlike the usual homes of the farm-class in

America, the room had a floor made of plank—patched and worn, it is true—but white from constant scrubbing, which covered with fine sand, presented an appearance so much superior to the earthen floors of the ordinary tenants, as to seem almost luxurious.

The Rossmore house had been built more than a hundred years before the time of which this story is written. At a time when the land upon which the house stood was owned by its occupant—that more prosperous period for the farmers was evidenced by the material used in the construction of the house.

The room in which the crowd of men now stood, had, when the house was built, been divided by partitions into a hall and six rooms, as the marks of the dividing walls still indicated. All of the windows which formerly gave light and air to the lower story of the house had been boarded over, save two alone, which still retained panes of glass—the scarcity and costliness of glass was doubtless the cause for closing the many other windows with boards.

At one side of the room was a dilapidated stairway, without railing, by which means, the upper story of the house was reached. An unusual (in the homes of tenants) number of pieces of crude furniture were scattered around the large room.

As each new arrival entered the door, the crowd made a place for him in silence—no salutations were exchanged—the lack of even the clasp of a friendly hand made the gloomy room seem absolutely a sepulchre of all that is cheerful. Patiently, like a lot of cattle, the men waited in dumb silence.

Night having fallen, and all at last who were expected, having arrived, Rossmore, the tenant of the place, arose from a bench in a dark corner, where he

had been seated, and threw an armful of branches of dry wood upon the flickering fire. As the light from the flames made the features of the congregated tenants visible, the cause of the patient silence of the room was made plain. Hopelessness and despair was stamped by the ruthless hand of poverty and misery, upon every face.

Misfortune, servitude and disgrace are ever more keenly felt by a race that inherits memories of a glorious past, and within which is the inherited, instinctive appreciation of all that is refined, ennobling and glorious. Like the ancient Greeks when reduced by Rome to a position of servility, the American farm-class felt still, instinctively, its long half-forgotten past glories, and its present hopeless humiliation was the more terrible to bear.

The men were clothed with a kind of rough felt cloth, dark and sombre in color, divided into two garments, a long blouse provided with a sort of hood, with which they protected their heads from rain and sun, as none of them wore any regular head covering like hats. Short breeches reached just below the knee, the lower leg being entirely bare.

Their feet, sockless, were thrust into roughly made and clumsy wooden shoes. Their long untrimmed hair and beard, together with the uncouth clothing worn by them, gave to the men in the shifting shadows and unsteady light, an aspect of a certain wildness. Still, in spite of the mean surroundings, coarse clothing, unkept appearance, misery and hopelessness, the faces bore evidence and trace of the race of freemen, whence they came, painfully recalling the picture of the thoroughbred Arab steed degraded to dragging a plow.

An old man, whose white hair and long beard seemed to declare him the patriarch of the tenants assembled in the room, slowly walked to the place by the hearth where the light was brightest, that all might see him, and standing thus, like some Druid priest of old, addressed the assembled men.

"You ask me to come among you to-night and advise with you concerning the giving of 'Bonds of Servitude,' to John Lawton, the Proprietor of the District of Ohio. My countrymen, that you may appreciate the wisdom of my advice, I must go back more than a century in the history of our country and relate the causes which lead me to the conclusion at which I have arrived. I have lived nearly ninety years, and in the long life God has given me, I have experienced few joys and many sorrows.

"I have seen slowly, but surely, the glory of the departed Great Republic fade away. Freedom slowly but irresistibly vanish from our land. Tenants of one district after another enter into 'Bonds of Servitude.'

"Your long fight against fate here in the District of Ohio has filled my heart with sorrow, for well I knew from past experience that, in the end, with grief and an increase of misery, you must succumb to the inevitable fate of all the American tenantry.

"There are so few here who can read, even if books were obtainable (for all of you were born since the abolition of the public schools) that, to make you understand the condition of your lot in life, and the uselessness of prolonging the struggle against destiny, I shall be obliged to go into many details which have led to the present condition of the farm-class in America.

"More than a hundred years ago, your ancestors owned the soil you now till for John Lawton, the Proprietor. All throughout America the cultivator owned the land he farmed. The soil was new—exceedingly fruitful. America produced immense crops of wheat, cotton and corn—petroleum flowed from thousands of wells—the whole world was the market in which our forefathers sold the surplus produce. With improved machinery for farming, and virgin soil rich beyond comparison, the Americans outstripped all competitors.

Large crops. Good prices. Abundance, luxury, and, alas! carelessness, thoughtlessness. The belief in the eternity of the then existing flattering conditions.

The farmers, who were then three-fifths of the population, permitted, yea, even helped to make laws (for the farmer class voted a hundred years ago) whereby they obliged themselves to buy everything used by them only in America, restricting themselves to one contracted market to buy in, but selling in the markets of the universe."

A murmur of disapprobation went around the listening tenants. The old man paused, then continuing, said:

"Nay, do not murmur and curse your ancestors. They were beguiled by specious and sophistical arguments. Being so happy, prosperous and contented, they would not investigate and learn what is now so plain to us all.

"Year after year the farmers would send their surplus wheat, cotton and corn to Europe and sell there, but—could not buy their coats, hats, crockery, blankets, or anything else, in that, the cheapest market for manufactured goods in the world, and bring

the goods home for their use, without paying an enormous tax upon landing them in America—consequently, by the very laws which they, the farmers, had helped to make, they were obliged to purchase in America where the manufacturers charged almost double the price asked for manufactured goods in Europe.

"For instance, three bushels of wheat would buy a hat in England where the farmers sold most of their surplus crops, but when the same hat was bought by them in America it cost five bushels of wheat. But the farmers were compelled to forego the advantage of buying in the cheapest place to buy hats, because after giving three bushels of wheat for a hat in England, they would be taxed another three bushels of wheat by the Government upon bringing it into this country.

"Thus though the five bushels of wheat charged for a hat in America, was entirely too much, it was cheaper to contribute two bushels of their wheat to the American hat manufacturer, than to put three bushels into the treasury of the Government.

"You see by these strange (and as we see in the light of experience) utterly insane laws, the farmers absolutely robbed themselves, not for the benefit of the Government, but to enrich the manufacturers and concentrate wealth in the hands of a few. True, the other two-fifths of the population, the mechanics and laborers, received higher wages than the same kind of workmen in Europe received, and they also were deluded by the same kind of specious arguments as those used with the farmers, and induced to continue the strange laws in force by their votes.

Laborers voted also in America, a hundred years ago. But, in the end, it has proven the ruin of the mechanics and laborers as well as that of the farmers.

"For by those strange laws the mechanics and laborers also had to buy their blankets, coats, hats and all other supplies in America. They also were obliged to pay rents for the homes in which they lived. The rents paid by them were high, in proportion to the wages received by them; so that, while apparently the workingman received greater compensation in America than in Europe for his labor, as a matter of fact, he did not, for it was only a loan which he was obliged to repay promptly in the shape of large profits to his employers who manufactured the goods he used, and owned the house in which he lived.

"No; your forefathers were not fools. They were led to believe that the extra two bushels of wheat went to support and make happy and prosperous the other two-fifths of their countrymen—the mechanics and laborers—and by their patriotism and love of country, they were ruined, and their descendants made slaves.

"The sacrifices made by the farmer for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen who were mechanics and laborers, when he voted for those insane laws, were productive of no permanent beneficial results to those for whom the sacrifices were made. Because the additional price charged in America, said to be occasioned by the high wages paid labor in this country, as a matter of fact, only passed through the hands of the laborer to find its way back at last to the owners of factories and real estate in the manufacturing centres—leaving no permanent benefit with the two-fifths of the laboring class,—thus the steady drain upon the

deluded farmers went on year after year, its continuation assisted by the equally deluded mechanics and laborers—the farmers, like the melting snows of the mountains, furnishing the water—the mechanics, like the river, carrying the water in a constant stream, to its final repository, where, as in some lake or reservoir, it fell into the coffers of owners of factories and real estate in manufacturing localities.

"After many years, European nations becoming weary of buying the American farmers' surplus crops and being unable to sell them the goods manufactured in Europe, sought and found new lands, where wheat, cotton and corn could be grown, and new farmers with whom they could trade, exchanging the goods manufactured in Europe for the wheat, cotton and corn raised by the new farmers.

"European governments and capitalists, seeing the prosperity and profit enjoyed by the American farmers, began competition in the production of the great staples of this country.

"They built canals in Egypt and flooded the deserts of North Africa with the waters of the Nile, in the soil thus made fruitful, planted wheat, cotton and corn. They built railroads into the heart of Central Africa, utilizing the virgin soil of that great continent for raising products to compete with the American farmers.

The Russian serf (for that he is in fact if not in name) was used for raising wheat, and from his hovel, with his crust of black bread and cup of vodka, he smiled across an ocean at the farmers of this country living in luxury, knowing as the Russian did, that the American would be brought to the level of the serf.

"England, the foremost trading nation of the world, poured her gold into South America until the Brazils and Argentine were yellow in the summer sun with wheat. The Empire of Great Britain was urged to the utmost capacity of its vast territory, and from Manitoba to the banks of the Ganges, wheat, cotton and corn were forced to grow.

"The continent of Australia, the great island of New Zealand, all joined in the race to drag the American farmer from his high estate—oh, my children! had wisdom guided our ancestors the contest never had occurred."

The old man paused and bowed his head as if the sorrow of the coming story crushed him down.

"Now was the beginning of the end of American prosperity and independence," he continued. "The European markets were flooded with wheat, cotton and corn—Russia even developed her vast petroleum resources, making coal-oil a drug in the markets of all the world, except in America. Prices of all farm products began to decline;—wheat, one dollar, ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty, fifty cents;—cotton, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five cents.

"You ask why? Because Europe was oversupplied. But the home market, you suggest. Then, and only then, did the farmers realize that the prices paid by the consumers in this country, were made in Europe by the price of the surplus.

"Europe had now a plentiful supply drawn from Russia, Asia, Africa and South America, therefore the prices made to the American farmer for his produce, were made by the European buyers and depended upon the prices they were obliged to pay for the wheat, cot-

ton and corn produced by the Russian who dwelt in the hovel; the Egyptian slave; the East Indian who kept body and soul together upon one cup of rice a day; the unclothed African; and pauper populated South America—and the prices so made in Europe with such farmer competition, made also the price of produce paid by the home consumer.

"The farmers in America, from these causes receiving less each year for their crops, to relieve their pressing need for money, with which to pay taxes, educate their children and to buy manufactured goods, placed mortgages upon their lands, thus drawing on the future the draft their descendants are now paying.

"Your forefathers in the then hopeful American way expected that something would occur, enabling them to pay off the mortgages—a war in Europe perhaps; a failure of the crops abroad might happen. Science made war so fatal that nations became peaceful; wheat, cotton and corn being planted in every section of the globe, crops everywhere could only fail at the same time when the Almighty decrees the death of man on this earth.

"Even when thus brought face to face with an injury which resulted in their lack of money, American farmers still refused to recognize their inability to buy the manufactured goods they needed, in the cheapest market, as the injury. They followed any mirage in the political desert, but absolutely refused to believe that the waters of prosperity were just beyond the wall that they themselves had built around the country.

"The farmers now turned to that small part of the population which owned and operated factories, and owned and rented real estate—there they found money

in plenty. True, in many instances, the name of the factory and real estate owner had been changed—it was now Land Company, Trust Company, Insurance Company. However, the rose was still the rose, the odor was the same. The farmers had found the reservoir in which was stored the money of the country, which like the waters of the snow from the mountains, they had furnished, and it had passed by way of the mechanics and laborers, who, as a channel, had carried and deposited it in the coffers of the manufacturers and landlords.

"Your ancestors, at this reservoir of cash, by giving mortgages, the interest on which consumed the land as will the lava of a volcano, obtained money to carry them over until times were better.

"Things continued to get worse, never better—what could make them better?—but the farmers would not see where the whole trouble came from. Just kept on hoping for a miracle, refusing to see the nearest and easiest remedy which was before their very eyes.

"The torch was now burning at both ends for the people in America of all classes. The farmers received so little for their crops that it was a struggle for them to pay their taxes and interest on their mortgages, consequently they bought fewer manufactured goods each year. They had now passed the stage of buying in the cheapest market—they had no money with which to buy anything, anywhere, at any price. Their pianos, carpets, lace curtains wear out—they cannot replace them; their stoves wear out—they must cook in the open fireplace. They must eat and live, educate their children and clothe themselves as do those against whom, they are obliged to compete in the sale of wheat

cotton and corn—Russian serfs, Egyptian slaves, African savages, downtrodden East Indians and the pauper labor imported into South America.

"The mechanics and laborers now appreciate that all work done by them must be paid for by the American farmers, because they alone created wealth in America—then did the mechanics, factory hands and laborers see that by the strange laws taxing everything—raw materials as well as manufactured goods, and paying high rents—they were unable to manufacture anything in this tax-bound country as cheaply as the mechanics, factory hands and laborers of Europe—that the results of their labor had been sold almost entirely to the farmers, or rather the farmers paid the bill—that, of the millions of dollars paid by Europe to America, very few dollars were paid for anything except the farmers' produce and petroleum.

"The truth of the statement that the farmers paid the bills, was demonstrated to the mechanics and laborers by the fact that now as the farmers had no money to buy manufactured goods at any price, the mechanics and laborers had no work, no money, but as tramps and vagrants roamed over the country.

"The owners of factories and real estate, under the name of Land, Trust, and Insurance companies, holding the mortgages on the farmers' land, now obtained all the water of the melted snow, in the shape of interest, and needed no such channel as the mechanics and laborers to conduct the water to the reservoir. In impoverishing the farmers, to obtain high wages, which were handed over by them to the real estate owners and manufacturers, the mechanics and laborers had killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

"My children, it is useless to go further into detail, the thing was done and past. The farm-class being killed, now all that was to be done was to bury the corpse. Now, events hurry so fast, one upon another, that like an army of misfortune they seem a ranked host.

"The mortgages on the farmers' land became due—of course, the land cannot under these conditions be redeemed by the farmers—they are now poorer than when they made the mortgages—foreclosures occur. The land which the farmers owned passes (through possibly, the circumlocution of a Land, Trust or Insurance company) into the hands of the manufacturers and real estate owners, who now become landlords, and the farmer who formerly owned the land is reduced to a mere tenant. The landlords of America spend the rents received, in Europe, as the English landlords of Ireland spend their rents, in England.

"Yes, Rossmore, attempts were made to stem the oncoming tide of wretchedness, but it was too late, like an octopus, certain great combinations called Trusts, enclosed the representatives of the people in their terrible arms and submerged them beneath the surface of that great reservoir of dollars, gathered from the farmers, mechanics and laborers of the whole country for years.

"Thus the few obstructed the will of the impoverished many, because the many waited too long, until poverty held them in its chilling grasp.

"After some years a law was enacted that only those who owned real estate could vote. Then laws were passed abolishing the public schools. Then it being easy, laws were made requiring every voter to be able

to read and write. Free and independent newspapers were no longer published, for those who would have liked such publications, had neither money to buy them nor ability to read them.

"All State governments were then abolished, the States becoming Districts of the Federal Government, in which all power was concentrated for the greater convenience of the landlords, now called Proprietors,—thus vanished the old and dearly loved States of the Union.

"No; there was no rebellion, no revolution. The Americans had such love for law, order and form—such horror of mob-law, Anarchy, Socialism—that they preferred to endure the ills they had than to fly to others they knew not of. Besides, at the time these ills became so apparent, certain bad men called Anarchists, had, by their cruelty and lawlessness, made abhorrent to even the mind of the humblest American, a resort to any extraordinary measures. At any attempt to right existing wrongs, it was only necessary for the landlords to raise the cry of 'Anarchy,' and 'Socialism'—and like frightened sheep, the farmer-class would scamper away from attempted reformation. Every man bold enough in those days to speak for justice, was dubbed a 'Demagogue.'

"The farmer-class nowhere held the land except as tenants of wealthy individuals, or trust companies controlled by wealthy individuals—to pay the rent of the land (the prices of all farm products ever declining) became yearly more difficult—the tenants ceased to educate their children, one by one all the luxuries disappeared from their homes, then the comforts of life passed away, and at last, the very necessities were

reduced to what we have to-day—corn meal, bread, coarse herbs, felt clothing, wooden shoes and mud plastered houses.

"The mechanics and laborers of the land were in no better position, for the farm-class having no money to buy, there was no sale for the goods made by the mechanics—they were thrown out of work—their rents had to be paid, so that lacking work, food and shelter, they became outcasts and tramps.

"The farmer-class at last having given up land, education, luxury, comfort, still being unable to pay and live as freemen, rather than commit the sin of suicide—for Christianity is deeply imprinted in the hearts of the tillers of the soil—surrendered, to live, their last possession,—Freedom,—and by 'Bonds of Servitude' bound themselves and their children to the soil.

"The fate of all other tenants in America awaits you. From the history of your class and country, you must see that escape is impossible. The failure of last year's crop has left you without even seed to plant. John Lawton, the Proprietor, has refused to furnish seed and supplies for next year's crop unless you give the 'Bonds,' and unless you do plant the soil, you are notified to leave the land.

"You ask my advice—then sign the 'Bonds of Servitude.' The act is your only salvation from starvation and death. Feel no added disgrace in giving the 'Bonds.' The act is not yours but it is the act of careless, thoughtless ancestors, done by them more than a century ago, and which you are now called upon to accept the punishment of."

The old man paused. A suppressed murmur, almost a groan was the only sound heard for several minutes—

when from out of the shadow stepped a young man, tall, thin, with long unkempt hair and beard, clothed in felt as the other men, but with a face which would have been positively handsome, had not the pinching hand of poverty marked it with the indelible imprint of its fingers—a wild, fierce, passionate light burned in the dark haggard eyes, which glittered in the fire-light like a cornered mountain cat's—the man's name was George Hollister.

In a voice of pent-up wrath, he said, addressing the old man who gazed upon him with eyes full of pity:

"William Anderson, do you advise me to make my mother and sister, slaves?"

Not pausing for a reply, he turned to the men around him and continued: "When my father lay dying he made me swear, boy as I then was, to sign no 'Bond of Servitude' binding myself, family and descendants as slaves to the soil. Five hundred of the acres now tilled by you men had been the property of my father's father—John Lawton's father acquired it honestly, perhaps, but by means of those damnable laws, William Anderson has described—the knowledge of these facts embittered my father's whole life and it was the suggestion of the 'Bonds of Servitude' for the impoverished and helpless tenantry that finally broke his heart and killed him. For myself and family I will sign no 'Bonds of Servitude'—I, singly and alone, if none join me, will rebel," and frantically shaking his clenched hands above his head, he cried—

"I will fight and kill some of our masters, I can but die!" and with that wild shout, rushed through the amazed crowd of men out of the door into the darkness beyond. The old man sprang after him to the

door, calling out, "For God's sake, George, think of your mother and sister," but no answer came back out of the darkness.

Then Anderson, looking at the men now clustered around the door, in a voice broken by emotion, exclaimed:

"For the love of God, do nothing. Sign the bonds, as a struggle at this late day, means death. You would be obliged in the end to succumb. The Government, the army, the weapons, the money—all are in the hands of the great Proprietors.

"Submit; it is our heritage.

"Submission and Slavery."

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER sending the hamper and note to Mary Hollister, for several hours Jack Lawton remained locked in his room, meditating upon how he should act and what he could do, in this, the first trial of his strength in the cause of his Master. He felt it his duty at any cost to prevent any of the Hollisters from becoming slaves. His gratitude and affection for the family were sufficient to lead him to the determination to resort to every expedient to avert that calamity, but aside from that question, as a soldier of Christ, as a clergyman, he recognized that his post of duty was among the heartbroken people of the District where he had been born.

He knew that in the desperate frame of mind, arising from the humilation of their recent increased degradation, the tenants might resort to violence of some kind. He saw clearly that in the hour of their greatest distress the people of the District would need a counselor and friend—and that having been associated with them and having won their confidence and friendship as a boy, he would be able to serve his Master better probably than a stranger,—even though the stranger

might be an older, wiser and more experienced soldier of the Cross.

He, for the sake of old days spent with the tenants, would be admitted to the homes and inmost hearts of the poor people, while they might hesitate before laying bare their suffering souls to one with whom they were unfamiliar. He seemed to hear a voice saying—"The disciple is not above his Master nor the servant above his lord."

He had been offered a post in a fashionable parish in New York city, because of the position and influence of his family, but now was recalled to him how the Master dwelt among the lowly.

Opening his Bible, Jack read Christ's command to his disciples,—"But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The words there printed, like the bugle blast to the ear of a soldier, called him to his post of duty.

That night, two letters left the Lawton mansion, one going to New York refusing the flattering offer of the fashionable church, the other, begging the Church authorities of the District of Ohio, that he might be assigned to missionary duty in the neighborhood where he was born. Jack having written these two letters and finally resolved upon a course of action, went in search of his father and found him busily engaged with his lawyer in the library.

John Lawton, Sr., looking up from the papers before him when his son entered the room, said with a smile:

"Well, Jack, have you been gathering ammunition and come back to renew the battle with Weaving?" But seeing the serious and determined aspect of his son's countenance, he changed his bantering tone and added—"or is it something you wish to say to me?"

This father had always in spite of differences of opinion with this son, held a rather queer idea of the possibility of Jack doing anything, no matter how extraordinary, whenever he observed the determined look come into his eyes, and knew that the point where further exercise of parental authority became dangerous had been reached—in fact, there was an element of well-concealed fear in the father for this son, as there had been in the husband for the mother, whom Jack so vividly recalled, as drawing a chair close to his father's side and placing one of his strong brown hands over the fragile fingers of his father, he said:

"Will you allow me to interrupt you for a few minutes? I wish particularly to talk with you before I visit some friends. As the subject is entirely personal to myself and seriously concerns my future, will you excuse Mr. Weaving?"

Without waiting for the reply of Mr. Lawton, the lawyer arose hurriedly, saying: "Certainly, Mr. Jack, nothing that is urgent requires your father's attention," and left the room.

As the door closed behind Weaving, Mr. Lawton with considerable uneasiness in his voice said: "What is it Jack?" The son, without removing either his hand from his father's, or the gaze of his dark earnest eyes from the face of the older man, said slowly as if each word were intended to be well considered by the listener before the next word was uttered:

"Without waiting for me to request, you, sir, have ever treated me with great generosity. My allowance has always been exceedingly liberal, but I fear that I am a bad manager, as I find myself utterly without means."

The father interrupted and in a tone of relief, said:

"Bless my soul, boy, that is not a serious matter," and reaching for his check-book, added, "How much?" as he opened the book.

"Father," said Jack, "I had not finished what I have to say. I am fully aware that the property of the estate will all go to my brother, and that I am, as a younger son, in no position to demand anything concerning the property of the estate. I come, therefore, to you, father, to most earnestly solicit a favor concerning the leasing of part of the property."

Mr. Lawton's hand had slowly closed the check-book and he looked with eyes of astonishment and anxiety at the speaker, as his son continuing, said:

"I have writen to your kind friends in New York, declining the splendid offer of the church, made by them. I also have written, urging my appointment as a missionary in this district, upon the Church authorities—" Astonishment and annoyance kept the Proprietor silent as Jack added, "I cannot live in the mansion and be of the people as I can if living among them, therefore I come to you to beg that you allow me the use of the house occupied by your superintendent, Johnson—and being, as I first remarked, without money—to propose to you that in place of the pension heretofore given me, you will give me the use of the house I have mentioned, with a few acres of land, free of rent for my life—and to enable me to properly enter upon my duties and perform such acts of charity as I deem necessary, that you give me the sum of one thousand dollars."

At the impatient gesture of his father, Jack stopped, but before he could be interrupted, continued:

"I am aware that I am asking a great deal, but I

don't think that you, or Henry after you, will miss out of the many millions of dollars of the Lawton estate, what I ask—" Here Mr. Lawton stopped him by raising his hand with a deprecating motion, saying:

"Now, Jack; stop all that absurd talk about what you ask being much in itself, it is absolutely nothing, a mere trifle, but I will not allow you to sacrifice yourself by remaining buried alive here, when you could occupy a position in keeping with your name and family by accepting the offer of my friends in New York. No, Jack, no! I will neither give you the lease nor the money."

The young man without one word of reply, pushed back his chair and walked to the door. This proceeding was more alarming to his father than the most violent language from Jack would have been, because it was so unlike the usual behavior of his combative son; therefore Mr. Lawton, rising from his chair and following Jack to the door, said, "Where are you going?"

The young clergyman turned and placing one powerful hand on each of his father's shoulders, looking down into his eyes, replied: "Up-stairs to pack my trunk and leave your house, father, and seek shelter in the hovels of your tenants, for I am determined to do the work of my Divine Master among the poor and oppressed of this district, if even like Him I serve, I have nowhere to lay my head."

His father hesitated an instant, then seeing the unshakable resolve of the man written in Jack's face, he placed his arm around him and said, "Come, Jack, I will do what you want; but, my son, you are cutting

yourself off from your family and all your associates in your own sphere of life."

Together the father and son went arm in arm back to the desk, and Mr. Lawton opening the check-book, filled out a check for a thousand dollars, saying: "I will have Weaving make out the proper papers giving you the house and land now occupied by Johnson, without rent for your life."

Jack said, while warmly grasping his father's hand as he arose to leave the room: "God bless you, sir! you have made me a very happy man to-day—and I beg that you instruct Weaving to prepare a final discharge for you and my brother Henry from any further claim of mine upon either of you." As Jack closed the door after him, Mr. Lawton leaning back in his chair speaking to himself, said with a sigh, "Just like his mother, he would have gone to the huts of the tenants. I saw the same look that his mother used to have, and it was waste of time and words to argue the question—he would have cared nothing for the disgrace to our name—I did right."

As the Proprietor sat thinking, Weaving came into the room and was informed of what had occurred. He said: "That does not surprise me. In fact, I rather expected it and it happens rather conveniently, for in case of trouble about these 'Bonds,' Mr. Jack's presence among the tenantry is more valuable than a regiment of soldiers."

Lawton considered a few minutes and said, "Perhaps, you are right, Weaving, but had I not seen the hopelessness of the task, I would have endeavored to have him leave this District. However," added Lawton, "prepare the lease and notify Johnson to vacate that

house and occupy any other that he may fancy." For some moments, Weaving seemed deeply buried in thought, when suddenly looking up and finding Mr. Lawton regarding him with some curiosity, he said:

"Why does not Mr. Henry get married? In case of the death of Mr. Henry without sons, Mr. Jack would inherit the Lawton estate after you, sir, and with his peculiar opinions, especially now that he intends to remain constantly with the tenants and become daily more attached to them, it would be an exceedingly unfortunate thing were he to become the Proprietor of the District."

It was plain from the promptness with which the question was answered, that the subject had been considered, discussed and settled by Mr. Lawton, for almost before Weaving had ceased to speak, the Proprietor said:

"Henry will marry Miss Ashton this coming autumn, and I hope that the danger you speak of will be in time, removed by the birth of a son. Henry absolutely refused to marry before he became thirty-five years of age, declaring that he wished to enjoy life before he settled down, and even now I would have great difficulty in bringing this marriage about were it not that his medical adviser insists that he must lead a quiet life, as his health is much injured by dissipation. At last, I induced Henry to believe that a wife might furnish some entertainment, now that a quiet life was necessary, and pointing out the importance of perpetuating our name by a proper representative, he has consented."

Weaving merely remarked by way of reply: "I wish Mr. Henry had more of his brother's strength," and

began the preparation of the lease, to Jack Lawton for life, of the house where the Hollisters had lived so many years, which was now occupied by the superintendent, Johnson.

While Weaving was writing the lease for him, and his father speculating upon the disaster in store for the Lawton estate, should Henry die without having a son to inherit the property, Jack Lawton was striding along the muddy road toward the humble home of the Hollisters, with a heart full of happiness, little imagining that the possibility of his becoming the Proprietor of the District could be a cause of thought to any one, as he had never given, what he considered a very remote probability, an instant of his attention.

Jack Lawton carried into the hovel of gloom and darkness, such words of cheer and gladness that day, as had not been heard by Mrs. Hollister and Mary for years. He told them how he had secured their old home, and that now Mrs. Hollister and Mary must move there again and keep his house; that George and he would plant the land; that now, not being tenants of the Proprietor, they need dread no longer those hateful "Bonds of Servitude."

He had come into a hovel, but by the hope, light and happiness he brought, he dispelled the dreariness of the place, as the coming sun dispels the gloom of night. And as they sat around the humble hearth waiting for George, they planned the little church Jack would build with part of his thousand dollars. What missionary work he hoped to do, and when at last, it grew so late, that he had to leave, he left many kind messages for George, and bade them tell him to stay at home next day until he came, that they together might go and examine

the old homestead, and playgrounds of George, Mary and Jack.

In his dreams that night Jack seemed to see the beautiful picture of his mother which hung in the parlor, walk out of the canvas and come smiling to him, push away the curls and kiss him on his forehead, and lovingly lay her hand upon his head.

* * * * * *

Mary and her mother, so overcome with the sudden change from the dark misery of despair, to the happiness of hope, slept none that night, but waited and watched for the coming of George, both anxious to share their joy with the partner of their sorrows; but the night passed and George did not return home.

The morning light revealed in the faces of the women no trace of their long watching—hope and happiness had so altered the expression that no sleeplessness or weariness was visible in the countenance of either mother or daughter. And when Jack called out for George as he came to the door, and Mary came to greet and tell him that George had not been home the night before to hear the great good news, Jack looked at her in surprise, and said:

"Why, Mollie, you look this morning like another woman. What have you been doing?"

The girl replied: "Mr. Jack, you are the magician that has changed me, if there be a change, for you have made me so happy!" and Mrs. Hollister coming at Jack's call to see the lease given him that morning, whereby their old home was his, and therefore theirs, without rent as long as he should live, he saw the same change in her, ten years of age seeming to have been taken away from her. And in his walk alone to

examine the premises he had known so well as a boy, Jack's heart was full of thankfulness to God that he had been made the instrument of the Almighty's loving kindness to the two poor women in the hovel.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOMAS JOHNSON, the superintendent of the Lawton estate in the District of Ohio, had for the past five years been almost undisputed master of the District, as the Proprietor spent but little time on his property; indeed, rarely could Mr. Lawton be induced to leave the comforts of his city clubs and the pleasures of New York to immure himself in the gloomy, pauperized, agricultural district of which he was Proprietor. Johnson, being thus left with no one to control his movements, nor interfere with his autocratic power, had given loose rein to his naturally surly temper, exercising his arbitrary will whenever an opportunity presented itself, in a most merciless manner.

Upon the failure of the crop of the District for the second year, it was Johnson who had devised the scheme of refusing to furnish seed or supplies to the tenants, for the purpose of planting the soil, unless they would enter into "Bonds of Servitude."

The superintendent had urged the Proprietor to avail himself of the advantage offered by the misfortunes of the tenants, to end in the district the lingering remains of freedom in the farm-class of America, insisting that

such a condition as had been arrived at by the failure of two successive crops in the district might not recur in a life-time, and that without slave labor, it was utterly impossible to plant profitably in America.

Having finally prevailed upon the Proprietor to adopt his scheme of enslaving the tenants, and having committed Mr. Lawton to the uncompromising position occupied by him as Proprietor of the District, Johnson became so exultant over the bright prospect for the exercise of the spirit of petty tyranny, which, in the meanness of the soul, he possessed, that he boastfully proclaimed himself the author of the cruel measure which would place the poor people of the district in his power. For this reason more, than for the cruel conduct of which he had been guilty for years, Johnson was regarded as an object of intense hatred by all of the tenants. Many had vowed vengeance, but the spirit of the majority of the men was so crushed and subdued by years of subordination, that no overt act of retaliation had ever been attempted.

Johnson was the superintendent not only of the section cultivated by those tenants who had assembled at Rossmore's house, but of the entire District of Ohio, having in each section, an overseer or head man, who executed the orders of the superintendent.

Thomas Johnson's father had been the superintendent of a criminal reformatory, and in the atmosphere surrounding a prison, as a witness of the brutal punishments there inflicted upon the helpless creatures committed to the tender mercies of his father, the son had grown to manhood. He had entered the service of the present Proprietor of the District some twenty years before the date of this narrative, as an overseer

of a section of the territory, and upon the death of the former superintendent, had been promoted to his present position, because of the executive ability he exhibited in the organization and operation of his section as overseer.

Johnson was now about fifty years of age—the dark, damp looking red hair which stood like bristles upon his large square head, was sprinkled with white—the keen shifty glance of the light blue eyes beneath the grizzly overhanging eyebrows, revealed the active spirit of the man—thick, moist scarlet lips marked with a blood-like line, upon the face of the superintendent, the sign of sensuality. His large body gave him the appearance of a tall man when seated, but the impression was quickly dispelled when he stood, supported by short, very much bowed legs.

Johnson had adopted the bluff, active manner of a business man in his intercourse with the Proprietor, concealing his truculency beneath the cloak of blunt, unvarnished honesty, thus preventing the natural coarseness of his character offending the refined sensibilities of the well-bred Mr. Lawton.

The house now occupied by Johnson, and which, during Jack's boyhood, had been the home of the Hollisters, was a substantially built brick structure of two stories, containing a dozen rooms,—verandas surrounded the house,—a well-kept lawn stretched to the road in front of the building,—a large fruit orchard in which stood a commodious barn and other outbuildings, occupied two or three acres of ground at the back of the house.

Johnson was seated at a desk in the front room, which he used as a kind of library or office, busily en-

gaged in writing up the reports of the overseers of the different sections, for the inspection of the Proprietor and Weaving the lawyer of the estate, when the busy man saw through the window, the tall clerical figure of the Rev. Jack Lawton marching over the snow which still lay upon the lawn, towards the house. It had been several years since the superintendent had seen Jack Lawton, but he had heard that the young clergyman was expected to return this spring from Europe, so easily guessed who the unceremonious intruder was, and hastened to the door to receive the visitor with many expressions of welcome.

Johnson, who as overseer of the section had never been a favorite of Jack's, regarded with considerable interest, if not with something of fear, the muscular proportions of the young man, who, sitting bolt upright in the centre of the room, into which, Johnson had led him, glanced around the apartment at the familiar objects of his childhood, with stern, almost threatening countenance. At last, having finished his silent examination of the room, his gaze fell upon the conciliating creature before him, and catching the shifting glance of the superintendent's blue eyes, Jack, without responding to the complimentary speeches of welcome which Johnson had been making, said abruptly as he looked at him steadily and sternly in the face:

"Johnson, these proposed 'Bonds of Servitude' for the tenants of the estate, are entirely unnecessary, and in my opinion, a cowardly cruel advantage to take of the misfortunes of men who are certainly as good, if not better than many of those more fortunately situated. I tell you, (for I have heard that you have persistently advised my father to his present course of conduct

with regard to the 'Bonds') that only ill can come of this, not only to this district, but to the whole country, and while I have no evidence of any unworthy or dishonest motive actuating you, still, I insist that evil will result both to you and to our family, from carrying out the contemplated enslavement of the tenants,—that even though you be honest in the matter, in your advice to my father, you are proving yourself a dangerous enemy to every man of the Lawton name."

As Jack spoke, the color mounted to the very roots of the bristling red hair of the superintendent. The fierce temper of the brutal man for one moment flashed from his cat-like eyes upon the stern speaker, but quickly recalling the fact that the man seated in front of him was (even though not heir to the estate) the son of the powerful Proprietor, as well as, perhaps, some recollection of Jack's youthful courage and combativeness, Johnson choked down his wrath, and with the usual assumption of brusque honesty began to explain and repeat parrot-like, the arguments of Weaving, but he had not proceeded long enough with his reply to fully regain his confident manner, before Jack, raising his hand with a deprecating gesture, exclaimed:

"Oh, stop! I have heard enough of that unfair reasoning from Weaving," and without pausing to permit Johnson to continue his harangue, Jack hurled this inquiry like a dynamite bomb into the already somewhat disarranged camp of Johnson's ideas: "Why were the Hollisters forced to leave this, their old home, and move to that hovel? By whom, was the order given?"

Johnson, quite abashed, for he now remembered the intimate association of his inquisitor with the unfortu-

nate family, who, by the orders of the superintendent, had been dispossessed of a home made dear to the man before him by childish memories, sought refuge in that fort of security which, alas! so often has afforded safety to the cruel, cowardly and vindictive of all ages and countries—duty.

Johnson replied that his duty to his employer compelled him to have the Hollisters move off a piece of property of the estate for which they were unable to pay rent, and, with a great parade of virtue, said how reluctantly he had been compelled to do an act which was dictated solely by honesty in his management of the property of the estate. That his own occupancy of the place was due entirely to his inability to secure a tenant who was in a position to take the responsibility of planting and maintaining so large a holding of land.

Jack listened, with the incredulity which he felt, plainly mirrored in his face. The flush of mingled indignation and anger would have flamed into a dangerous fire of resentment resulting in the infliction of instant punishment upon the knavish disciple of duty before him, had Jack known that the hoary sinner assuming so much of the virtue of honesty, had been the cause of constant misery to the whole Hollister family; that much of their suffering had been caused by the machinations of this libidinous vampire, who, finding himself repulsed with horror and contempt by Mary, had resorted to every petty, mean measure of punishment and revenge.

How he had taken advantage of his position to annoy and insult Mary by his obnoxious attention ever since she had become a woman; how, by insisting upon the most exact fulfillment of every condition of their ten-

ancy upon the estate, he had gradually brought the Hollister family down to a condition almost unendurable, hoping thus to secure the accomplishment of his fiendish design upon the honor of Mary, thinking, that in the very desperation of soul caused by want and misery of her mother, the daughter would throw herself a willing sacrifice into his arms, as a last resort.

While the cause of much of their trouble was understood by patient, suffering Mary, she meekly aggravated the bitterness of her misery by concealing from her mother and brother the origin thereof: knowing the almost insane rage which time seemed only to increase within the bosom of her brother, she feared the result of an explosion of temper which would surely follow the revelation to him of the continued insults offered her.

Self-sacrificing Mary refused to add to the already crushing load of humiliation and sorrow borne by her mother, by telling her of that depth of degradation which their unhappy family had reached, where a daughter was subjected to the licentious attentions of an aged and repulsive libertine. In silence and sorrow, Mary had suffered from the persecutions of Johnson for four or five years.

Well, it was for you, man of bluff honesty and devotion to duty, that this was all unknown to the splendid specimen of manhood before you. For in the hour that Jack Lawton had learned that the drooping head —which, covered with shining baby curls, had rested confidently upon his sturdy, boyish bosom years ago, had been caused by your insulting words and gaze, that the nervous, trembling hands (which, dimpled white and soft, had patted his fresh youthful cheek

and called him in lisping prattle her "pretty Jack," when as a boy he played her nurse) trembled from fear of you—that those pale lips (which oft when fresh with the heaven-born innocence of the babe, had met his own in holy kisses) were blanched at your horrible approach;—yes, man of assumed virtue and fidelity to duty—in that hour you would have been dragged like a cringing cur, and with grip of iron forced to your knees before the gentle creature you have tormented—there to beg and whine for forgiveness, and pray her intercession that you might be granted permission to continue to pollute the pure air with your contaminating presence.

Jack, all unconscious of the fact that the being whom he addressed, was a moral cesspool of corruption, rising from his chair, drew from his pocket the order from his father, the Proprietor, for Johnson to vacate the premises, at the same time handing to him for his perusal the lease executed by the Proprietor, whereby the Rev. John Lawton became tenant of the house and land attached thereto for his life, and said:

"Thank God, there is one wrong I can make right by restoring the possession of the old home to the Hollisters, and in the making right that wrong, I will prevent the doing of another—George Hollister entering into 'Bonds of Servitude.' Now, Johnson, when can you get out of here and give me possession?"

The amazement and chagrin depicted upon the countenance of the thus defeated wretch who had read the papers and heard Jack's words, was so acute as to be almost pitiful, and was only terminated by his complete collapse, as Jack added:

"I intend to occupy the house myself, as my resi-

dence in the district will be permanent, having applied to the Church authorities for missionary work here among the tenants of the estate, where I will strive to alleviate as far as in my power lies, the sufferings and sorrows of my old friends in their new and trying position as slaves. Mrs. Hollister, who is almost my foster mother, will take charge of the domestic arrangement of my home."

Johnson had sunk into his chair at the desk as he realized that, like a house of cards, his basely conceived structure for the imprisonment and destruction of virtue and honor was thus swept away by the practical righteousness of the man who stood before him, a perfect type of material manhood in that flood tide of life, when vigor and passion, physical power and moral weakness, temptation and mental strength attend hand in hand upon each other. The vivified doctrine of Christianity—a living, breathing, feeling, tempted personification of every day religion.

Johnson, in wonder and amazement, watched the expression of satisfaction that shone from the fine face of the young clergyman as he spoke of his determination to devote his life to laboring for the poor.

At last the frustrated superintendent recovered himself sufficiently to appreciate the necessity of conciliating, by all means, a son of the Proprietor (even though the younger one) who would constantly be a resident of the District, and, consequently, in a position to do the agent of the landlord, great injury if inimical to him. Gathering his somewhat scattered senses with an effort, Johnson said:

"I will vacate the premises to-morrow, so delighted am I to have one of the sons of the Proprietor honor

the district by becoming a resident of it, and favoring me with his counsel and advice."

Jack, taking no notice of the conclusion of his remarks, turned and walking out of the house, said:

"Very good, I will move in to-morrow at noon, if you have vacated the house," and without paying the slightest attention to the extended hand of Johnson who had followed him to the door, tramped away, followed by the malignant, disappointed glance of the beast of prey whom he had deprived of the opportunity to steal upon a defenceless victim.

As Jack disappeared behind the hill, Johnson struck the table with his clenched fists and with a perfect torrent of oaths, began to walk up and down the room. Going to a sideboard he tore open the door, and seizing a decanter of brandy filled a goblet to the brim with the fiery liquor, which he swallowed in one breath.

Then putting on a heavy coat, he hurried from the house, and down the road in an opposite direction from that taken by Jack, seemingly as if by violent exercise, he desired to exhaust his temper and banish the feeling of rage and disappointment filling his breast.

* * * * * *

George Hollister, when he rushed out of Rossmore's house into the darkness, had, heedless of falls and bruises, plunged onward as if pursued by a host of furies born of his own mad fancies. The very gloom seemed to intoxicate his nervous, over-wrought system, and in the intense transport of wretchedness and despair, he wildly waved a cudgel which he carried, above his head, striking at dimly seen objects in the darkness, and with yells like a maniac, awakened the echoes of the ravine up which he pantingly made his way.

After hours of objectless wandering and racing through the woods and fields, he fell exhausted and breathless at the door of a cabin similar to the one occupied by his mother.

There, at daylight, he was found by the two men who occupied the hovel, and taken in to the fire, before which he fell into a troubled sleep which lasted several hours. When he awoke and had partaken of some hot corn meal porridge, he insisted upon going home, knowing how anxious his mother and sister would be, because of his long absence.

The men who lived in the hut were tenants of the estate and old friends of the Hollisters. Seeing his weak and highly excited condition, they insisted upon accompanying him to his home. Thus it was that some demon of discord hovering over the district, brought to pass the meeting of the disappointed and infuriated superintendent and the desperate tenant, on the road leading by the house of which, Jack Lawton had secured the lease.

As Johnson hurried down the road, he saw approaching the three men Hollister and his two companions.

In the frame of mind, Johnson was then in, he hailed with delight, an opportunity to give vent with impunity, to the wrath that was boiling within his bosom. As the tenants saw the representative of their powerful landlord draw near, they respectfully and submissively stepped aside, giving to him the whole road. Ordinarily, Johnson would have passed the men in surly silence, but to-day, he was suffering from rage and disappointment caused by those whom he dared not attack, and when helpless victims opportunely presented themselves, he gladly availed himself of the chance

to relieve his breast surcharged with temper and hatred.

He had not seen Hollister who stood behind his two companions, leaning from weakness and fatigue upon his cudgel. Johnson stopped opposite the men and began pouring forth a flood of oaths and abuse upon them. As he raged and worked his passion up to the point of explosion, he said:

"You miserable hounds, you shall sign the 'Bonds' or starve, curse you! I have waited and hoped for this time, you lazy, impudent dogs! when I can show you the merits of the 'paddle' as a medicine for idle, would-be freemen." The superintendent paused for an instant to regain breath, when the older of the two men who accompanied Hollister replied:

"I don't see, Mr. Superintendent, why you abuse us so violently. We tenants of the district have only shown a very natural reluctance to surrender the freedom once common to all men in this country; by no crime of ours are we brought to our present condition; we simply inherit punishment for the mistakes of our ancestors."

"Curse upon your infernal ancestors," yelled Johnson, his face red with rage. "I have heard more than enough of the cant of Anderson and men of his kind. When I get you where I want you, I'll tear every inch of skin off of Anderson's back, for talking of the freedom of your cursed ancestors—that they ever were anything but slaves was a mistaken kindness. It was a blessing to the poor, ignorant earth-grubbers to be relieved of the responsibility of freedom and wealth. The only pity is that men of brains and wealth ever deemed it necessary to resort to refined methods of sophistical

argument and fallacious doctrines to accomplish an end, which, the rifles of our army should have quickly brought about. Away with you, insolent clod-trampers that you are!"

As the two men meekly and silently hurried away, Johnson recognized George Hollister, standing pale and quivering with anger. The insulting language of the enraged superintendent had electrified Hollister with artificial strength and vigor. Johnson, seeing, as he supposed a triumphant tenant, who, free from the danger of the universal enslavement of the tenants of the estate, was gloating over his (Johnson's) chagrin, became blindly infuriated, and rushing across the road, with threatening gestures, yelled:

"You impertinent puppy! You dare stand and look at me in triumph because you have escaped becoming a slave. Young Lawton is welcome to his mistress. She may be new to him, but—cursed wench!—she is an old enough plaything of the balance of the district. Your canting, praying, hypocrite of a mother acts as housekeeper to shield the clerical character of her daughter's friend.—You hound!—You panderer!"

Johnson, had he not been blinded by his fury, would have seen that George Hollister remained petrified, not with fear, but with immovable, speechless amazement, at the words he heard, but Johnson, in his passion, was heedless of the look of the man to whom he was saying what would have nerved the arm of infancy or age, raised his hand and struck Hollister in the face—then it was as if the full meaning of Johnson's words had just flashed upon his paralyzed senses. Hollister, at the blow in the face, seemed to awake, and as some mighty flood, suddenly unchained by the bursting of

the restraining dam, springs resistlessly upon the helpless valley, so the pent up passion breaking from the almost bursting heart of Hollister, seemed to give to his frail form, miraculous power.

With a shriek of unearthly shrillness, he sprang upon the burly superintendent and hurled him to the ground—with cries in sound scarcely human, he began to break in the skull of the prostrate man with the heavy cudgel which he carried, nor did he cease to yell and belabor the senseless mass at his feet until the crushing blows were stopped by the two men, who, returning, rushed upon Hollister from behind and seized the club.

Hollister struggled from the grasp of his companions, and springing back to the still form, crushed now out of all semblance of the man who so recently had stood cursing and insulting him, the avenger bent over him, and seeing that he was surely dead, sprang to his feet, and with an exultant shout, crying out: "I have killed a tyrant—I can but die!" darted away down the road and into the woods.

The two men gazed at each other in speechless horror, and then at the awful object lying in the road. At last the terrible position in which they would be discovered, should anyone come upon them, forced them to action. Realizing that their only safety lay in as quickly as possible, making the crime and the guilty party known, they hastened away to the nearest barrack of soldiers and made a statement of the whole matter to the commanding officer.

Unfortunately for George Hollister, they were too far away from Johnson when he made use of the insulting language to Hollister—in which the name of

the Proprietor's son occurred—to hear what the dead man had said hence the provocation for the killing was unknown.

A party of soldiers with an ambulance, was immediately dispatched to the scene of the murder, to bring the body to the barracks—at the same time, searching parties were ordered out in every direction to scour the country and secure the murderer, the two witnesses of the crime being confined to await investigation.

Hollister had not intended to flee from the consequences of his act, when he ran away from the spot where he had glutted his vengeance for the insult cast upon him and his family by his fallen foe. This more than half-crazed victim of a century old wrong, had in the moment of excitement and insanity, sought in flight, an antidote for the straining, throbbing nerves which like red hot wires seemed to have pierced his flesh and held his frame in torturing embrace.

When the first detachment of soldiers detailed to capture the murderer, reached the gate of the enclosure surrounding the barracks, they found leaning exhausted, against the gatepost, a tattered, haggard man, from whose sunken wild eyes the light of reason had fled. In a hoarse and gasping whisper, he said: "I am George Hollister. I killed the superintendent, he lies yonder in the road. Now take and kill me, death will be more welcome than slavery."

How quickly! Oh, Jack, has your prophecy of the evil fruit that would spring from the new weed of slavery, been verified! The same sun that looked upon you when you uttered the warning, is still high in the heavens, and yet so quickly has confirmation followed upon the heels of prediction, that the man who heard

your words only a few hours ago, then in lusty health and vigorous activity, now lies a shapeless mass of human flesh, cold and forever still in the adamantine grasp of death.

Another, (your old playmate, Jack,) stands yonder behind those iron bars, beneath the disgraceful shadow of a gallows.

But the saddest picture yet is there beyond the hill, where in the humble hovel, wait and watch two lonely women, in ignorance of the coming crushing sorrow, that shall dash the cup of new-found happiness and hope from their lips. Anxiously they wait to share their great joy with him who has shared their misery. Alas! poor mother. Alas! gentle sister.

Whispering winds murmuring "Murder, Murder!" carry the awful tidings to that kind heart in yonder mansion on the hill! Up Jack, and away! Speed on the wings of mercy! Let your kind voice tell the terrible story, and your loving arms, with tender care, support her, whom you name as "almost foster mother"—tell the old, ever beautiful story of Him who suffered and whom you serve, Jack, brave soldier, when in despair the heart-broken sister shall cry in her sorrow, "How long oh, Lord, how long!"

CHAPTER IX.

At the Lawton mansion Jack had been busily engaged in making preparations for his removal to his new home. He had called to his assistance, his old friend, the family butler, who, in his anxiety that Jack should begin housekeeping in a creditable manner, and determined that the "Parsonage," as he already dubbed the house leased by the young parson, should lack none of the comforts of the later years of the twentieth century, had gathered together a great assortment of household furniture.

Since early morning, the butler and his assistants had been collecting and carrying to the barn, ready for transportation to the "Parsonage," bedding and linen, carpets, curtains, crockery-ware, cooking utensils, stoves, cutlery and such household fittings as in the nineteenth century had been easily procurable at the shops of any village in the United States. To the great heap of such articles as named, was added a variety of all kinds of provision, refined sugar, coffee, tea, wheat flour, cured meats and canned goods.

It was well for young Lawton, that his old friend was so thoughtful and anxious for his material welfare, else

poor Jack, even though well supplied with money, had been no better provided with the comforts (or as formerly called, the necessities) of life, than the poorest tenant on the estate, as there was no shop or store nearer than the city of Cincinnati on the one side, or the city of Cleveland on the other, within the district, where such goods could be purchased.

With the increasing poverty in the agricultural sections of the country, the inability of the farmers to buy any but the very poorest and cheapest articles, had banished from the village shops, everything, except the felt garments and the wooden shoes worn by the men, and the coarse woolen stuff of which the women made their gowns.

For a country merchant to lay in a stock of goods for sale in the rural districts, similar to the assortment carried by all village storekeepers in the nineteenth century, would have been as absurd, (surrounded as they were by, and catering to the needs of a population of paupers), as it would have been, back a hundred years ago, for a London merchant to open a branch shop in the back country district of Australia, and offer diamonds and laces to the naked, grub-worm eating, black barbarian of that continent. With, as much reason, would the good trader in the latter part of the twentieth century carry in stock, white blankets, leather shoes, china, glassware and goods of like nature for the farm-class, as in the nineteenth century, a merchant would have sought to sell pianos to the natives of Central Africa.

In the few large cities of America, might still be found at the few shops which the diminished trade managed to sustain, many of the articles which had been in common use among the mass of the people in the

past; but the demand even in the largest cities, where almost the entire wealth of the country was centralized, had become so exceedingly limited, that, except by reason of some sudden and unexpected need, the landlords and other wealthy citizens never patronized the domestic shopman, but purchased all of their manufactured supplies in England, where a larger variety offered greater opportunity for selection.

This buying in Europe was rendered all the more customary and usual, by reason of the fact that annually, all the people of position and consequence owning property in America, passed many months in their English homes or Continental villas, where they had leisure and opportunity to provide themselves with such articles of luxury or comfort, as they would require during their brief visits to their American estates.

Of course, having jewelers, tailors, dressmakers, mercers and haberdashers in Europe, whom, with the increased rapidity of transportation across the ocean, they could reach by letter or in person, within four days, it was decidedly more desirable to secure goods for their use there, as in variety, quality and price, the American dealers were unable to compete with their more prosperous competitors.

With the gradual decay of the prosperity of the farmers, (consequently of three-fifths of the people of America,) brought about as it had been, by the necessity of selling the product of the land in competition with every nation on earth, at the low prices which necessarily followed such competition, and, at the same time, preserving the obligation under which the whole American people rested, to foster and build up the manufacturing interest of the United States, by guard-

ing it from the competition, which farmers experienced in the sale of the product of their labor, the people engaged or directly dependent upon the fruits of the soil in farming (that is, the three-fifths of the whole population) became so impoverished and reduced in the attempt of the government to guard and protect manufacturing in America, that finally, the farmers, or three-fifths, had no money nor anything else, to exchange for the articles or goods manufactured in America. Hence the village stores had no demand for anything except the very commonest and cheapest goods, and therefore the country shopkeepers were obliged to cease buying from the merchants in the large towns scattered over the once States of the Union.

As trade ceased in the villages, gradually the buildings and stores became tenantless and fell into a decayed and ruinous condition. As the village storekeepers could buy nothing from the larger towns, such as Columbus of the former State of Ohio, and Peoria of the almost forgotten State of Illinois had been, those towns became deserted by all of the wealthy class—landlords, capitalists and the like—who sought naturally the great centres of wealth, where the comforts of life could be obtained, because with the absence of the trade of the village storekeepers and the farmers of the surrounding section, the merchants of the larger towns were no longer able to supply the tastes of those few who had money to spend.

With the decadence of the farmer-class, the village store, and country village, came the rapid destruction of the prosperity of the larger towns.

While the metropolitan cities of New York, Chicago and a few others still retained lingering evidences of

their departing grandeur, and some opportunities for the gratification of cultivated tastes, still, these once magnificent cities had suffered almost as markedly as villages and towns.

The laws made for the purpose of fostering the manufacturing interests in America, had caused the erection of a large number of factories in or near the metropolitan cities, as at the great centres, better facilities for transportation were offered than elsewhere.

Naturally the metropolitan cities became the places of residence for the wealthy owners of the factories, who were enabled to indulge their cultivated tastes, in the purchase of comforts and luxuries, which greatly benefitted the traders in the large cities—the large profits accruing to manufacturers in America, resulting from the monopoly held by them in all manufactured articles consumed in the country, furnished immense incomes.

When, by reason of poverty, the farmers ceased to purchase from the village storekeepers—the village storekeepers could no longer buy from the jobbers in the larger towns of the former States, then the jobbers in the towns no longer bought of the jobbers and manufacturers' agents in the metropolitan cities.

With no longer a demand from metropolitan jobbers and their own agents, the owners of the factories were obliged to suspend operations, and cease manufacturing goods which no longer had a sale.

Thus the operation of the very laws, in the making of which, the owners of factories had put forth their most strenuous efforts, was to kill the goose which laid the golden eggs.

True, many men of intelligence engaged in manu-

facturing goods in America, had, at the time of the enactment of the laws which imposed a tribute upon the agriculturists of the country for the benefit of the manufacturers, recognized the disastrous tendency of such laws, but upon every agitation for the repeal of the prosperity-killing legislation, they had zealously opposed reformation, hoping either to secure enough in shape of salvage out of the wreck of the Ship of State and the destruction of its crew of producers, from the soil, to insure their own safety on that desert island of ruin towards which, the good ship was rapidly drifting—or else, in the selfishness of their souls, they had said in the language of a profligate French king: "It will last my time."

A few men (and for the honor of the American name, be it said the number was exceedingly small), seeing the coming degradation to serfdom of the farmers, had proclaimed in their pride of wealth and power: "A toiler in the earth is of the earth, earthy, and deserves no better than the dirt upon which we tread and spit."

The linked chain of disaster reached at last the manufacturers and the large cities, in which, their factories were located, and where they had residences, for, with the stoppages of the large profits from the sale of the products of factories, came the end of the tremendous incomes, for which, America was famous in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

A great part of these large incomes had been used to gratify all kinds of luxurious and expensive tastes, "fads" and artificial needs—in the gratification of which, a host of non-producers had been supported in the metropolitan cities, where magnificent structures raised their imposing grandeur to the sky, occupied by

dealers in all manner of extravagant and luxurious wares, beside which, the stock of the panderers to the wildly dissolute habits and tastes of the the nobles of Roman Empire just prior to the fall of that nation, would have seemed insignificant.

Grand edifices, were seen in every direction, in the great cities, in which were found the palatial apartments of the manicure, chiropodist, riding-master, portrait painter, musician, dancing-master, mesmerist, and a host of men and women engaged in all imaginable useless and non-productive occupations. They were supported by the money derived from the profits made upon the home consumption of guarded manufactured goods, large sums of money being spent by the fortunate possessors of the immense incomes resulting annually from monopolies, in their efforts to dispel the distressing idleness and *ennui* which oppressed them.

When, however, the goose (the farmer) was killed that laid the golden eggs—the orange sucked dry and only the skin remained—the large incomes ceased to materialize, the "magnificent structures and grand edifices lost their tenants for lack of patronage, resulting in lack of money, with which to pay rent. Hence in the metropolitan cities, vacant sky piercing buildings reared their heads as monuments only, of the blindness of the promoters, of the poverty of the nation.

With the end of the demand for manufactured goods from the poverty-stricken, non-manufacturing, unguarded agriculturists, came the closing of the factories, and armies of unemployed mechanics, mill operators artisans and laborers were let loose upon the community.

This, (strange as it now appears), was the most

astonishing and unexpected result of the laws made, for the benefit of the American laborers, mechanics and artisans—the very men cast out of work by the poverty of the farm-class. The now unemployed laborers and mechanics, in absolute misery, distress and destitution, unfit to produce anything from the soil (not having any experience in farm life,) were more amazed than any other class of sufferers at realizing that the laws, to maintain which, they had been, so persistently and selfishly, voting and working, had resulted in killing the only customer or purchaser, they had for the products of their labor.

The laws which had secured them the monopoly of that one customer's trade and eventually killed even that one, had also absolutely prevented the possibility of their securing any but the one customer—because by raising the price of every material or article used by laborers, mechanics and artisans, in the manufacture of the products of their labor, to prevent farmers from buying from any other laborers, mechanics and artisans—they had so burdened with increased cost everything they produced, that they could not compete in the sale of manufactured goods with the laborers, mechanics and artisans of other nations.

The American laborers and mechanics were obliged to pay such enormous prices for the supplies used by themselves, and such exorbitant rents for their homes—in their struggle to keep beyond the reach of the people of America, the supplies offered by the mechanics and laborers of other countries—that the American mechanics were unable to work for the low wages of European workmen—they were forced to demand high wages to be able to live in America. But, even

during the time of the gradually bleeding to death of the American farmers, when the laborers and mechanics obtained the high wages, they were unable to save anything. It all had to be returned to landlords and manufacturers in form of rents and profits on manufactured supplies.

When the demand from the American agriculturists ceased—the process of bleeding having finally exhausted all the blood of the subject, his very skeleton being denuded of every atom of factory-sustaining flesh—then the laborers and mechanics in their frantic and unthinking efforts, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, sought to seize the trade in manufactured goods of the English laborers and mechanics, who were busy, prosperous and happy, making goods for the South American, African and Asiatic markets.

Then were the American laborers and mechanics confronted with the practical absurdity and fallacy of the theory upon which they had hoped to build their own selfish prosperity,—the Englishmen were amused and ignored their puerile attempts at competition in other than the markets of the United States—the cost to the American to produce anything manufactured was so great that it was out of the question to compete with the English.

From the coal to heat the furnace in the factory to the sugar in the cup of coffee at breakfast, every item of cost in manufacturing and living, was dearer in the United States. In killing, bleeding to death by monopolies, their one class of customers—the American farmers—the laborers and mechanics saw, when at last, idle, homeless and starving, and too late—that they had destroyed themselves, for they had created a

condition that prevented the securing of any other purchasers for the product of their labor.

By reason of this idleness and poverty of the laborers and mechanics, vast numbers of tenement houses, buildings and shops, occupied and supported in the metropolitan cities by the laborers and mechanics, were now vacant and in ruins, deserted by all save half starved rats and other vermin. Large districts of New York city, Chicago and other once splendid American cities were now as silent and deserted as graveyards, affording only dens for tramps, robbers and night-prowlers.

The depreciation and total loss of value in such real estate, the collapse of the manufacturing interests in the United States, the disappearance of capital invested in factories, and industrial enterprises, the almost total abandonment of many railroads, and the general termination of business and prosperity in America, together with the ever-increasing concentration of the wealth remaining, into fewer hands, by reason of the (now recognized by law) Family Compact, had so reduced the ranks of possible purchasers of anything, but the most coarse and crude articles of convenience and sustenance, that even in the large American cities, it would have been a difficult matter, as we have said before,—to obtain a collection of useful and luxurious articles, such as the Proprietor's butler had gathered for Jack's use in his future residence.

As the young clergyman inspected the vast mass of goods with which the barn floor was covered, his face fairly beamed with delightful anticipation of the pleasure, it would afford Mary and her mother to be sur-

rounded by so many comforts. The old butler stood by, enjoying the triumph of his efforts, in seeing the happiness of the favorite son of the Lawton family, as Jack—in the exuberance of the boyish spirit which he had not outgrown, and which would break forth in his intercourse with his old friends of boyhood days—threw his arms around the thoroughly delighted old man,—and hugging him in his bear-like embrace, giving many roughly affectionate pats upon the old fellow's back, exclaimed

"Bless my soul! You old jewel of a provider! I won't require to send to England for anything in ten years. But, you dear old rascal, I believe that you have cleared the mansion of everything in it. Have you left my father and Henry anything to eat, drink, wear or sleep upon, in the house?"

With many jolly explosions of laughter, in which Jack joined with the hearty happiness of a schoolboy, the old butler protested his honesty, and vowed that he had exercised great moderation, as at one time, he had seriously contemplated removing the highly prized and exclusive dressing-case of the Proprietor himself, and that he really deserved great credit for the forbearance he had exhibited in leaving the family plate and portraits in the mansion.

While thus engaged in examining his stores and joking with the old servant who had trotted him on his knee, many a journey to "Banbury Cross," when he was a baby, Jack caught the sound of horse's hoofs coming at a furious pace down the road. Both he and the butler ran out of the barn, and saw dashing up the avenue to the front door of the mansion, a mounted soldier, riding at the top speed of his horse.

Jack hurried to meet him, as he knew, unless something very unusual had happened, the commanding officer of the troops in the district would not have disturbed in such an unceremonious manner, the tranquillity of the home of the great Proprietor. As the soldier dashed up to the door and dismounted, Jack reached his side and asked:

"What is the matter? Why such haste?"

The trooper, taking an envelope from his pocket, said that he was ordered to deliver it as quickly as his horse could carry him, to the Proprietor. The butler by this time having reached Jack's side, said to the soldier, whom he had met before, that he would conduct him to the Proprietor, and as they mounted the stairs, followed by the young clergyman, the old man added —"the gentleman who asked the reason of so much haste, is a son of the Proprietor."

The trooper, half way up the steps, turned and said to Jack:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I can tell you this much without disobeying my order. The superintendent has been murdered and we have his murderer locked up. His name is Hollister and he is one——"

Jack had not waited for the balance of the messenger's news. With the exclamation—"Merciful God,—help Mollie!" he sprang down the stairs in one leap, and as he vaulted into the saddle just left by the bearer of the ill tidings, he called out to the surprised butler: "Jackson, give the soldier my horse!" Driving his heels into the sides of the soldier's steed, he rode down the avenue at racing speed.

The trooper, struck dumb for a moment by this sudden action, at last recovered sufficiently to say: "Well,

that's cool! Running away with my horse and getting me into a lot of trouble at headquarters."

Jackson watched in silence the fast disappearing steed and rider, until he saw them turn down the road toward the cabin where lived Mary Hollister; then he said half aloud, as if uttering what he had been thinking: "Yes, I knew it," and addressing the military figure beside him, said: "My friend, the man who took your horse is the Reverend Jack Lawton, the best and truest man on earth. The man who killed the superintendent is an old playmate of his when he was a boy, and that noble fellow seized your horse, to hurry to the widowed mother and sister of Hollister, to prevent the news of their trouble coming unkindly and harshly to them. Such a man is not apt to let you suffer for his act."

The soldier looked at old Johnson for a moment and said: "I'm willing to take my chances on him, old fellow, he is welcome to the horse. By Jove! how he does ride! He would have made a great cavalry soldier."

Yes.—Man of the uniform, in time of war, Jack Lawton would have proven himself a grand soldier, for he never would have said "Go" where, he was unwilling to lead—where blows were the thickest, there would have been his place in war—as now where trouble and sorrow are greatest, as a soldier of the Cross, he deems that, his post of duty.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER racing along for a mile or two, Jack pulled his horse down to a gentle trot, and at last, when in sight of the hovel occupied by the Hollisters, to a walk, and thus approached the doorway, where he was welcomed by Mary and her mother, their happiness at the prospect of an early and permanent removal to their old home, marred only by the long unexplained absence of George.

Jack Lawton was probably the poorest actor on the face of the earth, and his woeful failure in trying to play the hypocritical part, in his cheerful greeting of Mary and Mrs. Hollister, was apparent at once to both women.

As he entered the poor place and looked around at the miserable surroundings of the women, and thought of the years of hopelessness and misery they had already endured, and then of what additional trials were in the future for them, he was unable to suppress the groan that arose from his heart to his lips. He still held the hand that Mrs. Hollister had given him when he dismounted at the door. Picking up one of the stools he placed it close to another and said :

"Sit down, my kind old friend, I want to sit close beside you; Mollie, come over and join us. I feel rather blue to-day and I want to do as we used to when we were little chaps and in trouble—all get close around your mother's knee for comfort and support."

Mary Hollister—to whom, as a child, any of Jack's most trivial troubles were really immense affairs, had now that she was a woman, lost none of the keen sympathy for the man, which she had felt as a child, for the boy, believing that anything that could trouble him was of a most serious nature—came quickly and seated herself close to her mother.

Mrs. Hollister, notwithstanding a feeling of apprehension at Jack's sober manner, could not restrain the smile which lighted up her poor wan face, as she recalled the rosy boy, who came with some bruise or cut, clamoring for help to her, now transformed into the splendid man holding her hand and repeating the sentiment of the little motherless fellow years ago.

"You know," said Jack, "when I was a little shaver, I used to call you 'Mother, my dear,' because I heard George and Mollie do so, and you treated me just as you did them, so that I think I shall resume my old name for you, dear mother, as I find myself a good deal of a boy still, and I want you to love me just the same as you did when I was really a boy."

"Well, Jack," said Mrs. Hollister, "I do love you as one of my own children, and I am proud and happy to have you say that time has not diminished your affection for me. God knows how grateful I am for your great kindness, my dear boy, and how I pray that He will bless you."

"Mother," said Jack, interrupting the speaker,

"when I was a small boy, you taught me my prayers, along with George and Mollie; feeling as I do to-day, I want you to hear me say prayers again, now that I am a man, and the God to whom my prayers will be addressed, knows how heartfelt they are."

The color had gradually left Mary's face, as she listened and looked at Jack's earnest eyes, until it had become as white as the bosom of a swan, when she said, slipping from the stool upon which she was seated, to her knees:

"Yes, mother, let us join Mr. Jack once again, as of old, in addressing the Throne of God."

The most beautiful music ever heard, is the music of a strong, melodious, masculine voice addressing the Almighty Maker of mankind, and Jack Lawton's voice was fashioned to fit the man, each tone filled as it was with the deep devotion of his soul. His prayer to the God of all mercies, rang out in sonorous notes, and echoed in the dimly lighted hovel, surpassing the swelling sound of the grandest organ in the vaulted dome of the greatest cathedral.

The words of his prayer were taught by no book, nor ruled by any form; his heart was his prayer-book, and sympathy alone controlled each figure of speech. He prayed for strength for all in trouble. He pleaded for mercy for those who had suffered much, and long. Oh, Jack! God heard you, for he softened the blow that must fall upon those, for whom you pray, by putting words into your mouth which prepared them for the coming stroke.

And when at last the prayer was ended, and the women arose with white and tear-stained faces, and the trembling mother asks,—"What is it that George has done?"

—it was that same ever-watchful God, dear Jack, who taught you how to help that heartbroken mother to sustain the heavy burden of calamity placed upon her. You whispered words of consolation, hope and faith in the goodness of God to her. Your arms supported her when, at last, overburdened nature succumbed, and she would have fallen to the earthen floor of the cabin.

Jack carried Mrs. Hollister to the rude shelf which she had used as a bed, and with the assistance of the weeping Mary, revived her from the deathlike swoon into which she had fallen. While thus engaged, the tramp of horses was heard by them, and a heavy blow upon the door, announced a visitor of peremptory character. Jack, upon opening the door, found himself in the presence of an officer and a file of soldiers. The officer, seeing a clergyman, and evidently a gentleman, said:

"I am ordered to search this hovel, sir, to find if there exists any evidence of a plot for an insurrection. The killing of the superintendent has aroused a suspicion in the minds of those in authority that the murder was only one step in a plot, concerning which, evidence could be found by an examination of this hut."

Jack, going out to the officer, said: "Lieutenant, (for that I judge to be your rank,) that you are a gentleman I know from your manner; then, I wish, as one gentleman addressing himself to another, to beg a favor. My name is John Lawton. I am the youngest son of the Proprietor, and am a clergyman. The man who killed Johnson was my old playmate; the women in this cabin are my dearest friends; the mother of Hollister lies, I fear, dying, as the result of this terrible act of her son. To intrude now, upon the suffering woman by search-

ing the premises, would probably mean death for her. Will you, as a favor, defer this search until to-morrow morning, leaving a guard to see that nothing is removed, except the two women and their clothing, these I desire to take to my own house, but, with whom, I pledge my sacred word of honor, nothing shall leave the house that would in any way, be connected with a plot?"

"Well," replied the officer, after some hesitation, "while my orders were to examine into the matter and, make a thorough investigation, I think I can oblige you, Mr. Lawton," saying which, he gave the necessary orders, and leaving one man as a guard, rode away with his detachment.

Jack, seeing a tenant's lad passing along the road, called to him, and dispatched a note to Jackson, the old butler, asking him to harness a team to a carriage and drive it himself to the hut of the Hollisters. While Jack waited for the coming of the carriage, he instructed Mary to get all of the things which she desired to carry to their new home ready, and explained to her the necessity for removing her mother.

When the carriage arrived it was late in the night, but so anxious was Jack that Mrs. Hollister should be taken away from the scene of so much misery to her, that he insisted upon an instant moving to the house of which he held the lease. With Jackson's assistance the hut was soon stripped of all that would be of use to Mary and her mother, and Mrs. Hollister placed in the carriage with Mary, Jack preceding them, riding the horse he had seized, as related.

When morning came it found Mrs. Hollister resting in her old room, in the old home, endeared to her by

memories of the past. Mary seemed to soar upon the wings of each new sorrow to greater heights of self-sacrifice and unselfishness. For her mother's sake, she had crushed down her own heartache and grief, and was intent only upon the relief and comfort of her almost dying parent.

Jack Lawton, with the old butler helping him, collected all of the papers and property of Johnson, the dead superintendent, and stored them away in one room, out of the sight of the women, to whom anything belonging to the dead man, would recall the painful fact of the tragedy by which, they had been hurled from the pinnacle of their newly found happiness to the depths of despair.

* * * * * *

When the tenants first learned of the murder of the superintendent by George Hollister, the fear of being connected in some manner with a crime, which they knew that the policy of the landed Proprietors all over the land, would follow with condign punishment, kept them away from the poor mother and sister; however, the hearts of the tenants were filled with that sympathy that is ever found among the poor, for the suffering and sorrow of those among them in the hour of affliction.

When the Rossmores heard, as they did during the night, that Jack Lawton, the Proprietor's own son, had not deserted the family of the accused, but like a champion of the weak in the days of chivalry, offered the protection of his name, influence and home to the forlorn women, they hastened to express to the sufferers their sympathy, and with the first rays of the morning sun, went to the "Parsonage" to offer any assistance in their power.

Rossmore and his wife were both old acquaintances of Jack's and he gave them a hearty welcome, explaining the necessity of his at once seeing George Hollister, and the commander of the Federal soldiers in the district, to explain the seizure of the trooper's horse, and how reluctant he had been to leave the helpless women alone and unprotected, as he had sent Jackson to the mansion to hurry the transportation of the property selected by the good old servant for Jack's use in the home, he had secured. Rossmore and his wife gladly volunteered to stay and take charge of the house, doing such things as the circumstances suggested during Jack's absence, who, as he mounted the cavalryman's steed, said:

"Rossmore, I will stand between you and harm, in anything you may do to prevent rude intrusion upon the sorrow of those I leave in your care."

When Jack arrived at the barracks, he gave his name, and urged the officer of the guard to take his card at once to the commandant of the post, who promptly requested him to join the officers in the mess-room. Jack explained the capture of the soldier's horse, exonerating the man from all blame in the matter. His pardon was easily obtained, as the Proprietor of a District was of such a commanding position in the administration of the now thoroughly centralized Federal government, that Federal army officers would become blind to almost any infraction of discipline, or even law, to win a claim upon the favorable consideration of a powerful Proprietor, and, as the commandant looked over Jack's gigantic proportions, he said with a smile:

"My orderly was unarmed and I don't see how he could have prevented your taking his horse, anyhow."

Lawton then told how the chief object of his visit was to see the prisoner, relating to the group of officers; how as boys, he and the accused man had lived almost as brothers, and his deep and affectionate interest in the prisoner's fate. Permission was readily granted, accompanied though by the remark: "Your brother, Mr. Lawton, does not seem to share your kindly sentiments, as he has urged me in a manner I cannot ignore, to investigate and sift this crime to its origin—believing, as he writes me, that some more powerful influence is at work to arouse the indignation and resentment of the tenantry against those placed above them, than mere personal hatred, which is the outward cause of this murder."

Jack, full of wonder at the position taken by his brother, walked thoughtfully towards the iron cage, wherein was confined the poor remnant of the boy, with whom he had romped in the sunshine on the hills of Ohio, when in the thoughtless years of youth, they roamed together through woods and fields.

As Jack neared the iron bars of the cell in which, he knew Hollister was held, he was horrified to see leaning upon the door of the cell, the man he was seeking, wildly gesticulating, and talking excitedly to himself. Lawton said to the guard that accompanied him: "Friend, in the name of God, unlock the door and let me get near enough to my old playmate to put my hand on him."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the soldier unlocking the door. Jack only gave him one glance of his fearless eyes, and entered the cell, closing the door with a clangor as the bolts shot back into their fastenings. Then grasping Hollister by both hands and

looking him intently in the eyes, he said: "George, old chum, it's Jack come to talk with you—to hear all about your trouble, and help you as we used always to help each other."

The fast flying reason of the wreck of manhood, whose hand, Jack held in friendly grasp, seemed to pause and falter in its flight for an instant, and the rays of recollection beamed from his haggard eyes as he said: "Yes, Jack, we always helped each other," and then the wandering spirit of reason started on a mad flight of fancy, and he whispered, dragging Jack toward the narrow barred window: "Come, Jack, let us climb out. We can chase the rabbits—come, the sun is shining! Oh, hurry, Jack, push me up."

Great God! Of all the sights horrible to the eyes of affection, the most superlative is the madness of a loved one. Spare thy servant, that, oh, Master!

The young minister, with the accent of agonizing sobs sounding in each tone of his voice, grasped the now thoroughly insane man around the body, and almost carrying him to the stone slab which served as a bed for occupants of the cell, said, "George, be quiet,—softly,—so,—we will go directly. Tell me all the trouble for mother's sake,—for Mollie, our baby——"

With the screech of a wounded tiger, Hollister, at the mention of Mary's name, tore himself away from the strong grasp of the athletic clergyman, hurling him back against the wall, with the strength born of madness, yelling in a fearful voice: "Damn him. He said Mollie was Lawton's mistress!" and rushing wildly against the iron bars, careless of the blood which ran over his face from the wounds inflicted by his heedless

plunges against the door, he screamed: "Where is he? —where is the club? I am an American—I am a free man!"

Jack sprang upon him and exerting all the power of his mighty frame, held the maniac helpless in his arms. While thus locked close together, poor George almost fainting after the furious fit of madness, gasping for breath, exhausted, lying on the bosom of the man—who suffering in sympathy with kindly restraining force—held him, said, as if suddenly a ray of light had broken through the clouds that darkened his mind:

"Your name is Lawton. God's curse upon you!" and fastened his teeth in the flesh of Jack's neck. With a quick motion, Jack jerked himself away from the grip of the madman's teeth, and with the blood from the wound upon his neck pouring down upon them both, said with the expression of Him, who centuries before in far Palestine had prayed—"God forgive them for they know not what they do,"—"George, my friend, my playfellow, do you want to hurt me? My name is Jack, your partner Jack," and with soothing words sought to calm the excitement of the now helpless maniac whom he at last lulled to sleep.

Oh! wandering spirits of the departed citizens of the United States, who lived and made laws one hundred years ago—to degrade and impoverish future generations of your descendants, hover over this cell of insanity and Christianity!

Gaze! spirits of long forgotten Hoosiers, upon the ruin wrought by your infatuation with mistaken ideas of patriotism and transient prosperity! Spirits of that host of laborers and mechanics, starved and dead, passing over ruined factories and workshops

from Maine to Texas, pause and contemplate this scene!

And, oh, ye spirits of the humble progenitors of the race of Proprietors and Sugar Kings, rejoice that in the hour of thy great need you may point to this one descendant of your name and blood, and proclaim this fearless, duty-loving example of the Christian clergyman, in the divine words of the Creator, "My son in whom I am well pleased"!

George Hollister, worn out by the strain which his insanity had caused upon his physical strength, fell into a swoon-like sleep. Jack, with gentle care, placed him upon the hard prison couch, arranging the meagre bedding as best he could, for the comfort of the pitiable sleeper, hurried out of the barracks, and hastened to the Lawton mansion, much disturbed by the information that his brother Henry was interested in the punishment of Hollister, and the investigation of a suspected revolt of the laboring people.

When Jack entered the library, where he was told by Jackson he would find his father, his brother Henry and Weaving the lawyer, Jack, was shocked by the appearance of his father, who met him as he entered the room. It was evident that the sudden and violent death of Johnson, or some other powerful cause had created the change so noticeable in his father.

As the Proprietor grasped his younger son's hand, he said: "Jack, I am glad that you have come. Somehow, I have been so upset by this sudden taking off of a man in full health, so closely connected with my affairs, that I am feeling quite weak and ill, and the sight of your great health and strength is absolutely a tonic." This was such a new and unexpected recep-

tion from his father that Jack was too much disconcerted to be able to enter into the subject of Henry's resentment, which had occupied his thoughts on the way to the mansion. Sitting down by his father's side, he said, with a newly discovered tenderness for his father filling his heart:

"I am glad that my superabundance of size and strength has, at last, been found of benefit to some one, and especially to you, sir. I think, sometimes, that I was intended for a blacksmith."

For a few minutes the men sat talking about trivial affairs, seemingly by common consent, avoiding any reference to the crime which all knew, was filling the minds of all present. When luncheon was announced, the Proprietor in such a pointed manner selected Jack's arm to lean upon, as they went toward the dining-room, that Henry Lawton with a sneer, turned to Weaving and said: "It is certainly an advantage to possess the strength of a blacksmith, even when accompanied with the tastes of a rural clown."

After the meal was finished, which was partaken of in silence, the Proprietor expressed the desire to lie down, as he was suddenly oppressed by some trouble in the region of his heart, and added, "Jack, my son, help me up-stairs to my room," and leaning on the stalwart arm of his much neglected younger son, Mr. Lawton left the room, followed by the astonished look of the lawyer, who had been accustomed to see Henry ever preferred by the father of the two men.

When Mr. Lawton reached his chamber, he cast himself upon his bed, and still holding Jack's hand, which he had clasped, drew him down into a chair by the bedside, saying:

"Jack, my boy! I am really feeling quite ill and have sent to the barracks for the surgeon. Ever since I heard of the terrible crime of that Hollister boy, I have been nervous and afflicted with a painful sensation around my heart. It seems but yesterday that I was a young man, and knew the father of the murderer, as a tenant of my father. At that time, the tenants had not arrived at the depths of poverty to which they have since fallen, I have been thinking of what you said the other morning, my son, since the commission of this murder, and I am not so clear that if I live, I will not attempt the institution of a change in the laws by which serfdom is forced upon the farm-class. Anyhow, I shall defer the enslavement of my tenants, and give orders to have seed, and supplies issued to them, as soon as I appoint a new superintendent."

To Jack's reply of "God will bless you sir! It will be with happiness that I can announce the good news to your tenants. I am proud to call myself your son, sir," his father with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, said: "How like his mother!" and turning his face toward the wall, added, "Leave me, Jack. I will try and get some sleep, as I was awake all of last night."

When Jack returned to the dining-room, thinking to find Henry and obtain some explanation of his interest in the murder of Johnson, he ascertained that his brother and Weaving had gone with the carriage to the barracks, as they had expressed a wish to confer with the commandant of the post.

Jack ordered his horse and rode away to the "Parsonage" for the purpose of arranging the goods selected by Jackson for use by him, in making his home comfortable, and which had been sent away from the barn

at the mansion, early in the morning by the faithful butler, and were by this time unloaded at the "Parsonage."

Rossmore and his wife had taken charge of everything in the absence of Jack, and he found much to his satisfaction, that all traces of the late occupant of the house had vanished, that the furniture and stores sent from the mansion had been properly arranged in the house, giving to it an air of cheerfulness and comfort, which, in his then, almost exhausted, condition from loss of sleep, excitement and the exercise of the past twenty-four hours, was exceedingly welcome.

Mrs. Hollister had fallen into a fitful, feverish sleep, but Mary came to him to learn what he had found out concerning the crime of which her brother was accused. Jack told her that he had been to see George at the barracks, but as George was ill, he had not pressed for a statement from him with regard to the crime for which he was arrested; that he had been to the mansion to see his father, and had found him also far from well; that from all he had seen and heard, he believed that George could not be held accountable for the killing of Johnson; that he had written to a lawyer in Cleveland, engaging him to defend George; and that he was convinced, a trial would result in the speedy acquittal of her brother.

Jack would not tell Mary of the mental wreck of her brother, and that it was upon this defense he relied to secure an acquittal, deeming it better for the effects of the great shock already received, to wear away before presenting the sorrowful reason for his faith, in the early discharge of the prisoner.

Mary, greatly encouraged by Jack's confident man

ner, took his hand and raised it to her lips, saying: "Jack, how good you are!" As she lifted her eyes, she saw the strips of court-plaster with which the surgeon at the barracks had covered the wound made by teeth of the poor madman, George, upon Jack's neck. The eyes of affection and gratitude had quickly discovered that which had escaped entirely the notice of anyone, except old Jackson, at the Mansion. In a startled voice, Mary exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Jack, you are wounded, hurt. How did it happen?"

The young man quickly turned his head to conceal the wound, saying, with a blush mantling his cheek: "Oh! it is a mere scratch made by the limb of a tree as I rode to the barracks."

What! A lie, Jack, and you a clergyman! Yes! and such lies need call no blush of shame to your honest face, Jack, for of such lies are made golden keys to open the gates of heaven, where bright recording angels smile to enter in the Book of Fate such lies. Lies like thine, Jack, make easier stepping-stones to mount to eternal happiness than many cold, hard, heartless, cruel truths.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Henry Lawton and Weaving, accompanied by the surgeon from the barracks, arrived at the mansion, Henry summoned his father's valet, and instructed him to inform his master of their arrival. The valet suggested that his master was apparently asleep, and that he hesitated to arouse him, but receiving a peremptory command to do so, immediately, left the apartment, but hastily returned, with white and trembling lips, saying he was unable to awaken the proprietor, and that he believed his master was—dead.

Unfortunately for the tenants of the District of Ohio, the fears of the valet proved well founded, as Henry Lawton, Weaving and the surgeon ascertained, when they gathered around the bed, where lay the body of the man who, so recently had promised Jack, to delay, or possibly entirely abandon the idea of enslaving his fellow-countrymen.

John Lawton had died from what the surgeon pronounced, heart failure.

By operation of the "Law of Family Compact," Henry Lawton, the eldest son, now became possessed of all the real, and personal property of the estate, as well as

by succession, Proprietor of the District of Ohio. Jackson the butler, was immediately summoned and commanded by Henry to find his brother Jack, and bring him to the mansion. At the same time, messengers were dispatched to Cleveland, and New York, to secure the attendance of embalmers and undertakers, and make the customary preparation for the entombment of a great Proprietor, in the Westminster of America—Trinity Church, in New York city.

Weaving, as the representative of the family, left immediately for Washington city, to place before the executive of the government, a statement of the death of the old Proprietor, and to obtain recognition of the succession to office of his eldest son, Henry.

Since the decay of trade and commercial prosperity, resulting from the pauperism of the agricultural class, it had proven unnecessary, and useless expenditure of money, for the Federal government to maintain regular mail service, hence post-offices had been abandoned in all places, except the few large cities, where the correspondence and business of the wealthy landlords still sufficed to partially sustain postal facilities.

Therefore, Henry Lawton had been obliged to send couriers to Cleveland and New York, with instructions for the funeral arrangements, as well as his special messenger, Mr. Weaving, to the Federal government, and until the arrival of surgeons from the metropolis, the new Proprietor was obliged to rest satisfied with the opinion of the surgeon of the troops on duty in the section, with regard to the cause of his father's death, as long since, the country doctor had disappeared, together with the apothecary, from the rural districts. Their places were filled as nearly as circumstances would permit, by the

aged and experienced women of the tenantry, who relied for medicine upon the virtues of native herbs and roots.

Henry Lawton having performed what, he had been instructed by his legal adviser, was of primary importance, and required the utmost promptness, sat gloomily thinking of the departed father, who, from earliest infancy, had showered upon him every evidence of affection, and favor, within the power of man to bestow. Henry Lawton was neither better, nor worse, than the average man of the twentieth century similarly situated.

That he possessed selfishness in a marked manner, was but the logical and natural outgrowth of a system of selfishness that pervaded the whole atmosphere through which he had come to manhood, from the government at Washington, controlled as it was, by the concentrated capital of the country, to the author of his being, who saw in him, as the babe in the cradle, the means for the perpetuation of the policy that had built up the family fortune of the Lawtons upon the ruins of the hope and happiness of many thousands of American citizens.

The character of Henry Lawton had been moulded by the pattern made, through the operation of more than a century, of the deception, selfishness, cupidity and arrogance in the ancestors from whom he derived his being.

Individually, the man who now succeeded to the title of Proprietor was no worse than the human product of like conditions, of every age and country since the world began. He had been dissolute and had indulged in all kinds of dissipation, but such has been the usual conduct of the inheritors of unearned wealth, from days far earlier than those of the glory of Babylon, with its hosts of scarlet women.

Possession of great wealth acquired by inheritance, begets idleness, which is often followed by indulgence in vices; from no inherent wickedness of the individual, but simply as a natural consequence of idleness, and the desire for entertainment.

Henry Lawton received his brother Jack, (who had been found by Jackson, who came with the message from Henry, fast asleep in a large armchair, worn out by his emotions and labor of the past night and day,) with manner more kindly than had been customary with him ever before, in his intercourse with his younger brother. Doubtless the death of one, whom in common, they called father had impressed Henry; also the fact, that he was now the head of the Lawton family, and in that position should exercise paternal forbearance, and patience.

Jack, who upon entering the mansion had been conducted to his father's room, where the body of the dead Proprietor still lay, had cast himself upon his knees by the bedside of his father, and offered up the silent prayers which filled his heart, (with more filial affection than might under the circumstances have been expected,) to his Heavenly Father. He remained in the chamber of death, for some time, giving evidence of no more grief than he felt, but even, so much as he actually experienced so far exceeded what the old servants of the mansion knew, was due, that whenever any of them entered the room, they were surprised to find Jack with cheeks wet with tears.

Seeking his brother, to whom he wished to offer fraternal consolation, Jack came into the library, where Henry was seated, who cordially welcomed the interruption to his gloomy thoughts. The two brothers

sat and talked in a more friendly manner than they had ever in their lives, done before.

Henry informed Jack of what he had already done, and what he intended doing concerning the funeral and entombment of their father's body—of his sending Weaving to Washington, and his prompt entrance upon the duties of the office of Proprietor of the District. At this point of the conversation, Jack informed Henry of the statement made by his father to him, in their last interview, and that he supposed, Henry would follow the line of policy suggested by the old Proprietor while lying upon what had proven his deathbed.

To Jack's utmost astonishment, Henry calmly replied, that while he did not doubt Jack's statement concerning the conversation with his father, as some suggestion of such being old Mr. Lawton's policy, had been made both to Weaving and himself, still inasmuch as it was contrary to the policy of the founders of the family, adopted more than a century before, and as he, Henry, inherited the fortune of the family arising from a continuance of the policy of the founders of it, burdened with no condition except only such as was created by the operation of the Law of Family Compact, he would disregard entirely his father's recent conversion to the Quixotic doctrine, that all men should be free and equal; that, as Proprietor of the District, and owner of the estate he would still insist that the tenants should enter into Bonds of Servitude, and become attached as serfs to the soil; that intending to crush any opposition by the tenantry before it could become formidable, he would exercise all the power and influence of his position to make the murderer of the late superintendent, such a terrifying example to the other

tenants, of the consequences of violence or rebellion against that, which fate, and their forefathers, had prepared for them, that they would accept quietly their new position—that of slaves—which was but the natural sequence, following the policy pursued, by which, tribute was exacted from the toilers of the fields in America, by manufacturers, landlords and inheritors of wealth; that the Ohio District was the only one in America where the tenants had not been enslaved for years, and that other proprietors in the country were, by use of slave labor, enabled to derive large profits from planting their land and enjoy immense incomes, as more than a century ago the owners of the land in the then Southern States had done as the result of negro slave labor.

Henry Lawton, seeing the indignant fire flashing in Jack's eyes, still red from the tears shed by the death-bed of the father of this man who quietly and calmly proposed to disregard, and ignore, the last expressed intention of that dead father, and desiring to stem the rising tide of Jack's indignation, added:

"Well, Jack, anyway, there is very little in a name. For all practical purposes the farming people have been slaves in America long before there was such a thing as a Proprietor. You need not become so much excited about it. Your friends, the farmers, willingly put their necks into the yoke and became slaves in all but name, when they delegated to men of my position—who, at that time, were manufacturers in America—the right to force them to buy articles which, to sustain life the farmers were obliged to have, only, from those manufacturers and at their prices, while the revenue derived by the farmers from the land and their own

labor, they had to procure at random from whom and upon such terms, as the competition of all the farmers of the world made possible.

The man who is obliged to buy what—to sustain life against the attacks of cold and hunger—he must have, where I command, and at the price I command—is my slave, or else he dies of cold and hunger; no matter whether I obtained the power over him by his assent or not, and whether I call him slave or freeman; and the most charitable construction to put upon the action of any man who, having an income depending solely upon the competition he receives, permits another to say what shall be his expenses to sustain life, is, that the man is insane, and is properly restrained and controlled by the one of sense and reason.

You must admit that Bonds of Servitude but give a name to the policy pursued by men of my class for more than a century, and it alters but in name the position of those who, for years, have served us and paid any tribute we thought them capable of paying."

When Henry had finished, Jack, fairly bursting with wrath, exclaimed hotly: "All of that has nothing to do with the matter. It was the (then unsuspected) dying wish of our father, that the tenants of the Lawton estate should not be enslaved, in name anyway, and respect for his memory should compel you gladly to comply with that expressed wish."

"Well, to have an end to any discussion," replied Henry, doggedly, "I do not intend to be bound by any wish, expressed or not, by my predecessor. These people whom I will force into slavery, deserve only to be slaves. Fools make slaves of themselves, and their children. The forefathers of these tenants, helped by their

votes to make the laws putting chains upon themselves and their descendants—while it was not policy for years to let it be known that they were in chains—I find the opportunity now, in safety, to rivet upon these tenants, chains created by their own ancestors, and I am going to take the same advantage of my position, as other Proprietors have already done, of theirs."

"But," replied Jack, "I will not allow you to end the discussion in any such manner. You know the history of this country. You are well aware of the means used to secure the passage of those laws you refer to. You are an educated man, and have read how an appeal was made to the people's patriotism. The farmers were asked to tax themselves to support infant industries, long after infant industries had grown to be all-devouring vultures of monopolies, devouring the body politic.

The farmers were deluded into the belief that by so doing they were aiding the mechanics and artisans of the land—and the mechanics and artisans were beguiled by the high wages handed to them by the right hand of the manufacturer, and snatched instantly away from them by the left hand of the same manufacturer, under the pretext that it was due for rent, and the supplies used by the mechanics and artisans.

You—(now because the opportunity presents itself,) clad in the impregnable armor of gold, against which the lance of poverty, in the hands of the most virtuous and valiant, flies into splinters,—turn upon the descendants of those farmers, mechanics and artisans, from whom, by respectable plausible fraud and deceit, under color of infernal laws, the very gold in which you stand arrayed invulnerable, was filched—would rivet upon

these powerless defenseless people, the infamous chains of slavery, forged by the trustfulness and credulity of their ancestors. In that--you would take advantage of the power given you by the ill-gotton gold of our crafty, deceitful ancestors, to inflict chains of bondage upon the weak and helpless. You are a coward!"

Henry Lawton sprang from his chair, pale with passion, but Jack, extending his hand with a repulsing gesture, continued: "Don't start now! I am not through. That you would follow the man who,—driven mad by the degradation to which he had fallen, where he, an American, could be compelled to become a slave,—killed an instrument which his lordly Proprietor had made use of to bring him to that depth of despair, in which sanity and reason had left him, you are a cruel coward! And if, (in the wild ravings of the madman, whom you would make a terrifying example,) there is one atom of truth connecting our name with an attempt upon the honor of his sister—you are, an infamous scoundrel! In disregarding the known wish of our father, now lying dead over our heads, you are— a disloyal, ungrateful son, to a father, so kind and generous to you as should win your gratitude and loyalty, even though you were the cruel, cowardly, infamous scoundrel, I declare you!"

As Jack finished speaking, he arose, flushed and defiant, not knowing what to expect from his brother, who had resumed his seat, and now white with anger regarded him with unwinking eyes. "Have you made an end?" were the first words that came from the white drawn lips of Henry Lawton; "for if so," he continued, "leave my house, and never put your foot within its doors again so long as you live. Before you go, for the satisfaction it gives me to exhibit the result

of your folly,—I will tell you, that the Lawton, your mad murderer referred to, was your very clerical self.—Now leave!"

He arose, and pointed toward the door, but Jack, heedless of the motion of the new Proprietor's hand, and his accompanying command, stepped toward his brother, and stopping close in front of him, in the determined tone of one, who was careless of consequences, said: "This is your house, but as long as my father's body lies in it, I shall come here. I shall be present at the service, when held in the Lawton house in New York, and at the church, and if any one seek to prevent my presence, there will be that done which you will long remember."

Henry, curbing his temper, for he knew that his brother would hesitate at nothing if he were determined upon a course of action said: "Knowing that you have little respect for the position that we occupy, that you would not be at all reluctant to make our name ridiculous, I amend my command until after the funeral of my father—but now and forever, I disown you as brother of mine. Never address another word to me as long as you live," saying which, Henry Lawton walked out of the room, leaving Jack standing, flushed and hot, in the centre of the apartment.

When left alone, Jack threw himself into a chair and endeavored to arrange in his mind the order of the events of the last two days. The most inexplicable thing—and that which filled him with wonder, even more than the sudden death of his father,—was the fact that the words used by George Hollister in his ravings, could refer to him. How in any way to connect his name, with the cause of Hollister's murder of Johnson, seemed impossible, and thus he sat and pondered far into the night.

CHAPTER XII.

THE wreath of flowers placed by Jack upon the tomb of his father, in that imposing edifice in New York city, where the body of the Proprietor of the District of Ohio had been laid, among the great and powerful of America, who had preceded him to America's Westminster Abbey, Trinity Church, had become dry and withered, for a month had passed since the tomb closed over all that was mortal of John Lawton. A new superintendent had been selected quickly to succeed Johnson, by Henry Lawton, as the new Proprietor wished to remain in New York city, and avoid the gloom and discomfort of a return to the district over which he ruled. Instructions had been given by the proprietor that as soon as practicable the tenants of the estate should be notified to appear at the courthouses in their respective sections and execute the "Bonds of Servitude."

On this bright May morning, while every tree and bush was putting forth the joyous signs of spring, in tender buds and opening leaves—when kindly, generous Nature spread an emerald carpet over every hill, making a velvet-covered dancing hall, of all the hills and hollows, for merry meetings of the coming

songsters of the spring, who soon would arouse echoes in every ravine, and forest with songs of gladness, and freedom—the tenants of the District of Ohio were expected by the officers appointed to receive the surrender of their last possession except life itself. This was the day fixed by order of the Proprietor for the tenants to give up—Freedom.

As the grey figures trudged, sadly, and wearily, toward the once prosperous, but now almost deserted town of Carlton, where the courthouse was located for the section of the district in which the Lawson mansion stood, and where the Rev. Jack Lawton labored, the very smiles of Nature seemed to mock them in their misery. The robins seemed to swell out their red breasts with the pride of freedom, as they hopped out of the path of the dejected men, tramping sorrowfully through the unfolding scenes of the gayest drama of the seasons, awakening Spring.

Man! Man alone was miserable, for only man was vile, cruel and unkind. On this fair stage of Nature's kind creation, the only shadow of aught save gladness, was the silent, sorrowing beings called, Men.

As the tenants painfully dragged along the heavy wooden shoes, to which the clayey soil of the roads clung, as if the very earth would hold them back from their disgrace, they drew the hoods of their blouses far down over their eyes, as if to shut out the scene of happiness spread around them.

Through the neglected streets of the once busy town of Carlton, pushing aside the rank weeds which filled the roadways of what were years before, the principal business streets of the town—empty, shutterless, doorless buildings, standing half hidden by the interlaced

weeds and underbrush on either side, like gravestones marking the burial place of prosperity—the tenants made their way to the courthouse.

The ruined buildings, unpainted and unkept, like hideous hags of hell's creation—their sashless windows, like gloating, cavernous eyes; their doorways, like mocking, toothless mouths stretched wide with fiendish joy, seemed to taunt the tenants as they hurried along—even the soft breezes of the May morning, as they sounded in the deserted houses, seemed to give voice to the hags of their fancy, who, jeering them on their hateful journey, in sounds which seemed to say:

"Noble descendants of worthy ancestors! Go to the shame prepared for you by your forefathers. They stole our brightness from us! What Tarquin was to Lucretia, your ancestors were to us—ravishers, who committed rape upon the commerce of their country. We laugh, and shout good speed *to your footsteps.*"

Collected on a cleared spot of ground which had formerly been a park of considerable size, in front of the courthouse, were about a hundred men. A glance would have sufficed for anyone to become satisfied that it was a gathering of the toilers of the fields.

Their legs, bare from just below the knees, were covered with the mud and clay of the miry roads of the spring—the heavy dark garments which they wore, were as unpleasant to the eye as the garb of the convicts in the nineteenth century. A ghost from the past, would have wondered that from such a number of men, no tobacco smoke was seen to rise, but time and want had robbed the farming class in America, of even the use of that native American plant.

The men neither joked nor laughed, as when a num-

ber of neighbors meet in the farming district of a happy country. One unaware of the customary manners of the tenants of America in the twentieth century, would have said that the object of the meeting of these men was to attend a funeral, and upon this occasion, the opinion would have been correct—they had met to attend the funeral of their Freedom. But, as a matter of fact, mirth had so long departed that the usual manner of a farmer, was funereal.

The men before the courthouse stood huddled close together, as cattle will stand at the approach of a storm, seeking that support in contact with others of their kind, which simply their individual courage will not give in the hour of danger.

The door of the courthouse opened and an officer of the law made his way across the cleared ground to the spot, where the cowering men were standing. The officer was clothed in the uniform of the Federal government, even though he was what once had been called, sheriff—a uniform being deemed necessary in even the most insignificant position, in the grand scheme of centralization. The officer ordered the men to form in line, and, as their names were called to march into the courthouse.

In the courtroom of the building sat the new superintendent of the district—at his right hand, sat Weaving, before whom lay ready prepared for execution, a package of "Bonds of Servitude." At the left of the superintendent, gay in all the trappings of the uniform of a colonel in the Federal army, sat the commandant of the military force stationed in the section.

As each tenant's name was called by the officer

before whom the men had formed themselves into a line, the man would answer, and step out of the line, and make his way into the courthouse, where he would be conducted by a uniformed deputy into the presence of the tribunal in the courtroom. Here, he was ordered to throw back his hood, and thus, uncovered approach the table, behind which were seated the representatives of all the power in the land. The commandant, as representing the benign, protecting, ever-watchful Federal government, anxious to insure the security of every citizen, (as all military governments have ever been,) asked the trembling wretch:

"Do you voluntarily desire to surrender your rights as a free citizen and secure the support and protection of the Proprietor of the District of Ohio?" to which the half-starved creature would answer, "I do." Then the paternal Federal government, speaking by its mouthpiece, would ask: "Do you willingly bind yourself, your wife and your children born in future, as well as your children now in being, to the Proprietor of the District of Ohio, and his successors in office, to pass with the land as chattels attached thereto?—Before you answer, I wish to warn you that if you answer in the affirmative, the Proprietor of your district may exercise the whole power of the Federal government to enforce his claim upon you and your descendants forever, and in return, the Proprietor is obligated by the Federal laws to feed, clothe and furnish you a hovel to shelter you."

Then the heartbroken, freeborn American, would gasp out an almost inaudible "Yes"—and the last spark of manhood and pride was gone. He had given Freedom for the means of merely living. This would be

followed by signing the "Bonds of Servitude," which was done in every instance by the serf making an "X," as none of the tenants who signed, could either read or write. After the bond was signed, each newly-made serf would be obliged to kneel at the feet of the superintendent, who as the special delegate of the Proprietor, appointed to receive the oath of the serf, accepted the submission of the slave.

When the name of Rossmore was called, he darted from the line of men, as if impelled by a doubt of his strength to pass through the ordeal, unless he rushed ahead while nerved by desperation to do the deed. When asked the question he could utter no word, and only bowed his head in token of assent; his mouth moved when the oath of allegiance was administered, but no sound escaped from his parched lips.

As he arose from his knees, and tottered from the room a hoarse cry of agony was heard, so horrible, as to startle even the callous commandant. Rossmore fell as he reached the group of those who had already become serfs by signing the bonds, but springing to his feet again, with foam flecking the dark garment which he wore, as it came from his drawn and distorted mouth, said, in straining, cracking tones, as he raised his clenched hands on high and shook his fist toward the heavens:

"Now, Almighty God, I call upon you for justice! Hurl down to the bottommost pits of hell, the departed spirit of the ancestors of every man made a slave this day! Curse them, and cast them out! Curse them, as I do, for that folly by which a few men were enabled to enslave millions of others! Curse them, if thou be a God of—"

A strong hand is placed upon his lips to hold back the intended blasphemy; a voice strong and full of sympathy, cries: "Hold, wretched man, blaspheme not your Maker!"

Then Jack Lawton, (for it was no other than that young clergyman, who, detained by his preparations for the trial of George Hollister, which would take place on the next day, had addressed Rossmore,) turning to the men around him, said such words as angels whisper in the ear of the condemned sinner out from the gates of Paradise.

As he listened Rossmore burst into tears, and would have fallen again, but Jack clasped him to his bosom, and holding him thus, told the story of how in ages long ago, a bright light coming out of Nazareth had dispelled the darkness in the lives of the slaves of Rome—how the King of Kings had humbled himself to dwell among the lowly, that he might show them the way to that haven where the first shall be last, where the lowly shall be exalted.

Jack spoke in simple language, but with the eloquence that can only come with sublime faith and sincerity. The voice of the earnest preacher rang out in rhythmic measure like the clarion's notes, and sank into the gentle cadence of sympathy as the murmuring breezes of heaven.

With sweeping gestures the occasion-created orator, told of the might of Jesus, who had made humble fishermen, leaders among men and high priests in heaven, and when the weeping Rossmore cried out in the angush of his soul, "Oh, it is bitter, bitter hard!" the minister comforted him in his suffering, and told of the suffering of One who, dying nailed to a cross on Calvary, had saved mankind.

The declining sun saw a sight acceptable to the Lord of Hosts, for gathered around the young Soldier of the Cross were a hundred sorrowful souls, clinging like shipwrecked sailors to that everlasting Rock of Ages, refuge of the down-trodden of all time and every country.

The superintendent, Weaving, and the commandant, paused as they emerged from the courthouse, and gazed with amazement upon the strange spectacle presented before them, for, on his knees in the dirt and the mud of the roadway was the brother of the Proprietor, praying fervently, surrounded by the coarsely clad slaves of his mother's son.

Smile, crafty Weaving. Be shocked, subservient superintendent. Let outraged class distinction fill your eyes with indignation, brave commandant.

The mother looking down from heaven upon her two sons—one in his mansion in New York, the other on his knees in the mire, surrounded by the slaves of a forlorn country section—will not disown the one you criticise. And when these new-made slaves in the evening shadows, stealing homeward, as if ashamed to face the world, even though veiled in darkness, bless the name of Jack and call him, *noble*, *brave* and *godly*, a mother's spirit beyond the realm of sin and sorrow, will waft to earth a sweet Amen!

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR several days after his father's funeral, Jack Lawton had sought to secure the attendance of an expert in cases of insanity, to be present and testify at the approaching trial of George Hollister, but to his great surprise, was unsuccessful in his search. By some miraculous set of circumstances, all of the prominent physicians of the metropolis seemed to be suddenly occupied in most pressing cases, requiring their individual and constant attention.

So many years had passed since Jack had lived in America—or rather, ever since he had been of sufficient age to appreciate the condition of society in his native country, he had been in Europe studying for the ministry—that he was unconscious of that degree of fear inspired in every walk of life by the danger of offending a powerful Proprietor or owner of the concentrated capital of the country. Not, of course, was there any apprehension of bodily harm, but the dread of the loss of prestige, and ostracism from the ranks of the recipients of the patronage of the only class in a position to support the members of the liberal professions, proved more preg-

nant with terror,—than any fear of bodily harm would have been—and consequently more efficacious (as a restraint upon the conduct of even the most independent, who fearing for the consequences to their families, generally dependent for support, entirely upon the remuneration received from the wealthy for professional services), than the danger of death itself could have been.

Such is human nature, as developed by civilization, that men who bravely and untremblingly face death at the cannon's mouth, will shake with very terror at the bare idea of the possibility of offending the meanest manikin, who is the chance possessor of wealth. So dire and dreadful is the punishment within the power of those, who control the money of the country, to inflict upon an offender,—and that, too, while still keeping within the bounds of man's most carefully written Law,—that the most fearlessly independent man, environed by the thousand bands of affection, and responsibility of civilization and society, will fall weak and trembling at the slightest nod of brazen Mammon's golden head.

At last, reluctantly, Jack was forced to abandon the effort to procure the assistance of a metropolitan surgeon, as notwithstanding the tempting fees offered, he had only met with refusal in every quarter. Finally, trusting that the lawyer at Cleveland, to whom he had written and retained to defend Hollister, might possess sufficient knowledge of medical jurisprudence,—together with the obvious insanity of the accused,—to procure an acquittal, he left New York, his departure hastened by the thought of Mary and her mother.

Mrs. Hollister had never seemed to recover from the

first effects of the shock she had experienced, but gradually appeared to be sinking beneath the sea of trouble which had so long surged around her. Every effort to revive the strength of the unfortunate woman was futile, the sands of life seemed fast running out.

When the clergyman returned to the "Parsonage," it was to be met with another most distressing disappointment, for he found awaiting him a letter from the Cleveland lawyer, returning the retainer sent to him, with a polite but positive declination to serve, in defending a tenant charged with the crime of the murder of a superintendent of a district.

Lawyers, had Jack but considered the history of the passed-away but beloved Republic, had ever in America been more susceptable to the influence of the capitalists and monopolists than any other body of professional men. Being familiar with debate, they were greedy for political preferment, using it when obtained as a pedestal to raise themselves into prominence. In the old days of the Republic, when the people elected representatives, lawyers struggled for the mighty aid of corporations and capitalists, to help them in their race to gain a goal which insured them an opportunity, to secure safety for themselves and families against the wolves of want ever hovering around the impecunious professional man.

In the fight for political eminence, it was so well recognized in the palmiest days of the representative government that opposition from corporations and capitalists meant defeat, that the most hardy adventurer upon the sea of politics would abandon the race and fly with every sail of speed set for the

only port of safety—retirement, if opposed by corporations and capitalists.

After having achieved the goal by an election to the legislative halls, it was asking too much of human nature to expect the lawyer, thus with the golden apple of ambition fairly within his grasp, to cast it aside, by refusing to listen to the advice of corporations and capitalists thereby losing their friendship and future patronage. From corporations and capitalists came all the large fees into the successful lawyer's coffer. To secure a *clientele* composed of that class, was the consummation of every ambitious lawyer's most rosy dream, even in those virtuous days of America's bright season of political purity,—the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Thus, early in his labors, Jack found that history ever repeats itself, that as in the Dark Ages, the priest, to properly fill his mission must be not only the fountain of spiritual knowledge, but also the safe keeper and repository for the treasures of all knowledge, in that age of darkness, where the thriving furies of ignorance, lay in wait to steal or submerge all learning, beneath the lava flowing from the volcano of Forgetfulness.

Lawton therefore endeavored in the brief time yet left to him before the trial, to acquire some knowledge of the forms to be observed in the defence of an accused man—and trusting in God and the justice of the defence, insanity, awaited the day of the trial.

The trammels of society surrounding the professions in the highly civilized state then existing, had so strongly impressed the zealous worker for the welfare of the poor people, that he immediately sent to

New York, to procure such primary works upon the subjects of Medicine and Law, as could be quickly mastered, and determined to devote a portion of his time to the study of those subjects, finding as he had already, that the clergyman must be the physician and lawyer as well as spiritual adviser of, his flock.

Mary Hollister, as soon as her mother's condition would permit, (which was during Lawton's absence in New York,) had visited her brother confined in the jail at the military post, and fortunately, finding him in a brief and rational condition of mind, told him the story, of Jack Lawton's great kindness and generosity, which, the reader will recall was all unknown to George.

The old brave spirit of that race whence came this insane scion, reasserted itself, and forever sealed George Hollister's lips even in his maddest ravings, concerning the immediate cause of his attack upon Johnson; Hollister refusing, though accused of the gravest crime known to the law, to give breath to a vile scandal, which necessitated the use of his sister's name, but which, if told, might serve to diminish the punishment for the deed.

The same old courageous spirit, which had supported the American farmer in his onward march across the wilderness and desert of this continent, contending boldly and vanquishing finally, not only savage inhabitants and wild beasts, but also every difficulty and obstacle of nature itself, leaving the trail of his journey in fair fields and prosperous cities, was reawakened in this wretched remnant of America's free farmers in the District of Ohio, and he determined to die, rather than disclose the base, false charge made by the dead man against those nearest and dearest to him.

* * * * * *

In the Federal court building, in the city of Cleveland was to be tried this day a cause of unusual interest, for it was the first trial which had occurred of a man, in America, for more than fifty years, where the accused stood charged with daring to raise his hand against the representative of the class, in which was confined all the intelligence, refinement and wealth of the country.

On the bench, at one end of the spacious hall in which the court was assembled, raised above the heads of the other occupants of the courtroom, sit the three judges who will decide the fate of George Hollister. Their heads are covered with wigs after the fashion of the British judges, all wear long silken gowns. The evidences of refinement, as well as intelligence, are seen in the countenances of the men who are to try the accused man. Of course, appointments to the Bench are only given to those having the endorsement of the all-powerful Proprietors. Juries sometimes proving obstinate and inconvenient, have long since been abolished in America. The three men upon the bench are not only judges of the law in the trial of Hollister, but also the facts in the case.

The officers of the court all wear uniforms—the marshal is resplendent in trappings which would well become the costume of a chamberlain of an imperial court. The two witnesses of the crime, closely guarded by a file of soldiers, are half concealed by the raised box or kind of pulpit in which the prisoner will soon appear. At the long counsel table on the right and in front of the bench, sit the Federal attorney and his assistants, all clothed in their long gowns of office, and like the judges, wearing wigs.

The only ununiformed figures within the enclosing railing, which divides the audience from the court proper, except the two witnesses, are the two figures (man and woman) clothed in black, who are seated close together at the table opposite the attorneys for the government—and even the man seated close by the woman's side, with his hand placed upon the arm of her chair as if to give confidence to his weaker companion, wears the uniform of the clergy—for it is the Rev. Jack Lawton, who, by the favor of the court appears in behalf of the accused. Mary Hollister, who insisted upon being present, is clothed entirely in black, the material having been brought from New York by Jack upon his return from that city.

The veil, which is thrown back, leaves the pale face exposed, which, with its whiteness and beauty, in the black setting formed by folds of the encircling veil, shows like a pure pearl rising through a foam of jet; the light of its lustre enhanced by its inky setting. Attorneys across the table, the audience and even the stern judges on the bench, gazed with admiration upon this (the once common but now almost unknown) highest type of womanly loveliness that the world ever knew—a beautiful American woman.

At last the prisoner for whom the court waited, was brought in, and placed in the box. By the thoughtfulness of Jack, he was habited in a suit of clothing, superior to that worn by tenants, but the care that had provided respectable attire, and the neat arrangement of hair and beard, could not restore that absent light of reason to the wild eyes which glared around upon those assembled in the hall, as the prisoner stood up in the box.

The trial began by the prosecuting officer reading the charge upon which the prisoner was held, (indictments of course, had followed grand juries into banishment,) and called the witnesses for the government. The only cross-examination given the two men who were Hollister's companions on the fateful morning when he met Johnson, was to ask what Johnson had said or done to the accused before the assault was made upon the dead man. They had heard nothing, having walked rapidly away when ordered to do so, and as they had quickly obeyed the order, the two men had seen and heard nothing of what had preceded the killing.

Anderson, with tears falling like rain upon the railing of the witness stand, was forced to testify to the expression "I will kill" made use of by Hollister, as he rushed from Rossmore's house the night of the meeting of tenants.

Rossmore, himself, had to corroborate Anderson's evidence, but being a serf was not allowed to testify by swearing to the truth of his testimony—he simply made a statement. When the government rested its case, the only possible chance for aught but conviction was the plea of insanity which Jack had filed.

The young clergyman arose and stated in an unaffected way the facts in the case as far as he knew them, and then offered himself as a witness. When he was sworn, he testified concerning the experience he had, when he called upon Hollister in his cell at the military post in the section, and then, with his face red at the recollection of the lie he had told Mary, who now watched his every motion, and before whom for the sake of its bearing upon the insanity of her brother, he

must stand a self-confessed liar, he told of the struggle and how the prisoner had bit him, his old friend, as he held him in his arms. O men, can you never realize the sympathetic intuition of the souls of women! The listening woman's eyes filled with tears as she looked, now only at the floor, for intuitively she knew the anguish of the truthful heart beating in the breast of the man, who, to shield her from pain had told a lie, and now to aid the cause of her brother, was confessing it. She would not look at him, but loved and honored Jack more highly, if that were possible, for the lie.

The name of Lawton, had so much magic in it that Jack was not inconvenienced by any questions from the government's representative; and even when Mary gave her testimony, and told of all the strange actions of her brother, the judges looked with kindly eyes upon her, the prosecuting officer refused to cross-examine, saying, "I believe the testimony is true." When all that could be told to substantiate the statement that Hollister was insane when he killed Johnson, had been given in the testimony for the defence, then there was handed to the judges by the Federal attorney, the report of the committee of surgeons, certifying to the sanity of Hollister. This testimony was exempt from cross-examination by the then established rule of evidence.

Alas! small hope, poor prisoner, is there for you in the evidence before the court, unless those three silent, stern and thoughtful men sitting to judge your cause, be moved by the eloquence born of the heartfelt emotion of your advocate, your doom is sealed!

In the evolution of centralization, the administra-

tion of justice still retained that feature of the old procedure which had ever borne hardest on the cause of the accused, for the prosecution still retained the closing argument; and now, as of old, the judges left their bench to agree upon their decision, with the unanswered assertions, and the (often unfair) construction placed by the prosecuting officer upon the evidence, still ringing in their ears, just as formerly the juries in America went to the jury-room to form their verdicts.

The reverend advocate for Hollister arose to plead for pity and mercy for his old playfellow. In simple, straightforward language, Jack Lawton set forth the facts concerning his efforts to secure properly trained counsel and skilled experts in cases of insanity, for the defence. Instead of blaming the professional men for lack of independence, he offered as a most reasonable excuse, the reason, so well known to all within the sound of his voice—the dread of offending the Proprietor of the District.

In extenuation for his own shortcomings in the trial, he frankly stated that he was ignorant of law and court proceedings. " But," and as he said it, throwing back his leonine head and with a sweeping, majestic gesture, pointing to the prisoner, in an attitude recalling old pictures of godlike Daniel Webster, he asked, " When my old comrade stood there naked and defenceless before the piercing blasts of prosecution, could I do less than thrust myself before him—the memory of boyhood's happy days and mutual joys from the graveyard of the past ringing in my heart, called me?" A tremor thrilled his hearers, and even the hearts of the stern judges silently responded, " You, brave spirit, could not do less!"

There is a magic power in nobility of nature, that sways the most unsympathetic souls. Jack Lawton's audience (adverse as it was to the sentiments he uttered) watched him with unwavering attention and open admiration, as the speaker taking from the table a history of the United States, and holding it aloft, like the torch of truth, told the story of the cause of the crime :—How an American farmer more than a century before, in a nation-killing, freezing winter season of Civil War, had found a half-frozen, harmless looking animal, and thinking it a rabbit, had placed it in his bosom, had warmed it into life by the heat of his labor, had nurtured it by his food, his clothing, tools, and even the shelter of the shingles over him ; and how that harmless rabbit, waxing strong and lusty on the farmer's substance, became an all-devouring wolf of Monopoly, eating into the very vitals of the farmer ; and how the agonized farmer, in his self-created pain and suffering, sought to conceal the cause of his increasing weakness and illness by drawing over the fiend feeding upon his vitals, a shirt of patchwork, made of the many colors of an unstable Currency—thus striving to conceal his pangs of agony by hiding the cause with this flimsy covering, as did the thieving Spartan boy of ancient Greece, when pressing the gnawing wolf closer to his disemboweled body, seek to conceal the cause that was killing him by hiding the wolf.

How at last the farmer sick unto death and tottering, in falling, had dragged down to death the mechanic with him in his fall—and how when at last the two bodies, stripped of flesh, lay bare skeletons in the potter's field of the graveyard of nations, Monopoly, swollen, but still an insatiate beast, stalking

over the skeletons had been stung by the serpent, Murder, which was born within the fleshless frames of the dead farmer and mechanic—that now they were there to try that "Murder"—that the all-devouring dealer of death to farmer and mechanic—that beast and brute, was called Monopoly, fiend-begotten child of Importation Taxation, and against its character he called the evidence of the ages.

And then the retrospective speaker calling America, "A wheat field, covered thick with the snows of that winter season of Civil War, around which, Patriotism a wall had builded, was swept by a chance wind called Opportunity, which blew the drifting snow into one corner, forming there a ball called Capital, which rolling, ever growing in the circular currents called Commerce, ever gathering the wheat-protecting snow which lay upon the field of prosperity, crushing and consuming the snow confined within the high wall of Patriotic Law by which the field was surrounded, until at last, the snow all gone or clinging to the all-absorbing ball, Concentrated Capital, left bare the field—thus leaving exposed and unprotected each germinating seed of industry, until at last before the bitter blasts of despair, the seed died, and in their decay made the soil fertile for the production of the imported thistle, Anarchy, and another weed, found universally where the winds of despair sweep over a nation, called "Murder."

Then in pleading tones he begged that ere the serpent-weed be ruthlessly destroyed, that the circumstances causing its creation be considered, and asked mercy for the intuitive act of insanity caused by the desperation of the doer. Then as he told the history

of the prisoner, the tones of his voice grew tender:—How as lads they had been comrades, shared each other's joys and sorrows; of the true and loving heart of the boy, who now as a prisoner stood before them—deftly painted with glowing words, pictures of youthful deeds of kindness, generosity and valor done by the prisoner—how they had vied with each other in tenderness toward the baby damsel, and for the honor of her innocent baby smiles and favor; how no more dutiful son to a worn and lonely widow had ever been born of woman—how that poor mother now lay broken, almost dying.

He paused at a cry from Mary, who, sitting near to him with her head bowed, her frame shaking with sobs of sorrow, had listened to his word painting, every line and color in the picture accentuated by recollection and association, until finally unable to restrain her grief, the sound had escaped from her lips.

The momentary silence which succeeded Mary's cry, was broken by these words coming from the prisoner, who leaning forward and reaching out his arms toward the man who was fighting for him, shouted: "Stop, Jack, stop! Little Mollie is crying. Stop, you're too rough, you will hurt the baby!" "Silence, silence!" cried the marshal, and the guard at his bidding, rushed toward the prisoner. But all the marshals ever made, could not quiet the thoughts of the madman, who in fevered fancy, once again with Jack was playing nurse for "Little Mollie."

When order was restored, Lawton, in whom, what had taken place, had aroused a perfect storm of emotion, striding down close to the bench on which sat the judges, and flinging prudence to the winds, raised his

hands toward the heavens, and thundered forth—as did of old the prophet of God, when telling Israel of the wrath to come, a warning to those who fattened and grown strong upon the fruits of crime, would now punish with merciless hand, the evil deeds committed, as the direct result of their own wrong-doing, by those credulous tools, who had, in raising them, sunk into the mire of desperation and misery, saying as he closed his speech:

"The God of Eternal Justice weighs in nice balance, crime and its cause, holding him who created the cause, none the less guilty because man's laws permit him to escape punishment."

As Lawton sat down, something like a sigh came from the overwrought hearts of his hearers. None could fail to do homage to the boldness of the man who thus struggled against the tide of the times and the adverse current of public opinion, created and controlled by concentrated capital for more than a century. The Federal attorney rising to reply, cast a look of admiration towards the man who unlearned in law but strong in the heaven-born gift of eloquence, had shaken even his conviction in the justice of the cause of the government.

In a brief speech (for anything oratorical would have fallen flat after Jack's argument) the prosecuting officer reviewed the crime and evidence, dealing fairly and honestly with the facts, in conclusion asking for the conviction of the prisoner under the law, of the crime of murder. The judges withdrew for consultation, the waiting audience became restless, a stifled buzz and murmur drowned Jack's whispered words of hope and consolation to Mary.

At last the door behind the bench is opened and the

three judges reappear. Their solemn faces fill Jack's heart with apprehension. The marshal orders silence. The presiding judge announces the decision—Guilty!

Alas, the frailty of human nature! Before the might of the money, wrung from your forefathers, poor prisoner, the valiant arm wielding the brand of eloquence and justice is powerless in your defense! The Proprietor of the District had let it be known that he wished conviction, as an example to his serfs of recent creation. How useless, opposition!—A scream, and Mary fallen to the floor, is raised in those arms which bore her as a babe in many merry frolics, and carried unconscious from the courtroom.

The presiding judge rising, calls to the guards to bring the convicted man forward for his sentence. Within two weeks, for so the sentence says, "Hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Ring out ye bells until the iron tongues shall crack your brazen throats! Sound the tidings of the might of money! Pull the bell-rope! Shout ye Serfs! until thy mouldering ancestors, more than a hundred years dead, shall awake and join in the merry-making of their origination!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE scene between Henry Lawton and his brother, and Jack's angry words of accusation, had neither been forgotten nor forgiven by the now fully installed Proprietor of the District of Ohio. Henry Lawton had not found it necessary to do more than merely indicate that the conviction of the tenant who had murdered the superintendent of his estate would not be displeasing, to insure the fulfillment of his assertion to Jack that he would make a terrifying example of Hollister for the purpose of awing the newly-made serfs. The thought, however, that in case of his death without a son, Jack would succeed to the title of Proprietor and the property of the estate, was a continuing torture to Henry Lawton. During Jack's childhood, Henry had regarded his very existence with absolute indifference, it being a matter of little concern to him whether Jack lived or died. During the brief visits which Jack paid to his father at their mansion in New York city, while the younger son was studying at Yale, Henry had seen little of him, being little interested in him. Tales of some of Jack's idiosyncracies would reach him from clubmen, along with accounts

of his prowess on the football field or at the oar, but as they amused his friends, Henry paid slight attention to the evidence of the development of a character, which now caused him great annoyance and concern. As a graduate and young man entering the arena of life, Jack had awakened an envious, jealous spirit in his brother's bosom. His physical strength, as well as those mental qualities which raised him above the level of the time-serving man of the world, his brother, were not calculated to endear him to Henry.

It is ever the case, that those possessing virtue are hated by all, who, while forced unwillingly to admit the advantage of its possession, will not strive to attain it.

At the time of the death of John Lawton, when the two brothers met in the library, Henry no doubt intended that peace and cordiality should in future exist between his brother and himself; but he had lost sight of the fact that one, in whom every thought and opinion was diametrically opposed to his own, would hardly be able to render himself a cordial companion or even a frank friend of the new Proprietor, without continually offending.

Jack Lawton had certainly gone too far in his almost brutal frankness to his brother in their last interview, and that Henry should be filled with a feeling of resentment was but natural. However, that feeling was not apparent during the time between the death and entombment of the old Proprietor, except that the brothers held no communication with each other. Jack, in accordance with what he had said to Henry when they parted in the library the day of their quarrel, not only remained in the mansion in Ohio, but also in the city residence

of the Lawton family in New York, until the body of his father was taken to its final resting-place, Trinity Church.

Henry Lawton determined to use every precaution to prevent such a calamity as his brother Jack becoming Proprietor, and sought in an early marriage to the lady who had been selected by his father for him, an escape from a possibility so distasteful, as Jack's ownership of the estate was to him. So impatient, was he for the consummation of the marriage that his own reluctance, to forsake the pleasures of bachelor life had heretofore delayed, that he hardly waited until the flowers upon his father's tomb had faded, before insisting that the marriage should take place.

The lady whom he destined to honor by making her the Proprietress of the district of Ohio, was the daughter of the man who had succeeded to the ownership of the coal monopoly in America. Of course the monopoly had been created years before by the imposition of a heavy taxation upon all coal imported into the country. At the time the law was enacted, it was alleged to be in the interest of coal miners, who would obtain higher wages if not obliged to compete with the cheap labor of other countries.

The farmers and mechanics joined heartily in the plan of benefitting the miners, and paid willingly an increased price to the American mine owners for the coal used by them, and also that used in the manufacture of goods used by farmers and mechanics, believing that the miners would derive large and permanent benefits which would add greatly to the prosperity of the country. As a matter of fact, however, the ancestors of the present

owner of the monopoly, whose daughter was to be the wife of Henry Lawton, owning the lands and houses near the mines and furnishing the supplies to the miners, while paying truly high wages, promptly reacquired the money so paid in high rents and high prices, for supplies furnished to the miners.

By this simple process, the increased price paid by the farmers and mechanics for coal, sifted through the miners' hands like water through a sieve, and fell into the pockets of those controlling the monopoly. In course of time this aggregation of pennies—taken a few from each citizen, and unfelt at the time by farmers or mechanics—amassed themselves into many millions of dollars, which, growing through no effort of succeeding generations, but simply by the accretion of interest, came into the hands of their present possessor by the mere accident of birth.

Margaret Ashton, the daughter, whom it was agreed between John Lawton and her father Horace Ashton, should marry Henry, was of the not unusual type of woman found where wealth has continued for many generations in one family. Without possessing beauty, her face was refined and intelligent, but lacked the vivacity which formerly made famous the beauty of the American women.

However, the air of languor was so universally seen in the faces and manners of the female descendants of the monopoly kings, and the brutalizing effects of poverty and destitution in the faces and forms of all other women, that the portraits of the fair American women of the nineteenth century, were regarded by their descendants as mere images of the painter's imagination.

Margaret Ashton was perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, between her father and the old Proprietor, that she should marry Henry Lawton. He was in no way objectionable. He was well born, well educated, of high position, great estate and a polished gentleman—what more could the daughter of a dozen millionaires wish in the man she was to marry? Hence the terms of the marriage contract were easily settled, the dowry arranged, and with the first flowers of the year, Henry Lawton, his hopes high for a speedy end to the dreaded possibility of Jack becoming Proprietor, was married to the lady of his father's choice. A brilliant ceremony, stately forms, grand reception, magnificent gifts, and—it is over.

In their palatial home in the metropolis, surrounded by every luxury that the skill of European artificers can produce, they hold their semi-regal court. If there be less demonstration of affection than formerly was customary between American men and women bearing their relations to each other, it is not because the couple were mismated, but because, in the refining process of many generations, the spontaneous outbursts of the love which is natural between husband and wife in a crude state of society, were now considered "bad form" and no longer permitted between the married people of refined and gentle breeding in America.

Notwithstanding, however, fidelity and virtue were as much the rule among those possessing wealth as it is the inclination of the vulgar mind—to doubt the congruity of wealth and virtue.

It is ever the habit of those lewd in mind, to imagine that all mankind are only restrained from

indulgence in immorality by the lack of opportunity; and reflecting the lewdness of their own minds, believe the wealthy, having time and means, consequently, opportunity, must of necessity be vicious—knowing, as those of only vulgar minds do—that had they the opportunities of the wealthy, they would indulge their vicious propensities.

Society, in which the Proprietor and his wife were prominent figures, was simply inane, in fact, lacked the vigor to be violently vicious or virtuous. Surrounded by every comfort and luxury which the unspendable incomes derived from the interest accruing from the vast sum of money inherited by them—procured, with no incentive to exercise their natural gifts of mind or body —men of the class which the Proprietor of Ohio ornamented, deteriorated in each succeeding generation, mentally and physically.

America gradually lost its prestige for originality, invention and enterprise. To Henry, the account of the trial of Hollister furnished a sensation, and therefore, a pleasure. A sensation, too, of satisfaction unalloyed by any indication of his brother's statement of the causes which led to the crime, and the arraingment of men of his class and ancestry for—reading the account as he did in a metropolitan newspaper, one of the few daily newspapers still published in America, which had, struggling, survived the disasters that submerged the commerce of the country, all mention of aught calculated to offend him and his class, had been carefully eliminated.

For it was now the law, that all accounts of court proceedings must be submitted before publication, to an officer of the court, who erased, corrected and inter-

jected as he saw proper, until the matter assumed such shape, as was most expedient to place before the public.

However, little exercise of law on the subject was ever required, as the prevalence of poverty had so decreased possible purchasers of independent newspapers, and the dearth of trade had so diminished that support for publications formerly procured from advertisers, that the period of great journals like the "Herald," "World," "Sun," and "Tribune" of New York in the nineteenth century, had long since come to a close.

A free press, for many years prior to the passage of the law referred to, had existed in name only, because dependent as every publisher was for patronage solely upon the only class having money to spend, the press, like the shopkeepers, farmers and mechanics, became subservient, moulding itself upon a model pleasing to its patrons.

Henry Lawton, at the same time that he received the satisfactory intelligence of the conviction of Hollister, also learned of the successful enslavement of the tenants of the district of which he was Proprietor. Visions of increased profits resulting from slave labor in the farming operations of the estate filled his mind with pleasurable anticipations of a largely increased income—for only by utilizing the labor of slaves could the American landowner successfully compete with those favored countries where cheaper supplies produced cheaper crops of cereals and cotton.

The conduct of Jack Lawton in banishing himself to the realm of gloom and poverty over which Henry exercised the authority of Proprietor, only filled the

great man's soul with contempt and annoyance. He regarded the action of his brother as purely quixotic, insane, or the seeking after notoriety. It was impossible to reconcile such conduct in the mind of Henry with any sense of duty in one born, educated and surrounded as Jack had been, and he would have dismissed the subject from his thoughts entirely, had it not been for the constant recurrence of it, forced upon his attention, by actions of the irrepressible young clergyman bearing the same name and being brother of the Proprietor.

Soon after reading the published account of the trial of Hollister, Henry Lawton met at one of his clubs in New York, the Federal attorney who had prosecuted the case, who, intent upon ingratiating himself into the good graces of the new Proprietor and unaware that Jack was in disfavor with his powerful brother, said: "I had, recently, the honor of being opposed in the forensic field by your Excellency's brother, in the trial of the Hollister case at Cleveland. Had he devoted his magnificent mind to the study of jurisprudence he would have no peer in America. His eloquence and the grandeur of his gestures recall stories told of the mighty Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Blaine and Conkling during the debates in Congress in the first century of the Republic."

Henry Lawton's repugnance to the idea of entering upon the explanation of a difference existing between himself and brother, as well as courtesy, compelled him to assume an interest which he was far from feeling, in what the Federal attorney had said. This delighted official, congratulating himself upon the successful attempt to win favor

in the eyes of his "Excellency," entered more fully into detail, concluding his narrative with the remark: "Were he not bound by birth, and consanguinity to the landlords, he would be an exceedingly dangerous orator for tenants or serfs to listen to, as a man of so much personal magnetism might arouse an insurrection, which his evident courage would make formidable"—and added the elated seeker for influence: "Were he not your Excellency's brother and therefore safely to be trusted, I should feel it my duty to recommend to the authorities his immediate restraint, either by incarceration in some Federal prison or banishment. You see, your excellency, how constantly watchful an official must be of the interests of the Proprietors, for there still lies dormant within the farm-class a spirit, which if once aroused, and led by a man of your brother's eloquence and courage, could only be arrested by death at the cannon's mouth."

Thus Henry Lawton had the fact of Jack's existence and continued quixoticism thrust again upon him; had the self-gratified attorney for the government been aware of the displeasure with which the smiling Proprietor listened to his revelation of this new phase of Jack's incomprehensible conduct, he would have felt less delighted with what he deemed "a hit, a palpable hit" in the way of winning political preferment.

As the irritated landlord related the circumstances to the inane wife of his bosom (who had never seen Jack and therefore knew nothing of his marked personality) that evening, and bewailed the fact that he was cursed with a brother so utterly indifferent and blind to the dignity and high position which the system which he attacked, had enabled the Lawton family to

attain, Mr. Weaving was announced, who, in the capacity of family solicitor, (the name designating the professional man, formerly known as lawyer or attorney,) was privileged to call uninvited at any hour upon the head of the family.

Upon this occasion he was especially welcome, as he came to report the facts concerning the successful enslavement of the Lawton tenants. As an evidence of high favor he was honored with a presentation to her ladyship, the Proprietress, and requested to proceed with his report in her presence, as the account of the affair might afford her some entertainment. How fearful are the rich, and idle, of ennui!

Weaving narrated all the details concerning the execution of the "Bonds" with strict fidelity to the facts, eliciting from his employer when he had finished, an emphatic "Well, thank the Lord, it is over! Now there are no cursed tenants who are freemen in America!"

Weaving interrupted the satisfactory tenor of his thoughts, however, by saying: "Before finishing, I feel it my duty to communicate the extraordinary conduct of your brother."

Henry raised his hands as if to wave back a subject which, like Banquo's ghost, refused to remain hidden, but the lawyer insisting, said: "I think it important that you should know what seems evidence of insanity in Mr. Jack. When we left the courthouse at Carlton, imagine our horror at seeing your father's son kneeling in the dirt of the roadway, fervently praying, surrounded by the herd of slaves which we had just created after years of preparation and endeavor, with the eyes of every one of the

new-made chattels turned upon him with the fanatical faith which would lead them to commit any deed at his mere bidding; and that was not the worst of his performance, for I learned afterward, that he had stood among them that day ('the day of their sorrow' as he called it) bidding them 'hope, be of good cheer and trust in the mercy of God, who would raise up a Moses to lead them out of bondage, and be a mighty salvation for them,' and talking thus, had held a slave clasped in his arms; and he, a Lawton, calling him, the serf, 'brother American' thus blowing upon the dying embers of that pride and that abominable idea of the equality of all men, which we have striven so hard to extinguish, and in which, I had hoped, we were at last successful."

Henry Lawton heard this with frowning brow and threatening eyes, and when his Lady with a languid silvery laugh, exclaimed, as the story was finished: "My brother-in-law is mad, evidently absolutely mad. Henry, I had never married a Lawton had I known insanity was apt to occur in members of the family." The Proprietor smoothing his frowning face with an effort, and addressing his wife with a genteel grimace which did duty as a smile said—"I am quite sure, my Lady, that our Lawton ancestors were not cursed with the peculiar form of mania found in my brother, else I am equally sure we never could have aspired to the honor of having you bear our name."

Then saying to Weaving, "My brother is positively a madman, Weaving, a dangerous madman, as any council of gentlemen in America will readily certify, upon being made acquainted with his actions." He paused and muttered while meditating "What is to be done,"

"What shall I do?" then as if resolved, said "Weaving, you are diplomatic and resourceful, I give it in charge to you to end this disgraceful nuisance in some plausible manner. Keep my name as much as possible in the background. Take no hasty steps. Make no scandal. Remember that the man's name is Lawton, and he has many friends in England where he studied. Above all make no mistakes in coming in contact with him, remember he is a lion's cub and will use claws and fangs to the death in a fight."

"The subject has many and grave difficulties to be surmounted, sir—I must have time, and will consider the matter in all its phases."

While his brother and his solicitor cogitate upon some speedy method of securing the safety and seclusion of the madman; what new, wild, insane ravings is the madman indulging in? What mad act is he committing? What violence and injury to himself or others is his mad fancy meditating?

Down in the dark and dismal back country of Ohio, in the section where we have wandered, on yonder hillside—in the orchard beneath the trees, where the air is fragrant with the perfume of the apple blossoms, a grave is making. In yonder house all silent, save the sobbing of a daughter mourning for the loss of her mother, stands the madman!—He has, stooping, kissed the cold brow of the mother of the weeping woman whose hand he clasps and whom he comforts, leaving on the wan face so sweetly beautiful and still in death, a tear—the dead woman was "almost foster mother" to the man—he is mad! Hopelessly mad! The dead woman had been wife and widow of a tenant—*Mother of a man convicted of murder! Mad;* Of course *the Man* is *Mad!*

Mary Hollister, had struggled heroically to hide from her mother the hard truth concerning the conviction and sentence of her brother. When still far from home she had mastered her emotion, and nerved herself by Jack's help for the meeting with her mother, but concealment was impossible, her efforts were in vain. A mother's eye, accustomed as it is to see mirrored in a daughter's innocent face, each fleeting reflection of sorrow from babyhood, is hard to deceive, even when the deception is born of a daughter's love. Mrs. Hollister, as Mary entered her room after her return from Cleveland, for one moment gazed into her daughter's eyes, and uttering a moan which came from her breaking heart, turned her head and hid her face in the pillows, crying "Oh, God, My son! my son! and thus moaning and crying, clasped in her weeping daughter's close embrace, with the almost transparent hand, which she extended toward him, held by Jack, her spirit passed beyond the realm of pain and sorrow, —beyond a sea of suffering,—on toward that shore resplendent with light and glory, where slaves may shine as saints, and the lowly be exalted to high places.

Amid a group of serfs, with simple prayers, they laid the poor worn-out body in the gentle embrace of ever kindly, gentle mother earth, who, when life's fever ended, takes again the child to her bosom. "Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return." With loving hand, Jack placed fresh flowers upon the new-made grave (Mad! Oh, such Madness). Among the other tributes of affection from the serfs—old friends, old neighbors of the woman they had buried.

And when parting with Mary at the door of his

"Parsonage" (for Jack had asked Rossmore's wife to remain for the present with Mary, while he forsook his comfortable home to take lodging in the hovel of the serf Rossmore, fearing that his presence might compromise Mary;—this delicacy of feeling for a tenant's daughter;—Verily! A violent raging lunatic, this Madman—Jack pressing Mary's hand had urged her to take courage, and not to feel alone nor forsaken, that God would watch over her, and by gentle words and brotherly manner tried to reanimate her drooping spirit. Mary looking up, her patient face in all its beauty, stained with tears and wet with weeping, with eyes full of trust and faith, said softly "No, I will not feel forsaken, for I have God, and—, you, Jack, kindest friend beside me" and the gentle maiden took his hand and kissed it.

Stars look down in wonder on this strange Madman as he wends his way to yonder mean hovel, leaving far his comfortable home behind him—And all for delicacy of feeling! Madness? Oh! Strange Madness, 'twas the same strange madness that made men stand 'mid mangling beasts in Rome's arena, when the Light first came shining through the darkness of idolatry—in the early morning of the day of Christ's religion.

CHAPTER XV.

THE rising summer sun folding back the clouds of morning in the eastern sky, cast long shadows from every blade of grass on Ohio's hills. One shadow casting its gruesome shade upon the velvet green, wet with morning dew, which, sparkling in the sunshine, stretched a jeweled emerald cloak over every field, marred with its sickening pestilential presence, a scene resplendent in the glory of the coming day, echoing with the music of the morning, poured forth from the swelling throats of nature's feathered choir, welcoming with gladsome shouts of joyous melody the coming beams of the life-creating monarch of the heavens. The tree—its limbs magnified into gigantic, awful proportions in the shadow, which marred, and made gloom with darkening visage, come to all its surroundings, robbing the grass of all its jeweled splendor as it stole upon it,—came from no seed cast to earth by Nature, but growing from the seeds of Sin sent by Satan, planted first in Eden's fair garden, had produced its fruit in due season—Crime. Its ripened fruit would hang upon it—a Gallows Tree.

This was the day fixed by the sentence of the court

for George Hollister to die, the gallows had been erected near the spot where the deed for which he was to die was done. By instructions received from the Proprietor, all of the serfs in the section had been summoned to attend the execution, in furtherance of that idea expressed to his brother by Henry Lawton, of making Hollister's punishment a horrifying example to the tenants, now so recently become slaves. On one side of the gallows, pursuant to orders were gathered the gray clad crowd of Lawton's bondsmen, their dingy clothing as they stood close together making a dark and dirty blotch upon the green sheen of the field in which the instrument of death had been raised. Between the group of cowering men, who, abashed and full of shame at their so recent degradation with lowered heads looked upon the ground, was drawn up in line a platoon of Federal soldiers, their rifles with fixed bayonets brightly gleaming in the sunlight, making a silvery band of steel across the space between the serfs, and the place where so soon one who was formerly of their number as tenants of Lawton, would pay the death penalty for his crime. The officer in command, in the dry, metallic tone of those who command trained soldiers, gave the order to load—and the sharp clicking of the mechanism of the breech-loading rifles, as the cartridges were slipped into the chambers of the pieces, was heard by those for whom it was intended; warning the bondsmen of the hurricane of death preparing for them, should opposition to the execution of the sentence be offered, or rescue, be attempted; as the command was given to the soldiers to resume the position in which they were before loading, a line of sheriff's officers appeared near the steps at the back of the scaffold, leading to the platform above.

At the head of the line came George Hollister, the prisoner to be executed. On the left side walked the sheriff in all the pomp and importance of his office, the many brass buttons of his uniform glittering in the sun as he turned to give the bound man assistance to mount the steps to the platform, but another arm had more quickly passed around the pale prisoner,—an arm clothed in black, and stalwart,—for Jack Lawton walking on the right side of the condemned man, clasped him around the shoulders, helping and supporting him as he ascended the steps, down which he would never come again in life. Jack Lawton,—his white face, above his black robes of office as God's soldier, set and fixed, in every line, the iron jaws clamped together with determination to go on with his sad duty without a tremor—walked with his arm still around the prisoner, upon the trap of death at the front of the platform, repeating the prayers of his office, and speaking words of hope to his old friend, the prisoner.

As they bound Hollister's feet together (the noose was hanging around his neck), he said, turning to the sheriff "Can I say a few words to my old neighbors before I die?" The sheriff, seeing as did Jack and all those near to him, that with the approach of death's grim presence, reason had reasserted its sway in Hollister determined to hold dominion, if only for a few minutes, over the mind which so soon would be still, no more disturbed by thoughts of wounded pride, the past glory of America's freedom, or present misery and degradation, answered "Yes, but be quick about it." Hollister, standing on the trap, his arms and legs fast bound by the ropes with which the hangman had

tied him, could only move his head. Around his neck was the rope, the end of the halter swaying with his motions seemed a serpent coiling about his victim. Looking about over the scene so familiar to him in the rambles of his boyhood, gazing on the land fair and rich with the verdure of early summer. Land, which as part of the State of Ohio had been one of the fairest spots by God created! land owned and tilled by freemen! Hollister, in the fast fleeting moments of his life seemed to recall all the sad story of his country's ruin, for raising his eyes to Heaven, with a sigh more for the land of his birth, than for himself, he whispered "God have mercy!" Then looking over the line of soldiers to where, like beaten hounds, the bondmen stood in awe-struck silence, except when some almost inaudible whimper torn from a sympathetic heart broke the deathlike quiet of the slaves, who, with eyes fixed in terror, gazed at that white face turned toward them, which so soon shall take on a still more ghastly pallor; at those eyes now glittering with intensity of emotion as he speaks to them, which shall be so soon closed forever in that dreamless sleep from which there is no awakening.

In a voice as steady as the tide is, without a shake or quiver, Hollister said, "Old friends, old neighbors! Before the falling of the trap on which I stand, I wish you to hear, that in the tumultuous memories of the past few weeks, I cannot recall to mind the deed for which I die, except the shadowy recollection of some words which when spoken, I resented with a blow! If my weak memory be correct in what it tells me those words were, so small is my regret for the blow I gave, that standing on this fatal trap unbound, and any vil-

lain repeat those words, I would strike him down—In plain truth, not in the hope of mercy, I say to you, that I have been indeed mad, insane! the wandering phantoms of my mind, frozen by the cold of near approaching death now are still, and in that peace which comes with stillness, I know surely that I have been mad.—If in that madness I have done aught to merit death upon this hateful tree, the cause of that madness which drove reason from its seat should stand here, not me.—That is the criminal in place of whom I die. Look at these fields which mile on mile, on every hand, stretch out, until the oceans East and West carry their undulations, in imitating billows far out to sea. Once, all this land was owned by freemen, who rich in the abundant stores of freedom left by their sires, sang as they followed the plow which brought smiling prosperity to our shores. Look upon these same lands today! still fair, still fertile, but Alas! tilled now by slaves attached to the soil which they till, are, bowed by grief and shame, silent as the beast dragging the plow they follow; misery, despair, insanity, death on every hand. Whatever brought this great change, my old friends is the grand criminal in the place of whom I die. What is the cause? In telling the Cause you name the Criminal.

"Tell your children, when they ask you to name the Cause of the great change in this fair land, go seek in their ancestral graveyards, and tearing from the tombs, the bones of mouldering ancestors long since dead, call in the brainless skulls for answers from the fleshless jaws, to the questions—Why did you tax your children, into poverty misery, despair, madness, slavery and crime?—Why did you, in taxing yourself and children

make laws by which a few, acquiring all the wealth, acquired the power to make your children slaves? If those poor brainless skulls, so deaf in life to reason will listen, those fleshless jaws so silent in life will answer, then will your children, in learning the Cause of this great change in our country, learn the name of that Grand Crime conceived more than a century ago, for which I die, to-day. Neighbors this day, upon this awful tree, I pay the penalty not of a crime committed by me, but, meet dishonorable death for the crimes of blindness, deafness and dumbness in the ancestors of those who are America's serfs, this day—Bonds of Servitude were prepared for us by our ancestors, a century ago."—And here, the impatient sheriff seeing a motion in the crowd of bondmen, and hearing an ominous murmur coming from them, as they moved nearer to the line of soldiers, waved his hand to the hangman, who promptly stepping forward, began to draw over Hollister's head that covering, which forever eclipses all light in the world, for the wretch standing on the scaffold.

Hollister whispered—"Father, to Thee, I come unstained by bondage, if stained with blood."

With a sharp click, the bolt was withdrawn and Hollister shot downward out of Jack Lawton's supporting arm, into Eternity. With the click of the bolt, the leash which had held back the serfs, as hounds held by leather thongs, parted—with a cry of rage and despair, they darted forward, hurled by common impulse toward the gallows and soldiers. For what purpose and for what reason, other than becoming excited by the scene, and Hollister's speech, they were overpowered by emotions making action involuntary, will

never be known. Without even a stick or stone, with only their bare hands as weapons of offense, they rushed toward the bristling line between them and the quivering body suspended in the air. The officer in command of the troops was young and nervous, the whole occasion had been a trying one, and his nerves were not equal to the strain placed upon them. Not (in charity let us believe it) realizing in the excitement, that the bayonets of his men were more than enough to meet the charge of the unarmed, unorganized mob, that with cries and wild gesticulations came madly towards his line—he gave the order—

"Fire! Fire at will!!—

Flames darted from the shining rifles. Like a field of ripened wheat beneath a gust of wind, the on-coming mob bent to the ground before the discharge, some never to rise again. The deadly rifles had cut gaps in the crowding mass of men at the close range at which the rifles were fired; the serfs staggered, paused, the clicking of the chamber mechanism of the rifles told its own story; again the rifles began to flame. Jack Lawton, his black robes flying about him like the wings of some huge bird, sprang from the end of the scaffold, and rushed down in front of the line of flaming rifles, between them and the poor bondmen who, stopped in their onward charge by the first discharge of fire, stood still as if stupefied, not knowing whether to flee or go forward. Lawton's strong voice rang out like some war captain or hero on the field of battle, crying "Go back, lie down!" The slaves cast themselves flat to the earth, or turning, ran back as his command reached them.

Jack turned and faced the line of rifles which still

spurted death among the unarmed men, who crawling, fleeing, dying, sought safety in flight only. "For shame, for shame!—Brave soldiers, stop firing" he called, as with arms extended he ran toward the flashing rifles. He stumbles, totters, reels, falls, but springing up once again to his feet, reeling as he runs, with arms extended, the long gown and wide sleeves making his figure herculean, he almost reaches the line of soldiers, grasping out before him as if he would gather the death dealing muzzles of their muskets and in his own bosom hide danger from the people—he falls downward at the soldiers' feet shot through the leg and breast.

There is a point beyond which iron discipline cannot carry a soldier, no matter what may be his blood, race, or nation. That hard taskmaster the great Frederic, had to bend his iron rod of discipline when he heard his army singing, the Prussian hymn contrary to his orders, praising God for victory over the Austrians. So with soldiers of every clime and country, there's a strain too great for the steel rod of discipline to stand; the strain had snapped the steel in the line of soldiers before which Jack had fallen. The age of chivalry will never die as long as man lives on this atom of the universe. In different form and manner, deeds of chivalry will be done and applauded so long as the hearts of men are warm with love and courage. A knightly deed done in no stronger armor than the black robes worn by Jack as he lay shot and bleeding, will move men's hearts with the same emotion, as when such deeds were done by brave knights clad in shining steel armor.

The men, casting down their rifles as if by mutual

consent, moved by one feeling, admiration; breaking their ranks, gathered around the body of the black-gowned clergyman; an old sergeant, assuming as if by right of experience, the lead, ordered the men who pressed forward to move back and give more air, and kneeling by the prostrate figure, turned it over and began a search for the wounds. As he raised Jack's head, the eyes opened and looked up, and seeing a soldier, the motion of the lips more than the voice said, "Stop fir—" and once more, the eyes closed and the lips were still. As the grizzled old sergeant staunched the blood flowing from the unconscious man's bosom, he muttered to those nearest to him, who, peering over his shoulder, watched with anxious eyes, the operation —"He's not dead yet, small thanks to us."

The commanding officer who now made his way through the circle surrounding the wounded clergyman came close to the sergeant and said softly to him, "Is he dead?" "No, sir," replied the old soldier, "but badly hurt." "It is awfully unfortunate," said the officer, "because he is the Rev. Mr. Lawton, brother of the Proprietor." "I don't care a—Beg your pardon, sir. I mean no matter whose brother he is, he is the bravest man I ever saw. Why sir, he tried to make himself as big as he could by stretching out those black wings he has on, so the balls would hit him and not reach the cattle who charged us! We men all feel bad about killing him, sir. A man who is ready to catch a ball in his own body to save a comrade, much more to save only that scum, is too good to be shot like this" said the soldier, as he rose, discipline reasserting itself, and saluted his officer. "Four men form your muskets into a stretcher," said

the officer "and sergeant take command of the party and carry Mr. Lawton to the barracks as carefully as possible,"—and addressing the men he said, "Now fall in men, it's all right,"—speaking of their leaving the ranks. The young officer felt as keenly as the men, great regret for the shooting of the clergyman, brother or not of the Proprietor—and as he added "we all feel badly," the men took up their rifles and formed into line, with gloomy faces and many side-long glances at the party of soldiers bearing the still form of Jack toward the barracks.

Had the bearers of the wounded man been carrying the frailest wounded child or woman they could not have been more gentle. At the slightest jolt or stumble of a carrier or at a groan from the now reviving Jack, the profane but good-hearted sergeant was growling at his squad. Had each man had a hundred eyes, they would all have been well cursed before the journey was ended, for the old non-commissioned officer was around the litter like a hawk hovering over a brood of chickens, grumbling in the hoarse tones common with old troopers, half to himself and half for those whom he commanded.

"If these chaplain chaps have such —— good stuff as this is among them, I'm —— if I don't go to their preaching shops on Sundays." Then he would mutter to himself and parts of sentences would come gruffly from his tobacco-stained, old lips "Die for other chaps —" "Was just a-doin'—" Wonder if our chaplain—Chest white as wo—Whip any man in—That's the stuff, a-doin, not a-talkin—He—lead a charge to—and over it—" and then breaking out at one of the men who stumbled and Jack groaned "Where in the —— are your —— eyes."

By the time the men carrying the clergyman upon the improvised stretcher had gone one mile of the road toward the barracks, the news of his being hurt seemed to have been carried by the very wind to every humble hovel of the section; for across every field came men, women and children; fear of the soldiers who so lately had fired upon them seemed to have no effect upon them, even though the marching detachment of soldiers was but a few rods ahead of the litter. The people would press up near to the burden which the soldiers were carrying, and in spite of the sergeant's frowning face and oaths, insist upon knowing how badly Jack was hurt, and if he were dead. The sergeant with dire threats and gestures, ordered them back, rumbling in surly tones "He is too —— good to be killed for you. Get back or I'll stick a bayonet into you." Then the people formed themselves into a perfect procession augmented at every by-path by new-comers, and followed the man who had been shot while trying to save them, to the gates of the barracks, and loitering around, they would question every soldier coming near the gateway as to Jack's wounds and condition and ask "What did the surgeon say?"

When night came, many still remained watching around the barracks hoping to hear something definite. And this was the party of serfs who saw the figure of a woman clad all in black run across a field and up the road until she came to the barracks, saw her as she spoke long and earnestly with the sentinel on duty, after seemingly much urging and persuasion, heard him call the officer of the guard, saw the woman as with earnest gestures she talked with the officer. Saw him

—leave her standing at the gate and waiting—go away and soon returning, raise his hat with grave dignity, salute the waiting woman. Saw the guard "present arms" with respect, and the officer conduct her with great kindness through the gateway. As she turned to enter the barrracks, the party that was waiting saw a pale face in the moonlight, and they murmured a thanksgiving, for they knew Jack could lack no nursing, when the gentle hand of Mary Hollister was near his pillow.

* * * * * *

After the firing had ceased and the serfs scattered, the hangman by order of the sheriff took down the rigid body of George Hollister and was preparing to take it away with him, when Rossmore careless, of the risk he ran, came forward out of the bushes where he had been hiding and begged the sheriff for permission to bury the body. That officer glad to be rid of the trouble of burying it, said—"You may have it, it can do no more harm in this world—." Rossmore laid the body on the grass of the field, over which, the poor still feet had often raced with shouts of glee to catch the prettiest butterflies for "Baby Mollie—" Here with Jack as the horse, he now lying cold, had played coachman for the chariot of the household queen—"The baby." Now, watched only by a serf, his body lies alone upon the field of so many happy hours of boyhood.

Jack Lawton had promised Mary when he left, that awful morning, that he would take charge of his old playmate's body and would bury it in the orchard beside her mother. Poor Mary had become so weak and broken by the host of sorrows coming on her that

at the last act of this drama of death, she, completely crushed, had fallen into a semi-unconscious state, where utterly unable to move from the bed on which he placed her, with Rossmore's wife watching her, Jack had left to be with George in the closing scene of all, to his poor old comrade. But by the shooting of Jack all the plans made for the burial, were disarranged, however Jack had asked Rossmore to assist him in the matter, telling the serf what he intended doing, so when Jack was shot down, Rossmore, faithful fellow, determined to risk the danger and carry out what the clergyman had intended.

Rossmore, when he came to the scaffold, overheard a soldier tell the sheriff that Jack while badly wounded was not dead—as the soldiers left the field followed by the sheriff's deputies, the serfs hidden behind the bushes and in the ditches which skirted the field, came out of their concealment, seeking for their friends and kinsmen—for the field was filled with the bodies of dead men and many lying there not dead, were so badly wounded as to be unable to do more than cry with anguish. Mingling with the cries of agony coming from the wounded, came the sound of weeping and moaning as the women and children came running to the scene of slaughter, called hither by the discharges of the soldier's rifles. To draw the picture even in words, or try to tell the story of that day of death among the slaves would be too horrible for pen or pencil guided by any hand of flesh and blood.

From the shambles of that field of death, those who had dead, weeping, carried the bodies to their cabins; there to sit and weep awhile beside the dead loved

one with no eyes but God's to see them. Those who had wounded ones to help, made stretchers of the branches fallen from trees in the near forest, and taking off their coarse blouses, covered the hard wood of the rude litters with them, by the help of friends and neighbors more fortunate than themselves in having neither dead nor wounded, who gladly offered assistance to their suffering brethren, they carried away their suffering ones. That night from many rude cabins came groans, from the lips of the maimed and shattered serfs, which, together with the wailing of the weeping women, crying for their dead, arose as a paean to the souls of their dead forefathers, sounding the advent of that strong central government, so prayed for by ancestors of those serfs now suffering, dead and dying.

Rossmore waited by the body until those who living, wounded, needed most prompt attention. As the shades of evening fell upon the landscape, he gathered around the body, those of his neighbors not engaged in sadder duties, and formed them into a line of mourners who silent with sincerest grief, followed, in the gathering gloom of night, the body of the man who died upon the gallows, to the grave prepared in the orchard by the side of the mother who had gone before him. Solemnly they placed in the coffin provided by Jack's orders, the body of Hollister; before the lid was closed, forever hiding from all mortal sight, the man made mad and criminal by the credulity and blindness of his sires; Mary, the poor sister of the dead madman, leaning heavily in her weakness on the kindly bosom of the serf, wife of Rossmore, came to the grave-side to imprint a parting kiss upon the brow of her dead brother. In her helplessness, missing the supporting

hand, the comforting voice of one, who lately had been ever near her in her trouble, seeing Rossmore cast the sod from the new-made grave down on the coffin that friendly hands had lowered upon the final couch of all mankind, and hearing "Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return," uttered by another voice than Jack's, Mary asked of those about her, where the friend who had so stoutly stood by the enslaved people, was—Not accepting the well-intended, evasive answers of those who sympathizing with the broken-hearted woman, sought to save her from new grief and sorrow she learned the terrible truths concerning that field of slaughter, where her brother had died to answer for the crimes of others. How Jack with arms around him, stood upon the gallows with her lost brother, how from Jack's very arms he had fallen to his untimely death—Then they told her of the crazed charge of the unarmed serfs upon the soldiers, of the scene of death and slaughter, how springing from the scaffold, Jack had stayed the battle, and how in doing it, he had fallen badly hurt, giving, as had done the Master whom he followed with knightly courage, his best blood to save the people.

Long before the story was ended, Mary, tender, grateful, loving woman had recovered from all signs of weakness. In the wounding of Jack, her helper, succor—the staff of strength in her great trials—new life and courage came to the almost fainting woman. When she learned where he was lying—wounded and suffering—needing help—perhaps, was dying, all her weakness departed, he, her only friend might need her. Heedless of advice and warning, caring nothing for appearances, with all the speed of her newly-discovered vigor, with one farewell look of sorrow on the newly-

covered grave of one of her loving friend in childhood —a brother,—she hastened to the bedside of another.

Vaunt not thy strength and courage, ye mighty men! Within the weak frame of the frailest woman, there beats a heart, inherited from the first woman, so full of love, that in the hour of trial for the object of its affection—that frame (so full of weakness in its hours of ease) can become so strong so firm as to put to blush, the faltering, trembling man, who strutting boastfully has proclaimed his strength. Oh woman! woman.—

—When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel, thou."

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. WEAVING, unlike the great majority of his clients, did not intend to go to London for the "Season"—whither the Proprietor of Ohio and his Lady would soon hasten, to join all the other Proprietors of America and the majority of the American Landlords, who, while visiting annually their estates in the once, United States, had their permanent residences, of course, in Europe; however, Mr. Weaving did not intend to follow his clients in their journey across the Atlantic this Summer—while the solicitor had accumulated a large fortune from the patronage of the wealthy class of America, indeed a fortune amply sufficient to enable him to retire from the practice of his profession, even had his tastes been greatly more expensive than they were, he still labored in the cause of his clients as if his daily bread depended upon his practice. Being an unmarried man with no family to provide for, it was a matter of wonder with his indolent clients, the zeal and application exhibited by the lawyer—When, in reply to the condescending invitation, extended by Henry Lawton to his solicitor, that he visit him this summer either at the Proprietor's

home in London or his villa in Switzerland, Mr. Weaving said "I feel greatly honored by your kind invitation, sir, but shall be obliged to deny myself the honor of being the guest of the most condescending of Proprietors, my professional duties imperatively demand my constant presence in America this summer."

Lawton with a quizzical smile rejoined, "Weaving, I really believe that you are a miser, as I heard the Proprietor of Iowa declare the other evening at the "Exclusion Club" and he said 'That man must be a Hebrew, to work so hard for money which he does not spend!' How is it, Weaving? Are you a Shylock in disguise?'"

Weaving, who thoroughly enjoyed the mystery of his continued application to business, in an age and country where only paupers and slaves labored, with a knowing, confidential kind of twinkle in his deep sunken eyes replied "Well, I think some of the present Proprietors of the country, might be able to explain where some of my money went to when they were only heirs, and not Proprietors of their present estates, and how convenient it was that I had saved money." At this speech, which Henry Lawton seemed to understand, he laughed (for him) heartily, the lawyer adding "As for being a Hebrew, I am ineligible for membership in the Exclusion Club anyhow, being a workingman, and I do not intend to send in an application for membership, so the race whence I come is no matter."

Then assuming his habitual tone of seriousness, Weaving said,—"As an illustration of what imperative affairs will compel my constant attention this year, in which you, sir, yourself are deeply interested,—There is the adjustment of the interest of the Lawton Estate in

the assets of the Immutable Mutual Life Insurance Company. The property to be divided is exceedingly large, the successful termination of our efforts to secure the surrender of all outstanding claims and policies, has placed such an immense amount of valuable assets in the possession of the Association of Proprietors that it furnishes temptation, to the very highest, to be unfair in the division of the spoils, besides I must be present at all meetings of the adjusters of the different interests of Proprietors, to insist upon the justice of assigning the property in the District of Ohio, obtained by means of mortgages given to the dissolved Company, to the Lawton estate.

Now, sir, that piece of imperative duty is item number one, and that small item means an addition to the Lawton estate, of buildings in Cincinnati, Cleveland and other cities in the district, of the value of two millions of dollars. As there are one hundred millions to be apportioned I think by constant attention to the interest of the estate during the adjustment, that I can secure the Ohio property for you, sir,' " and with a sarcastic grin, added—"Pretty good sum too for an 'Entirely Mutual' Insurance Company to earn in the past century and a half for the benefit of the Landlords of America"—then twirling his gold rimmed glass by the silken cord, around his finger, he continued,—

"Item number two which only adds one million to the estate, is the final settlement of the affairs of the Justice Insurance Company, which being only an ordinary stock company of the nineteenth century would require little attention, were it not our wish to obtain for the estate, the office buildings in New York city upon which the old company hold mortgages"—say-

ing partly to himself meditatively—"What a pity that one hundred years ago when the old thread manufacturer bought those few shares of stock out of the profits of the thread business (in which he made a million by holding the monopoly), he had not bought ten times the number of shares: he ought to have seen what a profit-producer, Insurance and Money Lending would be in a country rich in credulity, as well as natural wealth, and comparatively innocent and ignorant of the schemes of the concentrators of capital."

Drawing his chair close to the Proprietor, who had been listening with obvious satisfaction to the account of the solicitor's items of duty for the summer, Weaving almost whispered, "Item three is the execution of some plan, not yet formed, for the suppression of the reverend brother of the Proprietor. It is necessary and calls for the promptest action, consistent with safety and regard for the high position held by the Lawton family. Why I am so earnest in what I say of the latter item, is, because of things said coming to my ears which never reach yours, in your high office as Proprietor.

For instance, one of the spies in the employ of the "Combined Proprietors' Club," whom I ordered to join that villainous secret society which we have tried so hard, and thus far ineffectually to break up—I mean the Order of Washington—reported to me only yesterday that at a council of the leaders of the order throughout the country, held here in New York under our very noses, a full account of your brother's speech in the trial of Johnson's murderer, was presented by a delegate from the State of Ohio, (as they call it) who had heard the speech made in open court in

Cleveland—a speech that would have sent any one less highly connected to a Federal prison the day it was delivered. This council of rebels and traitors, upon hearing Mr. Jack's speech repeated, broke into a perfect transport of enthusiasm, cheered, blessed his name, voted him a patriot !—and God knows what of such rot —but, they did likewise a very dangerous thing for us, as it shows them to be less ignorant than we thought them. They passed a resolution to seek and obtain by every means within their power, Jack Lawton's consent to go as their representative to republican France and to the ever-friendly court of Russia. To plead with France again to give that help, which Frenchmen gave in the first struggle for American freedom—that help which made the name of France dear to every patriotic American heart—(These are the very words of the resolution passed on the subject)—to plead to the great, free and happy French republic in the name of 'Liberty, fraternity and equality,' for aid to raise a sunken sister republic from the mire of oligarchy where she now is lying. To pray to the imperial ruler of Russia, in the name of the friendship once existing between the two nations, to extend his powerful aid to those who would struggle for the national existence of the republic, as his noble ancestor in the past, when danger threatened the nation, had done, thereby winning for Russia the lasting gratitude of the once great republic of America."

Weaving paused as he saw the look of anger which had taken the place of the satisfaction evinced by the Proprietor, when he heard of the millions resulting to him from items one and two, of Weaving's explanation of what causes would keep him in dismal America, all summer.

Lawton exclaimed, "By heavens! I will have a disturber of my District put in prison if he be ten times my brother—he is an infernal Socialist! an Anarchist!" "Softly, softly! my dear sir," said the cool, calculating solicitor. "It does no good to call men names which have no meaning a—century ago, men and measures needed only to be dubbed Socialistic, Anarchistic, by men of your class, to frighten the timid voters of the country into voting in the way your class wished them to do.—But to-day there are no voters, the mass of the people are too poor to fear Socialism and Anarchism any longer, and the experience of a hundred years has proven that there never existed anything in the old cry, except a means to prevent the people from having too much freedom. Socialism was an excellent name to use in ridding us of opposition once, but the scare-crow is too dilapidated now to be used as a means of imprisoning a man of your name; besides (and here is the gravest trouble) Jack Lawton became acquainted with too many men in high places, in Europe while he was studying theology in England, to be safely arrested on the charge of anarchism, for expressing the opinions held by every student of political economy in Europe. It would occasion an awful scandal—and unless I mistake your brother's character, such a course would drive him to heading a revolution, if the attempt at imprisoning him on the charge of anarchism for any reason should be abandoned or fail."

The Proprietor somewhat calmed by Weaving's reasoning said "Well, what can you suggest to put an end to the actions of one bearing my name, which are making me ridiculous as a man of position and contemptible as a Proprietor in the eyes of other rulers of

districts?" Weaving replied "I have given this matter much thought; I will stay here all summer and strive to find means to end this annoyance, and possibly, a danger to the estate. Mr. Jack is developing new and surprising qualities. This eloquence recently discovered in your brother is unquestionably an unpleasant piece of news. I knew that he was a handsome manly man, full of courage and firmly established in the honesty of his convictions, but—eloquent as a speaker, I never suspected him of being. He must not be allowed to visit Europe in behalf of that rebellious society—the Order of Washington—Under any circumstances stopped he must be, if he accept the offer of the rebels—chance may help us."

As the words were spoken, there came a modest tap at the door of Mr. Weaving's consultation-room, in which, Mr. Lawton and the solicitor were sitting during this conversation. In response to Weaving's permission to enter, the old clerk of the lawyer opened the door, saying—"Beg pardon, sir, but a messenger has arrived in haste from the Ohio District, failing to find the Proprietor at his mansion, he came here—"Well," interrupted Henry Lawton, "Send him in, man; never mind to talk so much about it" and turning to Weaving, Lawton said impatiently, "Some more of my dear brother's doings, I suppose—."

The messenger was ushered into the room and recognizing the Proprietor, presented the packet of dispatches to him. Henry Lawton tore off the cover of the package and hastily glancing over the letter from Wilson (that was the name of the man appointed superintendent of the District after the death of Johnson), told the courier to wait in the outer office for

further orders, and, when he left the room exclaimed to the expectant Weaving—"Chance came nearly saving us from further trouble from that madman, my brother! He was accidentally shot in his chest and leg in a fight which occurred between the serfs and soldiers at the execution of the murderer Hollister; but as Wilson writes, who waited until the surgeon made an examination of the wounds received by my brother, before sending off the courier; the bullet that struck that young blacksmith of a brother of mine, glanced along his iron-like ribs, making only a flesh wound; the ball striking the leg, passed through the thigh without breaking a single bone," and handing the letter to his solicitor, said——"But you had better read the whole letter. A center shot from one of those dogs, we hire to fight our battles for us, would have saved lots of trouble—of course, being a civilized man, I would not have such a thing occur except by accident." The lawyer who carefully read the whole contents of the letter before speaking, at last said—"Bad, Mr. Lawton! Very bad!—by reading between the lines I perceive what Wilson does not plainly write for fear of offending you. Your brother rushed between the soldiers and the serfs to prevent further bloodshed, and by doing so and getting shot in the effort, he has become a hero in the eyes of the whole district, as in some mysterious way, news travels among the slaves all over the country."

The wily man of law remained silent a few moments considering something that had suddenly occurred to him, then with an exclamation of relief, said—"I have it, your Lady first suggested the possibility and now I see my way; give me the authority to act and I can

free the district from the disturber; Listen, Mr. Lawton—while your brother lies helpless and ill, I will go to him saying that you have sent me to tender to him, the use of your mansion in New York while you are in Europe, learning with regret of the unfortunate accident to him—You will go immediately to Europe—I will persuade him that he needs rest from excitement, and that he can secure better medical attention in New York than at a military post in Ohio. When I get him in my possession, helpless from his wounds, surrounded by the men I will take with me to Ohio, I can quietly furnish enough evidence of insanity in him, to get friends of mine who are reputable physicians, to sign a certificate and recommendation that will place him safely in an asylum, where he will remain until you wish him released—what do you say to the plan?" asked Weaving—"Splendid," said Lawton, "That will settle the whole affair, for you can readily explain my desire to have the fact of my brother's insanity kept quiet, to physicians, keepers, law officers and all who are obliged to know anything about the matter. It will appear so entirely natural for me to be reluctant about publishing my brother's misfortune, that no prying investigations will be made by his friends, beside the transfer to the asylum can take place when I am absent from the country and no blame can attach to me in any event if you are willing to personally assume the responsibility of the whole affair." "The only fear of failure in the scheme," said the solicitor, "is that Mr. Jack may become suspicious and refuse the invitation. To use force with him wounded and almost helpless, might be dangerous, as they say he is the very devil when aroused, and the use of force might in any

event create awkward investigation—" "Ah, clever as you are, Weaving," said the Proprietor, with a smile of contempt, at the recollection of his brother's nature, stealing over his sneering countenance, "You have not read my brother's character aright, if you fear any suspicion occurring to his mind—he is the frankest fool himself, in the world and therefore the least suspicious, beside being himself forgiving, it will be natural for him to imagine that I am also and sincere in my invitation to him to occupy my house in New York city: if that be the only difficulty be perfectly easy, my clever friend."

Weaving then said "I must secure his admission into some insane asylum beyond the borders of the Ohio District—I dare not leave him in a place surrounded by a lot of men (serfs true enough) who worship him as their hero, but I think that can easily be arranged—Now, Mr. Lawton, as quickly as possible have steam gotten up on your yacht and put the Atlantic between you and your brother"—Lawton rising, his face beaming with exultation and relief, said as he clasped the extended hand of his lawyer, "Weaving you are an invaluable fellow! I don't know what some of our class would do without you! I will sail for England to-morrow; I leave every thing absolutely to your discretion, and to-night, thanks to your ingeniously devised scheme, shall sleep tranquilly." Weaving conducted the Proprietor to the office door, with many expressions of thankfulness for the good opinion expressed by his powerful patron.

In Weaving's character there existed qualities recalling the bee or silk worm, he labored to collect honey for the use of others as the bee does, only Weaving's

labor was not to lay up a store for the future use of himself, of which, like the bee, others robbed him;—The reward, for which Weaving so continuously applied himself to his labors to obtain, was the unadulterated delight it gave him to be successful in a scheme,—The fruits of an enterprise or undertaking might fall into the lap of another, it was the success with which the tree was shaken and forced to yield its fruit that furnished Weaving his reward—As the silkworm spins the thread for others to wear the garment when woven, so Weaving was willing to spin a plot, interested only in the accomplishment of the object to be attained,—securing his own reward in the successful operation of his plans, willing that others should enjoy the material benefits of them.

Weaving had organized the Proprietors of the different districts in America into an association called the Association of Proprietors. The intent of the organization was to accomplish, by the combination of a large amount of capital with a large amount of influence, objects for the benefit of those composing the association, which would have been utterly impossible of attainment by the individual efforts of any single member of the association, no matter how influential or wealthy he might be.—

The operations of the association recalled those remarkably gigantic enterprises, recorded in the files of old newspapers, as successfully undertaken by an organization of the nineteenth century, which, by gaining the monopoly of the sale of coal oil in the (then) United States, accumulated millions of dollars—and became so powerful that at its command the light of the poor man's lamp throughout America cost him one cent per-

hour, or ten cents per minute, or was extinguished entirely. By the vast amount of money it commanded, this tremendous combination of a century and a quarter ago, actually controlled the enactment of laws affecting its interests and that too, (strange as it may now seem) when every man in the country voted for the law makers. The continued existence of this old combination, called the Standard Oil Company, for many years, is but another instance of the delirium that was prevalent in the minds of the citizens voting in America in the latter part of the past century; its existence, monopoly and operations, are verified by hundreds of records. Amazing as it may to-day seem, citizens of the United States, free and untrammeled by serfdom, actually voted to tax themselves that this organization might amass an immense amount of money, and the individuals composing it or their descendants, by the use of that vast accumulation, enslave the citizens voting or their descendants. It is one of the strangest phenomena in that the most phenomenal century in America's history. Weaving had moulded his organization upon the model furnished by the Standard Oil Company, now so long dead, but with whose record he had made himself familiar by reading.

His first undertaking after the organization of the new association was to obtain control of the immense amount of assets of the Immutable Mutual Life Insurance Company, which, for many years, during the prosperity of America, had deluded the people into believing, that all who insured their lives with the Immutable Company, were mutally benefitted by the profits made in the insurance and money lending business

conducted by the company—as a matter of fact, the countless millions paid in shape of premiums on the policies of the Immutable, into the coffers of the company were absolutely controlled by a few rich men, who securing a sufficent number of votes in a compact form, elected themselves to office without regard to the vast number of other policyholders, who, while being the majority of the whole, having no organization, never voted — thus, and even with the constant espionage of commissioners appointed by the different states then existing, a few men controlled the millions of the many. Lending where and to whom the few saw fit, the money of many. Voting such salaries to themselves as they might think necessary to support their expensive establishments, (of course) it would be unreasonable to expect a poor commissioner of a state to be too exacting, in dealing with men controlling millions while his own compensation was trifling, and when his needs might compel him to ask favors at any time.

Weaving had ascertained that the Immutable had been compelled to buy in a large amount of the property in America under the mortgages upon which the company had loaned the money of the people, to the people. With the decay of the American farming interest and the resulting death of the American manufacturing interest, borrowers of money from the Immutable Mutual were unable to pay interest or principal—whether the collaterals for the loan obtained, were real estate, farming land (city property) railroad bonds or municipal bonds—the hide had gone with the hair. Policyholders and claimants being impovished by the general wreck of the commerce of the country,

needed money. Then it was, that Weaving with his association stepped in, and by securing votes sufficient to elect a board of directors who would follow instructions, began by frightening policyholders and claimants with pessimistic statements of the company's affairs, to depreciate the value of the policies, upon which, immense premiums had been paid for years. It required some time to acquire absolute control of the policies issued by the Immutable Mutual, but by money and influence, it was finally accomplished, and Weaving enjoyed the reward of his efforts, in the success of the scheme, by which the Proprietors obtained even the benefit of the premiums paid by heartbreaking deprivation, on policies of life insurance held in a so-called mutual company.

Of course, the Justice Insurance Company was a simple affair, a story illustrated in every snow ball made, the larger it grew the faster it grew. Having sucked dry, the orange, (the people of America) of all the juice (ability to pay premiums and interest) the Justice Company closing the iron claw of its accumulated capital upon the collaterals placed with it to secure long overdue loans, soared away as a vulture with the plunder obtained from the bleeding flock of sheep. In this case, Weaving fought only to secure certain advantages for Lawton, in gaining which, he would have the happiness afforded by beating the solicitors of other Proprietors.

Mr. Weaving entertained no feeling of animosity against Jack Lawton, except such as arose from his conduct being opposed to the attainment of the object for which the lawyer had labored so persistently for many years—that was the complete subjugation of the

inhabitants of America to the domination of a few men,—Proprietors and Landlords.

Weaving had early in his professional career recognized that freedom and liberty were but empty names to men, where their very existence depended upon the caprice of a few, who owning all the money or wealth of the country, were enabled to enforce obedience to their mandates by a threat of that, which, with American men has ever proved more efficacious than the use of firearms or physical force,—"Want coming to their wives and children." The same terror inspired in the American's heart by the danger of want threatening his loved ones, cannot be created by all the cannon of earth combined with all the Jovian thunders of an angry Heaven.

Blessed be the name! American husband! father!—in all ages, to all women and children! His peer never lived on Earth! He joyfully labors. By deprivation, strain and the sweat of his brow does he purchase the comforts of life for those he loves, and is still unsatisfied, but would pour forth, with happiness, the best blood of his heart—nor call its giving, a sacrifice—to procure needless luxuries, and view with satisfaction, the pleasure given to his dear ones, all forgetful of the agony that he himself was suffering!

Have America's fair daughters appreciated the priceless jewels in their possession? In the bosom of the plain, uncultured, half-educated American man of unknown lineage, there beats a heart so full of loyal, honest love for woman, so full of courage and willingness to fight, labor and suffer for the mistress of his affections, that in real knightliness of character, Amadis of Gaul and Bayard sink into insignificance beside

him. Beside this domestic knight and hero of two hemispheres, rough, uncouth, uncultivated though he be, in the eyes of all thinking, loving, grateful American women—clothed as he is with the splendor of his lore and loyalty, a scion of a hundred kings, long lines of Vere de Veres and Montmorencies; refined, educated, cultivated, his breast sparkling with countless orders,—should seem mean, small, over-shadowed by the greatness of the plain American.

Weaving by studying the records of the past century had learned with what invariable success, the Concentrators of Capital and Monopolists, had utilized this enormous strength of the American men's love for their families—finding in this, the strongest, blindest element in their characters—the means of enslaving them, in all the years of the past century during the time when the franchise was universally held by the citizens of the then United States.

Upon every occasion, whenever the Ship of State, sailing ever nearer and nearer, blown by bewildering foggy winds of delusive prosperity, came in sight of the hideous rocks of slavery, and some brave captain, calling to the horrified crew (the people) cried Danger! About Ship!—Down helm—Tack!—

The crew rushing to save the good vessel letting go all sheet lines, putting down the helm, making for the moment therefore, the white sails of Commerce shiver and flutter, then it was—while the ship shivering in wind lay helpless, and before the calm, clear and steady wind of permanent prosperity, could fill the sails of fair Commerce, on the new tack, which would carry the vessel clear of the shoals of slavery—that the Concentrators of Capital and Monopolists, like a band of

heartless wreckers, lighted false beacon-fires to beguile the crew and captain, calling through the fog:

"Look out for the rock of Ruin lying in the track of the tack you are taking"—calling the crew's attention to the false beacon lights created by the buccaneers of the nineteenth century. While thus the crew filled with fear, doubt and confusion, hesitating, left the good ship shivering between the good and evil breezes, then these buccaneers and wreckers pounced upon it—whirling the hot shot of "Want," "Starvation," "Suffering for families," "Misery for your women" through the bulwarks of the drifting vessel and into that, the weakest spot in the armor, of the crew—Americans. Double shotted the Cannon of Capital poured grape upon confused crew and captain.

"Depleted Treasury," "Lack of Stability of Currency," "Withdrawal of gold," "Lack of confidence," "Dearth of Trade," "Financial Disaster," "Closing Factories," "Lack of Employment," "Reduction of Wages," "Idleness," "Starvation."

These were the bombshells moulded, created and exploded upon the deck of the hesitating Ship of State, by the Concentrators of Capital, Monopolists—the buccaneers of civilization,—all made of the material,—money, dollars amassed, accumulated, by years of successful plundering.

At this cannonade there never failed to follow surrender, unconditionally, of captain, crew and ship, all wounded, hurt, demoralized in the spot the weakest in the American structure—love of family. Weaving had learned well the lesson taught by the records of the life of the country for a century, clever disciple of Machiavelli that he was.

Of course, long before the advent of Weaving and the Association of Proprietors upon the field of American affairs, anything like effective opposition to the continued concentration of capital had been eliminated from the range of possibilities in American politics.

The nation made drunk by the poisonous drug of artificial prosperity during the epoch succeeding the great American civil war, had so long allowed the trade-killing, happiness-consuming liquor to take the place of the natural strength-giving food of unrestricted commerce, that delirium had long since seized it. Like the poor drunkard, the people of America had many times, realizing their condition, resolved to abandon the artificial stimulant, but in the brief period after abstinence, finding the poor enervated body of the nation shaking and quivering like the miserable drunkard, who, for a few days is deprived of his usual dram—which kills as it temporarily creates a feeling of exhilaration—would rush frantically back to the poisonous prosperity-consuming stimulant of laws restricting trade; not waiting for abstinence and healthy food to furnish natural and permanent strength to take the place of the fiery spirits which were leading the country to that asylum of all delirious and intoxicated nations—Slavery or Anarchy.

The weak and wavering nation enfeebled by the tremendous love of home and family, and fearing want and misery for dear ones, was quickly and easily lured upon the rocks of destruction by the siren songs of Concentrated Capital and Monopoly. Weaving found the way all prepared for the triumphant march of his clients, the Proprietors and Landlords, over the decaying bones of Liberty, to thrones of power

resting upon a foundation laid in the enslavement of the people, and the final extinguishment of freedom in the land once the bright home of the freest people on earth.

Jack Lawton presented himself as an obstacle in Weaving's pathway to the complete realization of his dreams of success, power and position as Prime Minister in an imperial government and as such an impediment only, was Jack objectionable, and necessary to be crushed and obliterated. Therefore, to accomplish that end did Weaving bring all his energies and efforts to bear.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the commandant of the post in the section of the Ohio district, where the execution of Hollister had taken place, learned from the message—which the officer in charge of the detachment of soldiers present at his execution, and engaged subsequently in firing upon the infuriated serfs, had sent him by a mounted orderly ahead of the advancing squad carrying the inanimate body of Jack—that the brother of the Proprietor had been accidentally shot in the endeavor to prevent a battle between the soldiers and the serfs: that the officer of the troops engaged had thought it best to have the wounded man brought to the barracks, knowing that there he would secure the promptest, and in fact, the only medical attention procurable in the section.

The commandant gave instant orders to have his own quarters prepared for the reception of the wounded clergyman. He felt not only regret for the unfortunate affair, but also considerable apprehension concerning the possibly unfavorable view that the influential local magnate, the Proprietor of the District, might take of the wounding of his brother by the sol-

diers quartered in his province. Not knowing, as none of the officers at the military post there did, of any disagreement between the two brothers, Weaving having wisely concluded—when comment was made to him at the time of the execution of the "Bonds of Servitude" by the tenants, concerning the unconventional conduct of the Reverend Mr. Lawton—to say nothing of any differences existing between members of his patron's family.

The surgeon of the post hastened to meet the coming procession, and giving directions concerning the more comfortable carriage of the suffering man, ordered him, taken at once to the commandant's quarters, having the old sergeant detailed to assist in caring for the patient. After Jack was deposited by his bearers upon a bed, in the commandant's room and restoratives administered, consciousness soon returned, he became aware of his surroundings and with what had transpired. The surgeon upon an examination of the wounds, ascertained at once, that while they were serious and the patient weak from an enormous loss of blood, no fatal result was to be anticipated from the bullets received in the chest and leg: the ball which had struck Jack on the right side of the breast bone, had glanced along a rib and made its exit below the shoulder-blade, causing much loss of blood but nothing of a serious nature. The other bullet had passed through the fleshy part of the thigh, making a large orifice in the limb but as neither a bone was fractured nor an important artery severed, the rapid recovery of the use of the leg, might reasonably be expected.

Lawton, to whom the unaccustomed stimulants had brought almost instantaneous reanimation, before ask-

ing concerning his own condition, made anxious inquiries as to the welfare of the poor serfs, who had so impetuously and absurdly charged upon the soldiery. When being informed, that after his own fall, no further discharge of the rifles had been made into the demoralized mass of poor people, the clergyman seemed more relieved than even when the surgeon told him, that he should congratulate himself upon the narrow escape he had made from death, or at least, from permanent injury—telling him that the wounds found, were while painful, not dangerous, and that he might hope to be confined to his bed only for a short time.

The commandant too, came to render any assistance in his power, having heard from the officer in charge of the soldiers who had fired the shots which had struck Jack,—how he had fearlessly rushed between the soldiers and serfs, and even after falling once, from a wound received, had arisen and still advanced to the very muzzles of the death-dealing rifles.

The commandant said "It is a great pity, Mr. Lawton that a man of your fearless disposition had not adopted my uniform and entered the Army instead of the Church." To which complimentary remark, Jack responded though his voice had lost some of its strength, still, quite stoutly, "Well, Colonel, of the two uniforms I think my present one carried me, in the discharge of my duty, into far more danger than the uniform of the Federal soldiers did, who fired upon a mob of unarmed wretched men to-day."

"I grant that to be the case to-day, and in this instance, but I hardly think all the men of your uniform would have felt called upon to do what you did, or even if recognizing it to be their duty, would

have had the courage to face the blazing line of rifles. You see, sir, you are a Lawton," said the politic commandant—"and blood will tell,"—referring to Jack's ancestors who had been sugar kings, Proprietors and Landlords for several generations. But the wounded man in whom death alone could kill the democracy of his nature, replied somewhat slyly with a smile as he thanked the colonel for the compliment.

"May be so,—I have read a story that the first Lawton of my family, who was noticeable, by reason of his becoming rich as the result of his attention to business in the cheap cook shop which he kept in Philadelphia, even though crippled, wished to enlist and fight as a soldier when the nation's life was in danger, perhaps, I derive my disregard for bullets when called by duty, from the old Lawton who was a cook, I certainly never heard of any great evidence of the courage of any other of my ancestors." The commandant laughed at this sally of the sick man, and left the room thinking of Jack as an utterly incorrigible democrat.

After adjusting the bandages and making his patient as comfortable as his wounds would permit, the surgeon ordered the old sergeant to remain and watch by the clergyman, bidding Jack keep quiet, prepared to leave the room but was called back by the wounded man who said:

"Surgeon, either take that old chap (referring to the sergeant) out of here or let him smoke, knowing he is deprived of his pipe will make me nervous."

The surgeon highly amused gave the desired permission, and related the story with great glee, that evening in the officers' mess-room, as another evidence of

the originality of his Excellency, the Proprietor's brother.

Another place where the story was told, was in the quarters of the private soldiers, where the scarred and surly old warrior, the sergeant said—

"I'm blessed if it didn't beat my time, to hear him talk to the colonel about an old cook being his granddaddy, as if he was proud of it— And lyin' there (shot maybe by my very bullet, a sufferin') yet a-thinkin' of my pipe and when I lit her, I'm —— if he didn't just tip me a queerlike wink."

It would have been a difficult matter to decide where Jack had the greater popularity—among the serfs in the section or among the soldiers at the barracks. The latter had all heard of Jack's courage and conduct, and the stories of his kindness of heart and having "No —— airs about him, just a bein' a man every bloomin' inch of him"—and in the language of the camp, he was unanimously voted—"The right stuff if he did wear a black coat."

When the officer of the guard soon after dark came to the room of the wounded man who was feverishly tossing as much as his injuries permitted him to, upon the commandant's bed, and reported—that a young woman who absolutely refused to leave until she had been admitted to where Mr. Lawton was, and had insisted upon his reporting to the sufferer that "Mollie" wanted to be allowed to come to him, apologizing at the same time for intruding upon the clergyman—Jack starting up gave such a glad cry that even though followed by a groan as the pain caused by the movement forced him to lie down again, the officer knew that the visitor was welcome, and that he had

made no mistake in notifying Mr. Lawton of her coming. As soon as the twitch of pain occasioned by his starting up had passed, Jack said.

"Show the lady up here immediately, Lieutenant if you please, it is one who is almost a sister to me.' As the officer disappeared in haste to conduct Mary Hollister to him, Jack murmured "God bless her! I might have known, she would forget her own sorrow, so soon as she heard of the need of her help by another."

When Sergeant Manuel (that was the name of the old soldier) related in the quarters about the visit of the lady, he said.

"I didn't know the name of her, but she looked as she came in the room, like one of them pictures of God's mother, a-holdin' of God when he was er baby,—and when she came softly over to the bed and kneels down and takes his hand and begins to cry and kiss it,—I just think them stars need lookin' after—and I goes to the wind'er at the far end of the room and looks out.—What the —— has an old dog like me to do a-listenin' to the talks of sich as her? The ——— you would. Well—I'd a'busted your ear for you!" This to a young soldier who said he would have listened to find out, who she was.

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Mr. Weaving arrived at the barracks within the week that Jack was shot, accompanied by two trained nurses from New York. Men, whom he said, would prove far superior to Sergeant Manuel and Mary Hollister, in attending to the wants of the wounded man. But he was somewhat shocked by the sergeant who had heard him make the remark, coming close up to

him, as he left the room and whispering in his ear—"The —— they will, you —— black snake"—and then facing about and standing with his hand raised in salute to his cap, as if made of stone.

Mary Hollister came every morning and remained by the bedside of the sufferer all day, then going to her home at the Parsonage where Rossmore's wife still kept her from a feeling of loneliness.

Sergeant Manuel was with Jack at night. Many and long were the talks they had on all kinds of subjects during the long night watches—some snatches of conversation floating through the night wind might tell that Jack had not entirely forgotten his stewardship, even though wounded, for words like:

"A private has got'ter believe in his officer." Them chaplain ducks say—go—but—if they've got the nerve to lead, it's tough goin'"—"What's the matter with bein' a man if a chap is a chaplain?—no use to be an old woman"—and then a somewhat altered but familiar voice saying "Jesus was the bravest soldier,"—Man need not be a milksop, comrade, to be a Christian—Christ's soldiers need to be men of courage,—"You say I would make a good fighter in your army, come! join my army and let us make one campaign together."

These sentences came to the night wind, as it peeped into the window and saw the old war-worn soldier, around whose head wreaths of tobacco smoke were floating, issuing in great columns from the hard old lips, holding the short black pipe his dearest treasure. Leaning propped up with pillows on a bed, the night wind saw a man pale, somewhat wasted,—every gesture of his one unconfined arm, full of the earnestness of his soul as he talked to a comrade, of

his great cause. His words were more than mere words to his listener, for the listener had seen him "a-doin' not a-talkin'," —and he believed in him and his story.

Is it fair to tell of the daytime? What was said, when gentle Mary smoothing every wrinkle from the pillows, leaned down close to our hero as he lay there, gazing with new light in those honest eyes of his, into that face which in his illness he had found put on a new color. Jack had discovered—as she sat patient, sweet and good as he had known her, when a laughing baby,—somehow, a new light coming in the window, made a new kind of halo around her. Hours and hours he had sought to name the change that had come over her—what it was that made him regard her with a new, strange and tender interest.

One day Jack had been dreaming and in his sleep, he saw his "almost sister" at the altar, and himself in his robes of office prepared to perform the marriage ceremony, only no bridegroom seemed to stand before him. Suddenly the dream—vanished—he awoke to find her standing by the bedside with her soothing hand upon his forehead. In one moment, all the new light, new interest, new feeling, flashed, revealed upon him. He no longer loved his "almost sister" for remembrances of the baby whom he had nursed and petted.—It was the woman good, true and gentle, that he loved, and—

But what nonsense! Poets of passion wrote in the nineteenth century, wrote all kinds of unearthly moonshine about how men kneeled, wept, cried and fairly wallowed, when they told women that they loved them. Great tomes written by half-crazed creatures in the moonlight, would teach us that our ancestors in

the nineteenth century were as mad when in love with our good grand-dames, as they were in business matters.

It is not fair to tell of Jack's wooing, for there was not the least bit of the heroics uttered. Jack was only a plain every-day, manly man, who had suddenly realized that he loved a woman whom he had petted as a baby: that a love he had thought born only of old childhood's association, was in fact the love of the man's heart for the woman; Jack's proposal was not the least romantic, as those passed poets of passion would have made it. As he clasped the hand resting on his forehead and brought it to his lips and kissed it, he said:

"Mollie, will you have me for a husband?" and as the face above became red with blushes, he added: "Often you have played Jack's wife when as little chaps, we did housekeeping. Can you love the man as you did your little husband?" And the answer!—Well, maidens! Don't learn how to answer such a question from a story of the twentieth century! Seek some realistic writer of the century of delirium—in his wild pages read what lunatics, women became when courted in the nineteenth century!

Mary being only a woman, not an insane being filled with "sobbing, clinging passion" simply stooping down to the pale face of her lover, placed her hands over his eyes, and full on the lips, she kissed him saying, "Jack, how I love you!"

Maidens! let the summer breezes—that stopped to catch her answer, humming, fleeing away to carry the story (wicked breezes) to the forest flowers—whisper in the pretty ears of America's winsome lassies, "Only

answer with your lips the man you love and words are useless."

Weaving, ignorant of the new tie that now bound Jack's heart to the section, where he had been wounded, had tendered the invitation in the name of the Proprietor, to the man whom he sought to remove and obliterate, and had been met by such a prompt, positive and at the same time frank refusal, that it had left him no possible opportunity to argue the question or persuade the patient.

In this emergency, he had taken the commandant sufficiently into his confidence to suggest in the unsettled condition of the mind of the Rev. Mr. Lawton, the desirability of quietly removing him to some secluded spot for a much-needed rest. Inasmuch as it seemed likely that the ill man would refuse to go willingly, force might be required, and Mr. Weaving hoped he might be able to report to the Proprietor of the District, that the commandant had greatly assisted him, in the execution of what would be deemed by the absent Proprietor, an act, to shield his name from the scandal of his brother's insanity.

The commandant, while anxious to secure the political support of such a powerful person as a Proprietor, was still a soldier graduated at West Point, and beneath the anxiety to stand well with the powers at Washington, was a man of honor. He replied to the solicitor that he would consider how he could be of the most service to all concerned in the matter and inform him of his conclusion later.

The two men whom Weaving had brought with him from New York had been assigned quarters in that portion of the barracks, in which, were the private

soldiers' rooms. The New York nurses had brought a plentiful supply of liquor with them, which they used with no unstinted hand. The result was, that they became communicative while half-intoxicated the day upon which Weaving had the interview—the New Yorkers spoke openly of the intention of Mr. Weaving to place the Rev. Mr. Lawton in a private insane asylum, of which, they were two guards, and that, if necessary, they would remove the wounded man by force—this story was promptly carried to old Manuel, who had just gotten out of bed after his morning sleep—(he had been up all the previous night with Jack).

The old sergeant listened in silence to what was told him, and then, the curb placed by the clergyman's night-talk gave way—the recording angel was kept very busy for a time—he turned to the soldiers seated about the mess-room and asked:

"Are you so —— mean as to let them take him to a madhouse while wounded by your bullets?"

A kind of growl was the only reply but the sergeant seemed to understand, as he continued, "Now get around and tell the men, if they try to carry him away, we takes him away from them!" and with that he snatched up his cap and hurried out of the room to tell Jack of the plot.

Manuel found Mary reading to the half-dozing, wounded man when he came in, he had hardly begun his story however, before Jack was all aroused and struggling to a sitting position, said: "Well, I cannot believe this of Henry Lawton, it is some of Weaving's work. Now, Manuel, old chap, get me a revolver. Mollie, get pen and paper and write some letters for me, I must sign them if it kill me."

When Weaving, in response to a request from the commandant, entered the room in which he found that officer pacing the floor, he was surprised to be taken by the arm and led to the window by the colonel, looking out upon the parade-ground, the commandant said to him: "Do you see those soldiers gathered there? Well, I am informed by the man who acts as my servant that the men have learned of your intention to take that brave fellow who lies wounded, out of the barracks, by force and place him in an insane asylum—they swear that you shall not do it." The colonel regarding Weaving with eyes in which shone the old, gallant, honest fire of the West Point cadet, before age and lack of promotion has dimmed its lustre, continued, "My honor is at stake in the matter, the wounded man is under my protection and until he fully recover from the effect of his wounds he must not be disturbed by force. As much as I value his Excellency's favor, I cannot forget that I am a gentleman as well as a soldier, and in addition, Mr. Weaving, I want no mutiny in my command—as surely as you attempt any act of force with Mr. Jack Lawton—I and every one of my officers will lose our lives endeavoring to enforce our orders, for those men with old Manuel at their head, will mutiny."

Weaving loath to admit defeat in his well-conceived scheme, finding the lion's skin too short, sought to patch it with the fox's, so he proposed that together, the commandant and he should visit Jack, and seek to obtain his consent to being moved from the post and taken by the solicitor to New York. As they entered Jack's room, they found him propped up with pillows looking pale but stern with suppressed anger.

Mary left the bedside and went to the window while Manuel who, (it now being nearly dark) had just entered the room, stepped aside, his hand going up to his cap in salute as his commander passed him.

Weaving proceeded to draw a chair to the bedside, when he was arrested by Jack's saying: "Weaving, don't you sit in the same room with me!" as the solicitor paused, Jack continued in a voice in which there was no sign of weakness,—"Don't open your lying lips until I have finished!—Your plot was to induce me to accept your deceitfully kind invitation purporting to come from my brother, (which for my dead father's honor I believe to be a lie), and then when you had me powerless, to incarcerate me in a madhouse. Now, hear my determination! I am aware of your designs upon my liberty, but I consent to go with you peacefully until beyond the barracks and out of the district, then our truce is ended! Learn well my reason for going! It would be ill return—for the kindness shown me by the commanding officer of this post, who stands beside you, and to the soldiers who regretting the bullets which they fired and which reached my body though not intended for it, have expressed a determination to mutiny, rather than to allow me to be taken hence by force,—to precipitate a riot which would result in the loss of gallant lives, hence I will go willingly with you, but remember, on my honor as an American, when once beyond the limits of the district where live my poor enslaved friends, I shall feel justified in scattering your scheming brains over the soil which has been cursed by your plots and the plots of others like you."

This unexpected language brought Mary from the

window, and Sergeant Manuel with a sidling motion nearer to the bedside, the commandant stepped forward, his face flushed, but Jack raised his hand, saying: "No, Colonel, please say nothing, there are those in power who will visit their displeasure upon you, if you utter the generous impulses of your soldier heart!

Now, Weaving, hear further: My old professors at Yale and other learned professors at Harvard, who, rich in the store of knowledge gleaned from every learned writer upon the subject of Political Economy, believe as I do. These men are not mad! To them, I have written telling them of my threatened incarceration, these letters I have given to a trusty messenger and when the prison bars close on me for expressing ideas taught by every learned man in America, then those letters will be delivered. Also I have written to men in high places in Europe, telling them how truth is considered madness in America, and how, by the expression of doctrines which ages have demonstrated as Truths beyond contradiction, a man in once free America may be imprisoned, charged with madness. These letters will be delivered and in every civilized Court of Europe, the name 'American Proprietor' will be uttered with derision, as synonymous with Ignorance and Imposition."

The now thoroughly alarmed solicitor, fearing more the consequences of Jack's letters reaching men in Europe, who were in a position to make the name of "American Proprietor" odious in the society courted by the rich people of America, than the acts and criticism of the most learned men in America, the professors at the great universities, said, "Mr. Jack, you misunderstand me; it is my fault only, do nothing to

injure your brother, the Proprietor. I would not for one instant think of resorting to force to compel you to accept your brother's invitation—and as I am misunderstood, I will withdraw, with earnest wishes for your recovery," and as the smiling knight of Machiavelli withdrew, bowing, from the room, he was followed by the words, "Go, you traitor!" hurled after him by Jack, who leaning forward, shook his finger at his retreating figure.

That evening, as the baffled lawyer bade adieu to the commandant (who forgot to shake hands with him) and the officers of the post, accompanied by his New York nurses went out of the barracks enclosure, the men standing about led by old Manuel, crowded upon them, muttering strange camp curses on an infernal traitor and saying—how they would enjoy a talk with the party beyond the barrack walls—all in words not pretty to overnice ears but—Well! There is lots of talk God hears, and may be, pardons, for the goodness that's behind it.

When the harvest had been gathered and the droning bees of late summer made the very air seem drowsy, through the stillness came in well remembered accent "The Lord is in His holy Temple" as Jack Lawton now almost entirely recovered, began the morning service, on the bright Sunday which marked the opening of the chapel built by him in the section.

Close beside the speaker sat the post-chaplain, and before him all a-glitter with brass buttons was the post commandant and his officers. Back behind the officers, are gathered, sitting side by side, serfs and soldiers, until no seat is vacant and late comers

stand listening as the speaker moving forward, resting on his crutch, raises his hand, saying "Dearly beloved Brethren." One old sergeant glares upon a late comer who stumbles as he comes nearer—one sweet face all radiant with blushes watches every movement of the crutch of the speaker, anxious lest it slip and fail him. Then there followed Jack's sermon, just a talk in a manly human fashion, a sermon such as could be expected from the man who preached it—at its close, coming forward, his face all beaming full of joy and gladness the preacher said: "Friends, I invite you all to remain and see me married!" Strange where all the flowers came from! every serf and every soldier had somewhere hidden, great bunches of blossoms. Soon the chapel was one huge nosegay.

As the commandant leading forward, gentle lovely Mary, who came to place her hand in Jack's, who, standing near the chancel had limped down a step to meet them, and the post-chaplain with his book of prayer before him, stood smiling and waiting to unite the handsome couple, serfs and soldiers mingling together, crowded forward, all anxious to witness Jack's happiness.—And the chaplain! How he rolled his R's and astonished his messmates by his reading of the marriage service.—And the officers who came forward to congratulate Jack and Mary. Then the aisle all strewn with flowers, cast by loving hands of serfs and soldiers before them as they left the chapel;—and Jack's cheery words, as old Manuel saluted "Well comrade," and to Rossmore's kind wishes, "Thank you, brother!"

Such was Jack and Mary's wedding, very humble but, may God send many such to America! From the

hearts of serfs and soldiers standing yet about the door of the chapel, watching the figures of the newly wedded couple as they slowly moved across the lawn before the "Parsonage," there arose a heartfelt "God bless them!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRUTH covered, crushed and hidden, germinates in seclusion from the light and air of heaven, sending forth permeating tendrils which pierce the heap of rubbish lying above it, shams, frauds and sophistry defying, comes to light, and rises above the heap of nonsense; (all this is borrowed from the Sage of Chelsea. How the newspaper critics of the latter part of the nineteenth century would have slammed and mauled the crusty Scotchman—for his unfamiliar rhetoric!)

Jack's history, words and actions had in some mysterious manner (perhaps the Federal officers told it) reached every institution of learning in America and been wafted in some psychic fashion across the Atlantic, until every philosopher in Europe knew of him and his mad (?) doctrines. Queer, but many learned professors at Yale, Princeton, Harvard and other great American colleges agreed with him. In Europe political economists were amazed that any American would (not could) understand the unquestioned truths of a science demonstrated by centuries of commerce. To the "Parsonage" in the back, dismal dark and dreary section of America, came great hampers and boxes

filled with books, works written by men learned in medicine, law, agriculture—packages of drugs and useful articles for the clergyman, who striving to fill all positions that might be useful, found himself lacking. These parcels came from Berlin, Paris, Vienna and London as well as from New Haven, Boston and Trenton.

One evening, in the autumn of the year of Jack's wedding, when sitting in his library at the "Parsonage," surrounded by the contents of recently unpacked cases of goods, received from insane (?) sympathizers, discussing with his dear "Mollie,"—wife, but ever to him—"the baby," all the uses to which the welcome gifts could be dedicated, happy, smiling and compatible, (how it must have shocked the senses of the ghosts of the dead divorce lawyers who laid their cankerous claws upon the domestic life of the nation in the nineteenth century to see it) contented; each radiant with the reflected love of the other, (love makes its own image in the reproducing reflection of its own glances). There came a knocking at the ever-unlocked door of the "Parsonage" and Mary ushering in the visitors, disclosed in the lamplight, three strange faces —faces, which with a backward flash of thought recall the figure of the gaunt, determined, forward form seen in old indistinctly remembered pictures of the "Spirit of 1776"—to Jack who came forward, with an ever open hand of welcome for all comers. For several minutes the visitors regard with unusual scrutiny, the man who stood before them, and Jack with ill-concealed impatience, flushing, silently awaits the ending of the examination, at last the oldest man of the newcomers, steps before his companions and says:

"Sir, expiring America has sent us, in the name of him, who loved of old by every patriot, is still remembered, we seek your aid as sons of Washington—our country long torn by the discussions of political parties, lies bleeding, almost expiring, will you help us save it? For, sir, our good mother country cries in her agony for her children to come to her succor.

Years of contention has she witnessed between the sections of the Union, all governed by the selfish greed of political parties, who, for selfish aims, call up old animosities and appeal to local prejudices. Now she lies bleeding! In the past century no man would save her! hushed would be the voice of the most independent in the Senate of the nation. What, with fear of loss of prestige, patronage and local popularity, could be expected, but subservience to selfish, unpatriotic measures!

Will you help your country who now seeks the aid of foreign nations in the struggle for existence as a Republic?"

Jack Lawton, awed by the language of Liberty which nature had given to the leader of the party, calling as of old in the words of Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga "In the Name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress," was silent for several minutes after his visitor's speech was finished, then he said, and standing in the lamplight, firm and true and honest, he carried conviction with the words he uttered—

"I am unwilling to seek in Europe aid for America, for the history of my country tells me in all the years when brave patriots in America battled to bring light to the nation, the deceitful deluding tongues of the enemies of freedom, the monopolists, ever

raised a howl of 'advantage to the English manufacturer,' which resounding in ears familiar with the echoes of the thunder of Bunker Hill, they grew apprehensive, alarmed and fleeing, gave aid to the enemies of freedom. No, here at home, seek aid and wisdom, I will not go abroad to find it. Fully am I with you in every measure and God helping me, will help you but at home, we must fight our battles, winning the minds and hearts of Americans, my countrymen. And in secret I will have naught to do with your order—Skulking Crime, Anarchy and assassination lurk in secret conclaves. Out, before the world, talk of your ideas of government; when men descend to secret paths in their journey to better government or freeer exercise of the right of education or religion, then do men put a premium on secret crimes and acts of violence. Secret paths make secret foes. No, I will not be with you nor aid, even for my dear land's sake, a secret society. Frankly, plainly give your ideas to the world winds and I am with you."

Late in the night they talked together, Mary sitting close beside her husband, listening to his every utterance with wrapt attention, as if each word was inspired and of divine origin; and when the visitors, the committee of "the Order of Washington" departed, they convinced, took with them, Jack's words of wisdom and courage—"Keep alive the torch of Freedom in America, but do so in the light and sunshine where every man may see you. Have faith and patience for God will raise up a mighty salvation for you!"

* * * * * *

Years go drifting along Time's highway, leaving traces of their passage in the snow that they have

sprinkled on Jack's glossy curly head and from Mary's blonde tresses, peep the marks of Time's wintry kisses, until ten times the sweet summer coming, has recorded on life's dial, the years that Jack and Mary have been married. All this time Jack standing as a giant guidepost, has been pointing out the pathway to the Eternal haven—standing ever firm, unshaking on Time's highway in the coldest blasts of the winter winds of desolation, amid the tempest of despair and destitution—there ever faithfully undaunted, stood the brave guidepost pointing to the way straight and narrow which leads to a realm that knows no winter.

God saw fit to send no children to bless the union of Jack and Mary; perhaps in His divine wisdom seeing that all children in the section would need their care, He gave them none of their own, that all others might be theirs. Every little ragged urchin, every wee barefooted maiden in the section, idolized "Miss Mary" (that is what all the children called her)—and in the log cabin where she taught all the mysteries of crooked letters, twisted S's and bow-legged B's, no switches were needed—every little, restless, impatient scholar listening to the songs of birds coming through the windows in summer, or seeing heaps of slidemaking snow in winter, immediately became still and studious at one of "Miss Mary's" gentle glances.

The introduction of a school in the section created comment, throughout the district, some few old men remembered when schoolhouses were common, but that time was long before the advents of "Districts" and "Proprietors." And when at Christmas, the serfs would gather in the log cabin, "Miss Mary's Schoolhouse" to hear tales, from advanced pupils, of Washing-

ton the Patriot, Jefferson and Lincoln, men loved by the common people; Grant and Lee, brave American soldiers; Blaine, most magnificent man of the past century; Cleveland, who had the confidence of the people; they would sit and listen in breathless silence at the stories of the past glories of the Great Republic, (God ever bless it) and go to their humble hovels feeling better, in the reflected light of the grandeur of the greatest Nation on Time's eternal highway.

In every scene of sickness and sorrow would the figure of "Miss Mary" stand resplendent, shedding light of hope around it, making blessed a name held holy in all regions where the tale of the Bethlehem manger, makes the name of Mary, sacred. Ten years had passed over the heads of Jack and "his baby"—in all those days of suffering—where ever sank a woman there was Mary's ready hand to help her. All through the section the fame of Mary's nursing and her kind and gentle attention to the little ones who suffered, made her name talismanic to conjure away the spirit of sickness—and Jack;—pastor, physician, friend, farmer, filling every station—welcomed in mud cabins, the brother of the serf's bosom; in the tent, the comrade of the surliest soldier—carrying with him, cheerfulness, hope and courage, ever followed by the grim figure of an old wornout sergeant, who long since, refusing re-enlistment in the Federal army, had chosen Jack as his commander and enlisted in quite a different army—for life, the term is—that's old Manuel's last enlistment, five years have passed but he is still on duty.

All that summer, alarm bells had been ringing in America; an insidious invasion was pending, against

which all precautions seemed futile. Forth from that pestilential hotbed of horror, India, there stalked a spectre. Before its blighting breath the land of shamrock, rose and thistle withered; it had left its footprints in ghastly corpses across continental Europe, and it came, elastic-treading on the billows across the Atlantic—conquering, invading America with its horrifying presence. Proudest Landlords and Proprietors stood trembling in terror in the midst of the universal horror created by its coming. The plague!

First, New York is stricken, in spite of all quarantine and regulation of the Federal government; then, its onward march unstaying, it moves ever westward, as if following the ever-endless marches of the sun's movements; and America giving to the flames of disease the fuel made by want, destitution and insufficient nourishment, furnishes new material for it to feast on.

When the plague made its appearance in that section of Ohio where Jack was pastor, friend and doctor, he called all his friends about him, made a speech in the chapel to them and organized three watches, who should visit all sufferers in the section.

One with "my dear wife for captain," "Sergeant Manuel, my comrade, will lead another," and "My friend and brother Rossmore will, for my sake, head the other." Each watch was given eight hours of the twenty-four on duty. Jack! Well, he always was on duty—at all hours, night or day, it made no matter—the pastor, "Mr. Jack" was always ready. When he slept was a mystery to suffering serfs and soldiers.

Often in the stilly darkness of that dreadful winter, when the bitter winds of midnight swept over bleak

fields and highways, through cold and inky darkness would come tramping a majestic figure, knocking at the door of some hovel, singing out to the fever-distracted occupant, "What word, my brother?" That was Jack! Christ's soldier. And then bringing needed medicine to the sufferer, he would sit and watch beside the bed, talking in a human fashion. Yes, that was Jack. Not talking differences of creeds and ceremonies to poor dying wretches, but "a-makin' of porridge, makin' the fire to burn more brightly, jist a-cheerin' and comfortin' poor creatures, jist a-doin', not talkin'." Surely, old sergeant, surly Manuel, that's "Mr. Jack" you are describing.

Don't tell the secret, but the spying stars have told a story of a bearer of a plague-polluted body, who, at midnight, depositing the fear-creating carcass on the shroud-like snow of the graveyard, dug through the frozen ground, making a grave for it, and when the grave was finished, all alone with God, night and silence, solemnly reading the burial service. Don't tell it; but—well, Jack was in that section of Ohio, and the martial figure, as the stars saw it, patting down the enshrouding snow above the grave of the pauper serf, seemed familiar.

* * * * * *

Henry Lawton, the Proprietor of the district of Ohio, had hailed with triumphant joy the arrival of an heir who would save the estate from the horrible possibility of his brother Jack being Proprietor. Poor mother! my lady, plant of hot-house culture, she had only lived to press her pallid lips upon the brow of the weakly mite of humanity she left behind her. False education, too much culture, had robbed my lady of all vi-

tality, and left the poor inane body all unfitted for the duties of maternity. This was a heritage of the grand dames of the past century. Poor America! foreign women must give birth to your citizens!

Around the weakly heir of the vast property amassed in the course of more than a century of unfair legislation, Henry Lawton placed every barrier that wealth could furnish, to save the weakly offspring of the old Philadelphia restaurant keeper's blood from that disrespectfuliy, uncompromising enemy of the children of men in spite of all the gold that ever glittered—Death. Old Jackson was summoned from the Lawton mansion in Ohio—bringing with him to New York Jack's old nurses, superannuated retainers of the Proprietor's family. Under their watchfulness and constant attention, the little Proprietor grew apace and flourished in a sickly, horticultural kind of fashion. Still, though weak and feeble (recalling little Paul Dombey) he gave evidence in his actions and temper of a kinship with the preacher down in Ohio, and proclaimed the heritage left by the "Sugar King's" daughter, his grandmother.

He was born in the year succeeding Jack's wedding, while his father made merry over Jack's mating with a mud-sill, a clod-hopper. These were the names the proud Proprietor called Jack's "Mollie" gentle Mary. When young Henry (he had been named for his father) was only six years of age, he one morning made his way into the library, where he found his father and said: "Father, why don't Uncle Jack come to see me? You have lots of gentlemen come here to visit. Why not Uncle Jack?" and when the surprised Proprietor said:

"Oh, nonsense! You have no Uncle Jack. Who has told you such foolish stories? Run away and play with Lucille,"—the sturdy spirit of the youngster, all despite physical weakness, stood firmly, and nothing daunted by his father's answer to his question, he replied:

"But, father, old Jackson and my nurse have told me of a boy that they cared for years ago, a fine, manly fellow, who could ride all kinds of horses; who could fight, but still was gentle; who was strong and rosy when a little chap like me, sir."

Then the little fellow coming closer, and laying his thin, white hand upon his father's shoulder, said: "And they say, sir, he's alive, the bravest and best of gentlemen, and their eyes get wet when they say 'our boy,' just as when they tell me how Jesus suffered. I want to see him, bring him here. Old Jackson says, and cries when he says it, 'Mr. Jack is giving his life for other people.' He's brave and good. I want to see him."

When, onward in its march of terror, the Plague had driven the Proprietor and his motherless son from Europe, then as it stepped with gaunt strides across the Atlantic and forced the great Proprietor to flee from the seaboard, until at last overtaken by the dreaded fever, little Henry lay gasping, burning, dying in Cleveland, calling out in the delirium of the fever to his almost broken-hearted father, who with fearful glances watched him, and to Jackson, Jack's old friend the butler.

"Send for Uncle Jack! He can whip the fever! He will save me! Oh! my head! Good God, I am such a small chap, pity me! Uncle Jack, you are

not afraid, come here and fight the fever,"—old Jackson, infirm and aged but with that heart of gold found in old servants, restless hears the ravings of the little fellow, until no longer can the old heart stand it. Going over to his master, he says half stifled with emotion :

"Sir, I can't stand it, that baby will get comfort by seeing his uncle; it's all the fault of my stories and old as I am, I'm going for him," and Henry Lawton taking in his lordly hand, the hand of his servant, said "I thank you! Say to Jack to forgive me, that my boy lies dying, that I ask him as my mother's son to forget and come to me, the lad has heard of him and his great courage and believes that he could save him. Will he come, Jackson?"

"My God! Mr. Henry, why ask me? Mr. Jack! Our boy! I shall only tell him that a little chap here wishes to see him, may be dying, cries for him to come to him. Oh! Mr. Henry! My old master's son! You don't know your brother, into the gates of hell would go Mr. Jack to help the weak. Oh! Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry, God forgive you!"

Down in that lonely "Parsonage" when Jack came home from, oh! such dreadful duties, he found Mary worn out from watching, asleep in his armchair, waiting for that one meeting with her lover (laugh, fools, and slaves of passion, but men are always lovers when rightly mated) that they had agreed on, should take place each day, during this awful visitation, when both were so busy with their respective labors. As Jack gazed upon the sleeping figure and noted the dark shade surrounding the tired eyes now closed in slumber, there came a rapping at the door of

the "Parsonage" which aroused the sleeper. Springing up and snatching one kiss from the pale but smiling lips of her husband, Mary hurried to admit the newcomer. All, the humblest, were ever welcome at the "Parsonage." Into the firelight came old Jackson, aged, white and bending with the load of years resting on his faithful head.

And when great-hearted Jack coming forward, threw his stalwart arms around him and clasped him to his grateful bosom where beat a heart filled with gratitude for long past acts of kindness done by the old butler, for the little lonely boy in the grand old Lawton mansion,—Old Jackson touched by such kindly welcome (old men appreciate attention from the young and vigorous) bowed his white head on Jack's broad bosom saying,

"Mr. Jack come with me, save a little fellow, who recalls pictures from the past, to my old heart in every word and action, of another little fellow whom I watched and tended in by-gone years in yonder mansion."

Then the old butler told Jack of his brother's message, and of the little heir who lay dying. Remembrance bringing back Jack's own neglected, lonely childhood, caused a heaving of the broad breast of the clergyman, and there glistened in his brave eyes a suspicious moisture, as Mary coming closer, said; "Go, Jack my husband, to the poor baby, who learning from your old nurses, of your courage, believes that you can fight and conquer his fever."

Close to his heart pressing his sweet counsellor, Jack said: "Wait a minute, I must think not only of my natural inclination to help my little kinsman, but of

my duty as Christ's soldier on the field of battle. Years ago, more than a century, when a fatal, fearful fever came destroying all before it, to one of America's fair cities, making of Memphis, a graveyard, priests of that old Roman Church, all ties of kinship forgetting; every danger incurring; in God alone trusting; hastened to the stricken city and by their devotion to their duty as God's soldiers, won eternal glory for themselves and Master, and the church in which they worshipped," and pausing in his meditating, pacing back and forth before the fire, Jack continued: "It's in times of trial, like these, that men judge Christ's cause, His church and clergy, and the sincerity of the creed they follow.

No! Jackson, I'm the only doctor in the section. Much as my heart goes out to my little nephew, go back to Cleveland, with my deputy, my wife, my Mary, who will whisper to the baby sufferer that his uncle is on duty, keeping, God helping him, watch and ward for his dear Commander, who left orders that his soldiers should watch and attend the poor and lowly; that the best love of his heart he sends him with his gentle deputy. These poor serfs and dying soldiers at the barracks need me more, my old friend and comrade, than the heir of the family of Lawton, to whom, poor baby, all my heart goes out in his agony."

Thus it was that Mary, "mud-sill," "clod-hopper," held upon her heart the dying heir of the Lawtons, who murmured, dying: "Aunt Mary, tell my uncle that when I get to God I'll tell Him all about the brave and loyal trooper I have left behind me, who 'midst danger and death is fighting in the Army of Christ, his Com-

mander;" and when at last the grim visitor touched with his deadly breath the cheek of the proud Proprietor, Henry Lawton, it was Mary's soothing hands that clasped the burning palms of the lordly landlord. When she delivered Jack's fraternal message, full of frankness and forgiveness and heartfelt sorrow for him in his trouble, Henry Lawton's eyes, dimming with the involuntary moisture that came unbidden, forced by the noble soul and sincerity of his brother, who in his life and actions wrote the story of his faith and courage, said: "It is like him."

And when at last Death, coming with imperative gesture, tapped the powerful Proprietor upon the bosom, calling, "Come, I want you." In faint words he whispered: "Tell my brother I leave him, unregretting, the property—in his hands it will wrong no man—that in life his doctrines may seem strange, erratic, but in death, one seeing clearer, envies him the glorious possession of such a record."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE great Plague of the twenty-first century, in solemn, deathly majesty, swept across the American Continent, sweeping with the folds of its pestilential garments the population of the almost deserted cities and serf-tilled fields of the country into potter's plots and ditches, leaving a wide track of desolation and solitude behind it.

As the fires on the great American prairies sweep away the dry and decaying traces of the summer vegetation by their hot breath of consumption, thus preparing the soil with a coating of fertilizing ashes for spring's advent and the birth of a newer, richer verdure, so the plague of America in the twenty-first century, by its population-consuming visitation, made ready the land for the spring-time of a new freedom, which would cover once more the country with its blooming blossoms of permanent happiness, growing beneath the shade of the stately, sturdy oak of national prosperity, whose wide-spreading roots and feeders stretching forth, received the life-giving moisture of nature's clear fountains, uncontaminated with the artificial strength and stimulant of restricted trade and unjust legislation.

The Reverend John Lawton, now become Proprietor of the District of Ohio, pursuant to the operation of the law of "Family Compact," (Henry dying soon after his son and heir at Cleveland.) assumed a strange and unfamiliar manner to all who knew him as the "Fighting Parson."

Even Mary was astonished at the change created by the newly assumed position—Proprietor of the District. Her easy, jovial, good-hearted husband had put on with his dignity of Proprietor a certain sternness, a restless thoughtfulness, as if deeply meditating and anxious. Was her hero, her Jack, changing? Was this alteration of manner caused by the curse of gold falling on her husband? These thoughts came involuntarily to the mind of Mary, and were discarded with indignation by her loyal heart as unworthy. Still, he seemed so strange and different, even to the wife of his bosom, that she was filled with apprehension; and the wink and petting that accompanied the words, "I will make you the greatest lady in America," only served to increase her wonderment at Jack's actions.

He had sent for old Weaving and all the overseers of sections, calling them together with the superintendent of the district, at a meeting held in the old mansion, and said,

"Weaving, I want a concatenated statement showing every transaction of my ancestors, as far back as you know them; an accurate statement of every debtor, the debt, amount, and what it came from. I am a lawyer—necessity has taught me. Give me an itemized statement, and how much money the estate owes you for sundry services, (and the item covers multitudinous misdoings). I need no Prime Minister—I alone will be Proprietor."

The sternness of the face of the speaker, terrified gentle Mary, knowing as she did the man's strong nature.

"You, Mr. Wilson— I'll not rule the district by substitution—I hire you and pay you. Bring to me each new order before transmission to the serfs who till the soil, my tenants, the bondsmen of my brother," and "his Mollie" looked up in surprise at the hard grating voice in which he said it.

"Overseers, I alone am master in this District, obey my orders or leave my Province. Do you understand me? I want a statement showing every man and woman on my land in the District; what children, their ages, and, hear well! what will they need in supplies to carry them to the new harvest; and I say again—remember I am here in Ohio, and master. Do my bidding!" And somehow all who heard him knew that he was and ought to be master.

Striding over to the surprised lawyer, who, accustomed like a long since departed German statesman, Bismarck, to diplomacy and policy, listened in dumb silence—Jack, the new Proprietor said, "I want cash, gold, ready money, that will buy goods in any country, and I want a great deal of it! Now your charge is to see that all of the Lawton property not invested in land or the lives of my countrymen, is turned into money, universally accepted dollars—bring your statement in one month here to me. To this meeting, Overseers, at my expense, bring every serf in each section, until the old Lawton mansion shall by a million men be surrounded. Now this meeting is adjourned, you have my orders, obey them!"

"No, Weaving, I have no time nor inclination for

whispered consultation." This remark made to the lawyer came hard and cold from the lips of the Proprietor whom the obsequious solicitor was striving to retain for secret consultation. But Jack rather hesitated as the old butler leaning on his staff, weak and faltering, came forward, saying:

"Your Excellency, the apartments are prepared for your occupancy, will you be served in any manner?"

Coming to where the bent and aged servitor was standing, the clergyman clasping the wrinkled hand resting on the staff, that old hand which so often in babyhood had guided his tottering footsteps, said, "Dear old friend, be patient—I love you but I have a surprise in store for you, don't rob me of the pleasure."

Old Jackson sniffling now and somewhat snuffy, turned triumphant to the other attendants and said, as if he knew Jack's secret, "His Excellency will not occupy the Mansion at present;" and as Jack and Mary walked out of the grand doorway of the mansion, Weaving again touching Jack's elbow, begged to have a few moments of the Proprietor's time for a most important matter, Jack responded with impatience:

"Weaving, man! I have told you that there is no occasion for secrets with me,—I have no partners in my ideas of policy. Now, go, man! I will not stay another moment beneath the roof of my ancestors until the serfs and slaves created by your machinations, hear the orders of the new Proprietor from my own lips, given here on the front steps of my mansion. Now, man, begone, and come to me with your statement one month hence," and jerking with some show of temper from the restraining touch of the lawyer,

Jack with Mary walked out across the fields toward the "Parsonage."

Along the way the early, cold and frosty spring breezes listening, told it, that Jack all worn and his great strength wasted by a winter of toil and watching, while the dread plague had been present in the country—when out of sight of all others, would drop Mary's hand, jump on a snow bank and whoop! like a schoolboy—dance about doing all kinds of unclerical, undignified manœuvres—would bound back to the side of the wondering Mary, with his lined and careworn face all wreathed with laughter, clasping to his honest heart his, "Mollie"—would cry "Oh! how I will surprise them! You, my baby, shall be first lady of America"—and the twinkling stars say (but don't you tell it) that they saw (Oh! shocking) dancing, actually dancing over the late fields of snow lying between the mansion and the "Parsonage" two figures, just as a boy and girl would, and the stars, those big scandal-mongers, whisper that the figures were no other than our big, brave clergyman—the new Proprietor and—Dame Grundy, lift your hands in holy horror!—his lady—and further some keen-eared stars way up in Heaven have reported—Oh! impossible—that they heard sounds recalling an old negro melody of the nineteenth century: "Oh! dem golden slippers we are gwin' to wear when we tread dem golden streets—" as the figures of the minister and wife danced homeward. If true, how horrible! So unconventional—but that Jack always was a democratic heathen, and his wife—oh! she is a mud-sill, a clod-hopper.

When Jack had given his dead brother, the customary funeral of dead Proprietors, interring his body

with the due amount of ostentatious obsequies, in Trinity Church in New York, whither he had taken the remains as soon as the plague had disappeared from the district of which he was now Proprietor—he applied himself to the important duties thrust so unexpectedly upon him by the sudden deaths of his brother and nephew.

He had promptly notified the Federal government at Washington of his accession to power in the province of Ohio—and after the meeting which he had ordered to take place at the Lawton mansion in Ohio, a description of which, has been given, Jack set out for a personal examination into the condition of the different Sections of his District, to see the extent of the desolation caused by the recent visitation of the plague upon an already impoverished and almost depopulated agricultural district.

America had passed through a period, prior to the plague, of an emigration of all those possibly able to leave the country, as great as the historical immigration which took place in the nineteenth century to America. The causes which had operated to impoverish Ireland, (absentee landlordism, and the constant drains upon the tillers of the soil,) which resulted in the enormous immigration to the United States of Irish people, a century before, had turned the course of the tide away from America and toward more favorably conditioned continents—such as Africa and South America—while the United States had been busily and blindly eating up the principal of its capital, Public Lands, and not hoarding the wealth annually produced in the crops, the interest,—America offered a very Mecca for emigrants from Europe, but now that

like the Prodigal Son, the Government of the Federal Union had spent its substance in the riotous living in the much vaunted artificial, delirious prosperity of a few decades following the great American Civil War and become reduced to a condition of existing like swine upon husks, emigrants avoided the United States, moving, their columns augmented by vast numbers of American mechanics and farm laborers, toward other continents still lying with land unconsumed.

Jack, by his self-ostracism, had dwelt in intimate association for years with want and misery, but even so, he found himself unprepared for the sights presented to him in the wretchedness of the other sections of the district, of which he was Proprietor. He had failed to appreciate how much the labor of himself and good wife, had alleviated the sufferings of the serfs in his own section, where as pastor, friend and doctor, he had dwelt, with Mary as nurse, teacher and helper in every humble hovel of that quarter of his district.

Wilson, the superintendent, who for ten years had filled the place of Johnson who was killed by George Hollister, accompanied Jack in his tour of investigation, was in no respect, a man lacking in kindly feeling or knowledge concerning the administration of affairs in Jack's province. Early in Wilson's acquaintance with the then young clergyman, Wilson had learned to respect and admire Jack's sincerity and sterling qualities, and in many ways had assisted in ameliorating the new condition of serfdom forced upon the tenants.

Wilson, under favorable conditions, would simply have been a good man of business, but in the deformed disarranged natural order of trade and commerce in

America, after the existence for more than a century of the iniquitous laws regulating importations, was glad to serve in the capacity of superintendent for a powerful Proprietor.

The impossibility of winning success in mercantile life without patronage and protection from a Proprietor had so crushed out all hope in the American bosom, naturally, by instinct of climatic creation, mercantile,—that America had been robbed of the existence of that class of merchants who so amazingly assisted in building up the prosperity of the young country long before the Civil War. Wilson was essentially a good merchant by instinct and would have proven himself an ornament to the old Boards of Trade of Boston, New York or Chicago.

During their days of travel over the District, Jack obtained many valuable suggestions from his superintendent, as to the speediest method of making the devastated, depopulated district productive of revenue.

As Jack expressed it, he felt like Frederick, the great Prussian monarch, on returning to Brandenberg after the seven years of hostility with France, Austria and Russia, he entered everywhere upon scenes of waste land, devastation and ruin, where every still surviving, poor and dispirited inhabitant, regarded him with filial feeling, having no reliance in their own exertions. Oh! the blessing of Paternalism in Governments!

Jack,—in his round of visits to the cabins of the descendants of Uncle Sam's (so, affectionately, the people called the Federal government in the nineteenth century) farmers, now inhabited by serfs and ignorant plodders, was struck by the total absence of every article, requiring the trained skill of artisan or mechanic.

Furniture the most meagre coarse and crude, was of home construction; garments made of home-woven cheap rough texture; no comforts, luxuries had been so long gone as to be forgotten—turning to Wilson, the new Proprietor would say and fifty times resay it—

"Is it not a wonder, how in the name of all the madness of the past century, artisans, laborers, mechanics could have expected to sell their products, while every day, they were killing by importation taxes, their only customer? Look at this, not a carpet, clock or curtain, too impoverished to purchase such luxuries. Now where in the name of their wild delirium did the laborers of New England expect to sell their products, after by prohibitory taxes cutting off cheap raw material, fuel, labor, thus preventing cheap manufacturing in this country and sale of their goods in markets of competition? Wilson, this evidence of the insanity of American ancestors surpasses the wildest tales told of the Mississippi fever of the Regent's reign in France or England's mania during the South Sea Bubble."

Then as Jack would gaze on some unfenced field he would say, "There is now no need for barbed wire, for there is nothing on the deserted land to protect from intrusion. Oh! wise manufacturers! By the crippled legs of the Philadelphia cook, my good forefather, who enjoyed a tribute paid by every needle of the nation, I will be obliged to return to the honest occupation of being a steward for the hungry soldiers of the Federal government"—and again Jack would joke the absolutely nonplussed superintendent about his schemes to get fat out of the dry bones of the farmers, saying:

"A magnificent property my ancestors have left me, a land so poor that every New York, Cincinnati, Cleveland building is tenantless and vacant, every acre of ground, an encumbrance, for I must pay taxes to support the government, so grand, so central! Well, Wilson, how like you this picture? This District, once the State of Ohio with nearly five million population, (now, my poor starved serfs scarcely number one-tenth of the figure) was once the home of the Napoleons of Political Economy in America. They used to quarrel and make long, eloquent rage-creating speeches about taxation on wool, growing on the backs of sheep in Ohio. Poor Napoleons: return and find me but one wool-bearing animal in this tax-consumed district, and I will forgive your past conduct and call it, at least, honest but as time has shown it, mad and dangerously destructive to the nation."

Jack's mystifying manner and speeches kept the poor superintendent in a constant state of confusion. Jack would insist in disregarding all the reports of the overseers and visiting in person, cabins along the highway and asking of men, women and children such strange questions, some of these are samples—"Who was Abraham Lincoln?" "What was the result of slavery in the Southern States?" and one day when a great hulking lad said that:

"Lincoln was the friend of the common people and was an honest man," the strong pastor, now lordly Proprietor, grabbed the lumbering, awkward serf boy and lifting the astonished peasant clear from the earthen floor he stood on, clasped him to his brawny bosom saying:

"I'll kiss you, boy, remember Lincoln, he was a

man of the people and never intended that by the obliteration of negro slavery, he should create conditions which have been used by designing men for more than a century to rob and enslave Anglo-Saxons'—and kissing the booby fellow on the cheek and calling him "brother," gave him five dollars to buy a history of America, as the farm boy said he had learned to read—and in another cabin where a young woman answering his questions about the history of Ohio, said:

"Two brothers named Sherman in the old days were men that the state had been proud of, one a great soldier, the other a sound and safe financier and statesman" and at the proprietor's quick approval had added out of deference for his class and position (women in every stage of civilization are arch flatterers)—"And the great McKinley was from Ohio"—the attentive questioner, patted her on the head saying:

"As you cannot read, here is a coin to purchase an imported looking-glass, in which you will see reflected when you look at it, a picture made by the perspicacity of your ancestors who believed in the doctrines of Ohio's great statesman McKinley." But, somehow while smiling kindly at the maiden, the fatherly pastor and Proprietor forgot to kiss the young admirer of the mad theories of past generations.

When Jack had finished his personal inspection of each Section of his District and seated cosily by the great hearth in the "Parsonage" holding his wife's hand clasped in his own said, as he gazed at the ghostly figures made by the smoke rolling up the chimney,

"Mollie, I wonder if spirits wander over scenes familiar to the body while they dwelt here?" and if so, did

any of the deluded citizens of the departed State of Ohio, go with me on my trip, through their once happy, much taxed country?"

And Mary, nestling close to her recently returned husband, laying her head on his stout shoulder said, "Well, Jack, if they did, they were in wiser company than they kept in their political association while on earth and citizens of the State of Ohio, a hundred years ago," and when Mary half complaining of Jack's altered manner and having a secret from her, urged him for an explanation, he, for reply kissed her and smiling with boyish exultation, exclaimed,

"Wait Mollie, until to-morrow, when you shall hear my secret told from the steps of the Lawton mansion, by my own lips to gathered solicitor, superintendent, overseers, serfs and bondmen. And the secret shall reverberate over America, in the ears of every Proprietor throughout the country. Wait, Mollie darling, a few hours longer. Oh, how I will surprise them with your Jack's secret!"

CHAPTER XX.

STANDING flushed and triumphant on the steps of the Lawton mansion, his face beaming with the happiness within him was Jack Lawton. As boy, man, pastor or Proprietor he was known to every grey-clad serf who stood before him all attention listening for orders from their new master. Around him all expectant, awaiting some surprising sensation, were clustered,—nearest to him, "My Lady"—(did it make her better than when called "that woman"?), Mary. The anxious solicitor, standing, leaning on a pillar of the wide piazza, whispering as his wont was, to the superintendent in whom, a dazed condition had long taken sway over his mind's early surprise at the conduct and opinions of his new employer. In the background, the old butler surrounded by servitors, overseers and lots of Lawton flunkies, was resting on the staff he carried.

When the hour of noon tolled from the tower on the mansion, the Reverend John Lawton, Proprietor of the District of Ohio, raised his hand as if calling heaven to witness, and exclaimed, with exultation marking every accent, in a voice resounding through the long avenues and echoing down the green arches of the bud-

ding boughs of the elm and maple in the park of the Lawton mansion, carrying his message to all the mass of anxious bondmen—

"*There are now no serfs in the District of Ohio!*"

The sands of time have recorded the footprints of another, before whom in silence, a world had stood, transformed by sudden admiration momentarily, into mute, seemingly unappreciative spectators, until the soul of civilization awakening, sent an electric thrill of applause throughout creation, for the man, plain and honest, in all his awkward grandeur, who—"with malice toward none and charity for all"—had set free a race of bondmen. As the wondering world did then, so did the astonished audience to whom Jack made the announcement.

Mary first recovered from the surprise occasioned by her husband casting away the bonds that held in bondage to him, thousands of slaves—once free Americans—coming to her husband, she with her face reflecting all the glow and joy of his happiness, took his hand and pressed it to her bosom, saying, "Jack, my husband, I am the proudest woman in America, and by right, first lady, being honored by your love," and whispering, added, "My darling!" Vanished is the occupation of the divorce lawyer when American wives make such speeches to their husbands after ten years of life with them. Poets may write verses, artists make beautiful pictures of Love's first mission to some fair maiden, but to the man of mature and experienced ideas, the loving matron past thirty, giving evidence of the existence of the love light of her maiden fancy for her husband, is the prettiest poem-picture ever yet created; somehow recalling even to the minds of the most

cynical, scenes of Mother, Father, home and,—(well, it's nearly heaven, in the purity, it will put into the hearts of the basest sinners). Ere Jack could respond to his Mollie's caresses, the trance created by his proclamation, was broken.

Once more American hills and valleys reverberated with the same old shouts of freemen, heard at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, heard by Perry's foes on Lake Erie; re-echoed from the bayous of Louisiana, where Jackson contended commanding untrained militia against Wellington's famed veterans; booming on the evening air at Buena Vista; coming,—Oh the pity of it!—on the wintry wind of Virginia, where Burnside charged those deadly hills of Fredericksburg; and echoed back from Pennsylvania where Pickett led his fiery legion.

Serfs and slaves no longer! Men throw back their hoods and in God's free air awake the very echoes of the heavens with their shouts of freedom. Did you ever hear ten thousand men shout in unison? If so, that cry was but weakly, to the sound ascending as incense to the Great Emancipator who gave his life to free "all people." Jack—(and who would deprive him of it) stood and drank in one moment of transcendent happiness and glory—one moment of such feeling would pay for a multitude of years passed in pain and sorrow.

Old Jackson, old servitors of the Lawton family, overseers and even Wilson the superintendent (thanks to the American blood which he inherited) could no longer restrain their desire to be near Jack, who like some great magnet, seemed to attract men to him; pressing close about the man, who by nature, was first

in all that multitude, they sought to touch his plain and somewhat threadbare garments.

Old Weaving, pale and quivering with ill-concealed anger and emotion, pushing by the servants, came forward saying:

"But, sir, legal complications,—your heirs—the Family Compact." The hero of the occasion flashed one angry glanced at the wrinkled crafty face beside him and said sternly.

"Sir Machiavelli, I am the last of the Lawtons, God has seen fit to send me no children, that all these people before me should seem my descendants,—and Sir Solicitor, the curse of my country has been lawyers, as under the Valois and Bourbons of France, the Church was,—but in me, you see no Thirteenth Louis and your glass will not reflect a Richelieu." With a wave of his hand he dismissed a type of the disturber in all conventions of the Nineteenth Century.

Turning now to the sea of hatless heads before him, in tones resounding through the newly green bedecked avenues and alley. May the words with ceaseless sounding, echo through all ages!

To be perched on a pyramid is a solitary position. Lands of pyramids and palaces are filled with potters' plots and paupers' hovels, even the life of a Pharoah must have been depressing when not engaged in the amiable relaxation of cutting off the heads of a few subjects.

It is a difficult matter for a single individual to enjoy his solitary happiness, purchased by the groans of all other people of his realm—the association of such a magnate with his subjects can afford no greater enter-

tainment than could be found by a lion, with his stern joy in combat, having a mouse as an opponent. I am giving altogether my selfish reasons for the emancipation of the serfs of this district. Robinson Crusoe famed in Defoe's great story would have gladly given nine-tenths of his island to others,—his equals,—and been richer in possessing only the remaining one-tenth, than when sole proprietor of the kingdom of his solitude, surrounded by slaves and animals only. History has shown the truth of my statement in the rapidly increased wealth of the Southern States of America, after the freeing of the negroes.

I will give in fee-simple to each family all the land that they can cultivate, attached to the deeds of gift, are certain conditions, which the experiences of the United States Government, that gave away the land of the people, has taught me, are necessary, to prevent a return to your present position. This gift of land is for the same selfish reason on my part as that which formerly emanated in the desire of the Federal Union to increase the wealth and population of the country, the same that Robinson Crusoe's selfish human nature taught him.

In this giving of my property, I wish practically to refute a prevalent idea growing up in the minds of unthinking people by the constant reiterated phrases "Divide, and in a short time the wealth would all again be concentrated in the hands of a few, and again division would become necessary." By a parity of reasoning, why feed the starving beggar? He will become again, hungry. Why feed or bathe? We will all again become hungry and soiled. If this oft-repeated sentence admits of no contradiction,—let the

beggar starve,—let us all ourselves go unwashed and hungry. '*Laissez faire*' is the only true doctrine of creation. If when you hand the starving beggar, food, you slip handcuffs on him to prevent his using the strength derived from the food contributed, how can you blame him when again hungry, for having naught with which to satisfy his appetite?

The old United States gave of the people's land to the starving European emigrants who came by millions, in the three decades succeeding the Civil War, to the shores of this country, like the starving beggars flocking to the doors of the rich and liberal. As fast as they came, they were given land and homes but how? With unseen manacles fastened on the tillers of God's richest soil, America. These unseen and enslaving fetters, taxes, preventing free exchange of products, made in the interest of so-called infant industries, have filled the land with slaves and paupers. The Government giving of its store of bread laid up for the nation, made itself poor, and then locked up the prisoners of its bounty, to labor in the blinding glare of a false prosperity, for the few, the vast minority, who owned those cherished "Infant Industries."

Now to obstruct the recurrence of the present condition and secure the beggar against the pangs of returning starvation, I have incorporated in my deeds of gift of land to the people of the District, these conditions:

You shall utilize the gift, enriched by bounteous Nature, raising crops of grain and other natural products upon the land given; selling the fruits of the soil yielded as the result of freemen's labor where ever the greatest price will be paid for it; taking your pay in money

such as is held good the world over; taking in exchange only money, hoarding it up; doing without all manufactured articles of luxury and comfort as now you do, forced to economy by poverty—until such time shall come that you can freely barter in the world's markets where you sell your products for your needed manufactured luxuries and comforts.

Thus will the wealth taken from the soil, which I now give you, (as once gave the Federal government, land to all comers) remain in possession of the makers of the wealth of a nation—the people—not concentrated—by means of trading laws and taxes, creating trusts, monopolies—into the hands of secret enslavers, who by innocent looking laws of Importation Taxes, have become owners and masters of America,—welcoming each newly arriving emigrant as an additional tribute-payer who, for the monopolist and his descendants, will "take up" Uncle Sam's land, till it and labor on a property that must eventually come to be the Capitalists' and Monopolists.'

You will raise wheat and corn in the District of Ohio not oranges and Arctic mosses—Your flocks will be sheep, cows and horses, not polar bears, monkeys and ostriches—Your common sense will indicate such products as are natural in this latitude and condition of climate—If you endeavor to raise oranges or Arctic mosses—one must be kept warm by hothouses, the other frozen by artificial snow and ice,—who will pay the expenses of all these additional devices when you go to sell your oranges and mosses? The consumers?

Not as long as they can buy in Bermuda, Florida or the Arctic regions—and there are no Federal laws to prohibit the use of these articles when raised in other coun-

tries and thus to foster your insane cultivation of unnatural fruits and products. Take the lessons taught by oranges raised in Ohio—Until you can purchase the needed manufactured articles in the cheapest place of production, buy none of them.

Keep the wealth of the land I give you—unlike Uncle Sam of the last century, there is not the condition attached to the deed of gift, that you shall labor and pay tribute to the manufacturers of my district—I now am like the generous Federal government one hundred years ago, poor in land but have provided by the conditions of my gift, that wealth shall be scattered all around me, not concentrated into the hands of a few recipients of the benefit of Federal legislation to be turned into gold and taken by them to Europe"—and then Jack bowing to the shout, that saluted this speech,—by their slavery and experience, well understood by every recent bondman,—taking Mary's hand, said—

"Now I feel that I may enter this mansion, purified somewhat from the stifling vapors of oppression, rising from the putrefaction engendered in the mad crimes, injustices and vices of a past century."

And Jack's heart filled to overflowing with the pride of well doing, led "Mollie" before the picture of his good mother saying "There is one, who up in Heaven, agrees with us, my darling, even though she was a 'sugar king's' daughter.'"

Draw down the curtain, hide Jack's scene of triumph —Don't tell of the long line of grey-clad men, who came, with restored liberty shining in their faces, pressing forward to look at him." (Men of Anglo-Saxon blood are poor speakers when they most feel) Don't tell

anything of honest, manly noble sentiment, Don't tell of truth, honor and virtue, God or Mother, because some mad ghost of the delirious Nineteenth Century, fed for years on jokes, abnormal sensuality in literature, with insane contempt for nobility of character, as depicted by the old "Cranks" of past ages of literature, will arise, yelling in derision "Oh, Rats."—"You're guying!"—"Come off, don't be quixotic!"

Shades of Homer, Shakespeare and Milton forgive that learned doctor (who were his patients except capitalists, cooks, conventions and corporations? is not recorded and his very name is not remembered; a "guyer's" name does not often outlive his century) who set the example of joking about and making trivial the best sentiments of the American people, in the Nineteenth Century.

* * * * * * *

Obedient to the orders that he had received from the new Proprietor, Mr. Weaving had, as rapidly as possible, by the sale of such personal property of the estate as he could find purchasers for, who possessed ready money, collected cash, which, together with the past stored accumulations of the estate, Lawton immediately began to expend for the usual agricultural implements formerly used in America. These he procured in England,—cheap slave labor and the poverty of the farmers of America, had caused the use of improved tools to be abandoned, and of course, the cheaper manufacturing cost in countries where iron and fuel paid no taxes, gave all African, Asiatic and South American trade in farming implements to England, thereby closing American factories—These he gave to the emancipated serfs, with cattle such as horses, cows,

hogs and sheep to stock their new possessions—the cattle he imported from Australia, as practically domestic cattle had long since disappeared with the buffaloes from America, gone in clouds of interest on mortgages, eaten up by profits paid monopolists on manufactured articles, drowned and washed away in the deluge of State and Federal taxes—Having provided the people with necessary supplies to support them until their first harvest, their former master gave them this parting admonition—

"My gifts will amount to no permanent benefit to you, having no monopoly of the world's grain and cattle market, if you foster the establishment of monopolies by dealing with infant industries and giving to the monopolists the substance of the soil and your labor, under the guise of shelter for exotic plants, the cultivation of oranges in Ohio hothouses, arctic mosses in refrigerators. Do without the oranges and mosses until the law permits you to buy them, where raised cheapest, upon the same terms as you sell the products of the soil you cultivate. Those industries and factories which, by the laws of trade, belong to a country, will grow up in it without shelter even in spite of the fiercest storms of competition."

The Reverend Mr. Lawton (he objected always to the title of Proprietor) heedless of the comments made by others of his class and station, absolutely refused to live in the grand mansion but continued to occupy his modest home, the "Parsonage." Spending most of his time in tours of inspection over the District of Ohio, always accompanied by his faithful wife, helper in his labors—always insisting that the farmers should buy nothing with the money received from the world's

market, for the crops raised by them unless they were permitted by law to purchase where what they needed was sold cheapest.

Thus it happened that two years after the emancipation of the serfs of the District, the steady undiverted tide of dollars flowing from Europe into Ohio, placed so much money at the disposal of the farmers, that it attracted the attention of the idle mechanics who were starving all over America, thrown out of employment by the lack of demand for the products of their labor, caused by the poverty of all other farming districts. Then it was that mechanics petitioned the Federal government, that all importation taxes be removed on goods shipped into the District of Ohio, alleging that they were willing to compete with European workmen, as the farmers who raised wheat in Ohio had to compete with the South American farmers—saying that it was impossible that the mechanics of the country could be injured by the removal of the embargo, as already, except in the recently become prosperous District of Ohio, the consumers of the country were too poor to purchase at any prices. That further continuance of the embargo would benefit no one, not even Capitalists, Monopolists nor factory owners. They already had secured all the wealth of the nation by years of taxation, making of America a land of slaves and paupers. Further saying that even should the farmers of Ohio, forgetful of their promises to Lawton, finally adopt again the system of buying what they needed at prices made by monopolies, they would only furnish brief employment for American mechanics, during the short period of the devouring process by the monopolies, who only used

the mechanics as furnaces to fry all the fat of the farmers—casting aside the furnaces when their well-cooked food was finished.

Lawton joined in the appeal of the mechanics, and finally, finding the farmers of Ohio not forgetful of their promises to Lawton and their own sad experience in the past, the Federal government relented and removed the embargo on articles bought in the cheapest markets and brought into Ohio—Then the Ohio farmers led by Lawton, invited the mechanics to come and live in Ohio, where cheap land and homes could be had, saying that the mechanics in Ohio would, of course, also be exempt from taxation on their fuel, iron and all other material used by them, and would pay no taxes upon their food nor clothing in that district—that being nearer to the consumers of the product of the mechanics' labor, having the price paid for the transportation of imported articles in their favor, being Americans and more clever artisans, with no great Trusts and combinations to contend with in Ohio District—they would have the whole trade of the province for the reason that they would be enabled to furnish at home in Ohio, the cheapest market in which to buy the kinds of goods made by them.

With each succeeding year, came added necessaries, comforts and luxuries to the farmers of Ohio, who, enjoying the full benefit of the competition of a world of manufacturers, found that the money received by them for their crops—even though meeting the world in competition when they sold their products,—went so much further, that it satisfied all their needs and left a margin for saving—and the mechanics of Ohio having cheap homes, fuel, material made

goods for the farmers of Ohio, cheaper and better than the European workmen could supply them.

Having a steady demand from prosperous farmers, the mechanics had constant employment, and were astonished at finding themselves more independent, surrounded by more home comforts, and richer in savings than even in those fabled days of false prosperity when the mechanics were the furnaces for frying fat from the farmers.

The universal prosperity and happiness of all the inhabitants of the District of Ohio, farmers and mechanics, laborers and merchants, finally, after ten years of practical demonstration of the feasibility of Jack Lawton's mad(?) theories, attracted much attention, and at last forced unwillingly, a profound admiration from even the Proprietors of America.

At last the Proprietors and the Federal government seeing the ever-increasing woe and misery of all the other Districts, and the blooming prosperity of Ohio, where Lawton's ideas of trade had been adopted (Strange, that Americans of the Nineteenth Century, could not find England on the world's map) resolved that the laws of Importation Taxation should be reformed, and for that purpose called a convention at which they asked the Rev. Mr. Lawton to be present, an invitation hailed with joy by the practical and patient reformer, after long years of waiting.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the grand old Senate chamber, where once thundered the eloquence of intellectual giants, United States Senators,—men who in a past age had exhibited the greatest flashes of insane mental lightning ever witnessed in the panorama of time,—were seated all the Proprietors of America in convention. Long had they meditated and wrangled, each intent upon his own profit; each urging the others to be magnanimous; each anxious to be the only recipient of the profits of monopoly, for all recognized the fallacy of a continuance of a system that, by general adoption, had resulted in ruin for the country. At last despairing of any agreement, unanimously they invited the mad man? from Ohio to address them.

Christ was crucified, but the truth of his religion will live forever, Huss was tortured, Luther persecuted, Galileo imprisoned, Columbus chained, Washington called a rebel, Peel abused, Fulton laughed at. But why keep on with the list. Truth often has a harder battle than the flimsiest falsehood encounters, but at last, Truth wins and wins forever.

Jack Lawton, with the added weight of twenty years

since we first met him in this story, resting on his shoulders, rose to address them, saying: "Hope is so strongly entrenched in man's nature, that the most difficult task ever undertaken is that of making men surrender it. To-day, you are surrounded by such convincing proofs of the folly and crime of a long-used system, that argument would seem superfluous were it not for the strong entrenchment of hope in the human bosom.

That we may not be deluded by phantoms of hope, let us review briefly the past record of our country.

In 1894 when it first began to be whispered that the Nation had consumed all of its good farming land, and that the tide of emigration had turned, and that the American farmers had been made so poor by years of tribute-paying that they no longer had money to buy even the cheapest articles of domestic manufacture, and more surely no money with which to purchase imported goods on which taxes were collected, the lawmakers of the Nation observing the decrease in the revenue, and fearing that the government would not have sufficient revenue to defray the expenses of the Nation, became alarmed at the impending deficit, and finding no other means of raising revenue for the nation, were obliged to levy an income tax, (a tax which circumstances have forced you all to recognize as now the only means of raising revenue to sustain the government) this tax created a perfect storm of indignation from the monied classes when first enacted. It was repealed.

The same mysterious madness, which wielded hypnotic influence over the minds of American voters in the nineteenth century, again made itself evident.

The nation thinking that there must be a mistake, and that the willing slaves and tribute-payers of three decades, the farmers, could not possibly yet be exhausted, increased the importation taxes and repealed the income tax. Great was the shouting. Here was the solution of the whole matter. Men shook hands and congratulated each other.

But lo! No customers came to buy imported goods and pay the expenses of the government. The farmers were getting fifty cents for wheat, and five cents for cotton. They had no money—bought no goods, domestic or foreign. There were no importation taxes collected; the government had no money, railroads did no business; dividends were decreased, and then abandoned. No traffic; farmers not buying. Make the price high by import taxes, or cheap by absolutely free admission into the country of foreign goods, it made no matter. The farmers could not buy at any price—they had no money. This was a condition, hard to realize, and Americans absolutely closed their eyes to it. Railroad stocks kept on declining. Bonds, even of the Federal Government, grew cheaper. Foreign holders of our securities sold their holdings and wanted their money in gold. Down fell the treasury reserve of the precious metal.

In this dilemma, attempts were made to increase the amount of wealth by tampering with the currency (as if money could make wealth or value, it being merely a vehicle of exchange—a medium of circulating values). Then incomes fell off, and the income tax became less obnoxious, and finally, of necessity, was advocated by its worst opponents. The farmers are no longer factors. Impoverished and pauperized by tribute-paying,

they are exhausted. The weight of the expenses of the nation fell upon the monied classes—and they, with incomes curtailed and shortened, ever growing smaller, as the farmer-class passed from land-owners to tenants.

Thus, as early as 1894, the ancestors of the present Proprietors of America were threatened with the entire weight of the expenses of the nation by reason of the poverty of the farmers.

The mechanics and artisans engaged in manufacturing, were practically erased from the blackboard on which was placed the sources and sums of the Nation's receipts and expenses,—when by taxes on fuel, material and everything used in daily life, the cost of goods manufactured in America was so tremendously raised above the cost of similar products of the labor of mechanics in other countries, that American manufacturers were shut out of all foreign markets. Mechanics only existed by reason of the demand from the American farmers for the high priced goods made by American mechanics, no one else would pay their prices, when they could buy much cheaper in England or other European countries. Therefore as soon as the American farmers were eaten up, and exhausted American mechanics ceased to exist.

Really what a small factor as wealth producers, American mechanics were (I am not speaking of the mechanics now as wealth accumulators, from American farmers, for American monopolies who used the mechanics as cats to pull chestnuts out of the fire for the Monopolists) even as far back as 1890 to 1894, it is only necessary to glance at the exports which brought money annually into the country, to learn out of exports amounting to the sum of $600,000,000, the

amount paid to America, manufactured exports, or rather the value of the mechanic class as wealth producers to America, was $42,000,000. Farmers, miners and workers in or on the land produced the balance $558,000,000.

That the American people in the nineteenth century could have been hypnotized, in the face of these figures into impoverishing and enslaving their great wealth producers, by the enactment of laws creating importation taxation, at the waving of hypnotic political hands, seems a perfect miracle in mesmerism.

It is impossible to believe our ancestors sane when we glance at these unquestioned figures—a few men may have been insincere, and only raised the cry of 'Caring for American Infant Industries' for the purpose of carrying some section where mechanics were in the majority, at political elections. But the vast majority of our ancestors were not insincere, they were simply mad, drunk, demented as was the old nobility of France before the Revolution—a most cursory glance at the records of France, at that period causes the exclamation, 'Mad! Mad!'

The American mechanic, lies dead in the same grave with the American farmer, buried beneath the ruins of Infant Industries, the spot marked by a headstone, on which is chiseled by the hand of Time 'Killed by the Hot-house walls of Importation Taxation.'

It is useless for us to sit weeping upon the ashes of the old days which were made bright and happy for the ancestors of the present Proprietors of America by the consumption of the farming land of the nation, and the reduction of the farmer class to slavery. There are no more public lands to consume, no more farmers

to enslave, and it were folly to waste time upon the record of a mad century did it not serve as a guide to show us what not to do, in our efforts to secure enough revenue to defray the expenses of the Government, which now falling entirely upon the Proprietors, have to be paid by an ever-increasing Income Tax; We learn from the record of America what the people did a century ago, let us avoid doing what they did. Let us not close our eyes obstinately to facts because the facts are unpleasant, as the American people did, one hundred years ago.

We to-day are confronted with the obligation to pay the entire expenses of the government as the logical result of the continuance of a policy of concentration whereby we Proprietors became possessed of all the wealth in the country.

Looking back to 1894, we find the people of America struggling against commercial disaster, vainly seeking for the cause of the then existing conditions, but failing to find it in what we see so plainly now, caused the entire disarrangement of business in 1894, namely:

The wealth of the Nation which in 1860 had been distributed among and owned by 90 per cent. of the population, had, by Importation Taxation and consequent monopolies, become concentrated to such an extent that in 1890, ten per cent. of the population owned ninety per cent. of the Nation's wealth—while the wealth of the Nation was immensely greater in 1890 than in 1860, it was concentrated in the hands of such a few that the vast majority of the population were practically paupers—we have seen the result of this concentration in the last hundred years until now we Proprietors own the entire wealth of America and are so

few in number that our needs must, from purely physical reasons, be too small to require the labor of millions of people, to satisfy them.

This fact alone ought to have been sufficient to explain the business depression of 1894. The ancestors of your serfs could not see anything in the United States Census of 1890, which was so plain that it ought to have taught to infants, the cause of the depression. The ancestors of your serfs voted to increase monopolies and the consequent concentration of wealth, by increasing Importation Taxation—believing that, to be the solution of the business troubles.

The prices of all farm products had been brought by the competition of other continents, down until in 1894 the crops were marketed at only two-thirds of the prices obtained during nearly the whole of the period between 1860 and 1890. Thus, practically the only source whence money came into the United States was cut off by fully one-third, for while a few manufactured articles were exported the amount by comparison was trifling.

When I call your attention to the fact, that newspapers containing comparative prices of grain and cotton for several years, were read daily by millions of people, and therefore it was well known that the farmers and earth workers from whom originated almost all the wealth of the nation, were one-third poorer in 1894 than before, even as poverty stricken as the laws had already made them. When you recall that the poverty of the mass of the people was plainly reflected in the constantly published reports of decreased earnings by all transportation corporations, the consequent decline in the value of the shares of

stock in such corporations. It is hard, very hard to believe that such a plain exhibit of the true causes of business depression in 1894 was unseen, even granting the truth of the then often repeated and somewhat idiotic expression, "There is just as much wealth in the country and it will come out when confidence is restored."

In 1894 the reduction in the prices obtained for the annually produced wealth from the ground, undoubtedly accounted for the lack of wealth distributed among the masses. It was the annually produced wealth which made the business of the country in its passage from the ground to the coffers of the Monopolists, where it became accumulation. This wealth reduced one-third ought to have been plainly seen to be immediate cause of the trouble in that period.

Instead however of looking the facts squarely in the face and saying "We cannot raise the price of our exported products,—competition in the world's markets fixes that, we cannot tax that price up, our income becomes smaller each year as competition increases, and we have let the accumulation of the years when we had no competition to bring down the prices of our exports, by laws creating monopolies, get into the hands of a few monopolists. We are plainly without savings from past years, we must reduce expenses and seek new business." The people shouted! (Do not laugh, gentlemen, it is really pitiable not ridiculous)

"Restore confidence in the fact that Taxes on Imports shall be unchanged, money will then come out, business will be good, factories will "start," and they ought to have added, 'Never mind about the monopolies who have swallowed our profits for thirty years—our

descendants may be slaves, but let us eat, drink and be merry to-day for to-morrow we die.'

The laws placing taxes on imports were left unchanged, confidence was restored concerning that fact but *money did not come out*—when the stock broker asked a wealthy monopolist to buy railroad stocks, he was answered "But the earnings of the road show a decrease, there is no money in the farming district to pay freight on goods, even if manufactured goods were shipped as gifts—Where will dividends on your shares of stock come from." When the mechanic went to the manufacturer and asked for work, now that 'Confidence was restored,' he was told—"We cannot sell even the goods already made, the farmers are too poor to buy at any price' *and the money did not come out*—The engine that set all the machinery in motion had no steam in the boiler.

The farmer in 1894 was very weak, faint and ill, as he reeled toward the grave in which he now lies —slavery—he had already, even then, grasped the mechanic, and together they began staggering toward their grave.

Forced to recognize that 'Confidence restored' did not make wealth, and not daring to see the truth, the American people struck a new idea 'Confidence' not furnishing them wealth, they determined to make money for themselves and call that wealth—Well! they split up and cut in two, and pulled about their money trying to make wealth, but only making themselves ridiculous—for change it about as they pleased it did not increase the wealth of the people, the value of a nation's money is fixed by the world, and no single nation doing business with the world, can value its

money at any price except that, at which the world will accept it when doing business with the nation—a nation like an individual may pass a false note or coin for a little while on other unsuspecting nations, but the inexorable trade laws of the world force it in the end to make the false note or coin good, or punish the defrauding nation by banishment from the world's trade relationship.

As a result of the people of America refusing to admit the true cause of trouble which had already in 1894 become apparent, and still with eyes closed, clinging to the old system of bleeding themselves for the benefit of monopolies, by means of Import Taxes —and without reason or thought, by trusting blindly, that somehow, something would turn up to help them —God alone knows what they could have expected, only one thing could have saved them at that period; —The American people became as you are fully aware, slaves and paupers, and you, Gentlemen, their masters and the powerful Proprietors of the whole country; to-day, as sole owners of the realm, you find yourselves like Robinson Crusoe, poorer than if your property were divided with others. You want my advice, knowing my experience in the District of Ohio, and wishing to free yourselves of part of the National expenses which now fall entirely upon you—

First, Emancipate your serfs and abolish your standing army, for after emancipation an army will be unnecessary—I dare not suggest a division of your real estate with the emancipated serfs, for then I would be charged with advocating socialism, but I can suggest making them long leases of all the land that they can cultivate at insignificant rentals, there being now no

public lands for them to cultivate—At your next step, be warned by the folly of the American people a century ago when confronted by National disaster and universal business depression—instead of doing as they then did, when seeking relief, experiment with their money, and add to the load of the already exhausted wealth-producers by increasing power of monopolies and consequently the burden of the wealth-makers.

Let your money be honestly what it represents upon its face—it's impossible to improve the financial condition of a country by bringing opprobrium and suspicion upon your currency.

And most important, take off the load of monopolies and high prices from the crushed farm-class, at best it will require years for them to recuperate, as it would have done in 1894, even with the benefit of the free use of the cheapest markets in the world, in which to secure their manufactured supplies; pet and protect your farmers as they are now truly in second infancy and a worthy example of 'Infant Industries'—

When you roll away the stone of importation taxes from the tomb where lies the dead farmer, as he again emerges into light and life, with him will come the mechanic—with cheaper fuel, material, food and clothing, the mechanic can manufacture goods in America as cheaply they now do elsewhere. For several years, the mechanic will be obliged to sell the products of his labor in Asia, Africa and South America, but upon even terms of cost of production, we can trust the American mechanic to outdistance his European competitors. By selling his wares in foreign countries the mechanic becomes a wealth-producer, bringing wealth into the nation, instead of, as formerly, being only a vehicle of

accumulation for American monopolists, leaving the creation of the wealth coming into the country, for his brother, the Earth-grubber. As the farm-class of this Country becomes stronger and less oppressed by poverty, it will purchase more of mechanics' wares, and as a matter of convenience and proximity will of course buy from the mechanic at home who is enabled to sell, as cheaply as any foreign mechanic.—

If you will follow my advice, heeding the lessons taught by the folly of the past generations of Americans, in a few years you will see America, blossom with happiness, distribute wealth and prosperity, like a fertile garden in summer; then will your railroads pay dividends: then your land and accumulated wealth return an adequate revenue: then will your incomes from your accumulated wealth become so great that a smaller percentage of Income Tax will be sufficient to defray the expenses of government—at last, the Income Tax well entirely disappear, and the government be supported by internal revenue taxes.

Thus, you, the wealthy, will in the end be most benefitted by the obliteration of the old ruinous system of taxation: if you leave the fetters of that taxation on the now starving beggar it is useless to feed him, for again will he become hungry and have naught with which to satisfy his hunger. Leave on the importation taxes and it is useless to free the serfs even if you give them land, instead of renting it to them, for it will only be a short time by means of 'Infant Industries' created by that system of taxation, before the farmers are again serfs; the mechanic's occupation like Othello's, gone, the mechanics, idle tramps and vagrants; the ownership of the land and all the wealth created by its products

again concentrated and accumulated into your hands."

As the Ohio magnate sat down after closing his long address of advice and warning, silence reigned in the Senate chamber for several minutes, until suddenly the stillness was broken by the unanimous acclamation of the entire number of Proprietors and owners of America there assembled, crying.

"Let us accept the advice of the Reverend Proprietor of Ohio. Let us adopt the course he has suggested to us. Let us be warned by the experience and folly of past generations of Americans. Let us do away with the monopoly-creating, men-enslaving, Import-Taxes. Make America a Free Trade Nation, it is the only road to National safety now as it ought to have been clear to every American that it was in 1894. Best for the owners of accumulated wealth, the farmers, mechanics and laborers."

In the hour of universal destruction, men will forget their petty strifes, ambitions and enmities. The lion and the lamb will lie down together. At the approach of the flood of ruin from the pent-up reservoir of a century of folly, injustice and error, the Proprietors of the different districts crouched down like panther and deer in peace together upon the single island of safety remaining to them.

Forgotten are old differences, old struggles for local "Infant Industries"—Sectional Monopolies—Class legislation. They gazed in mutual terror at the awful flood, by folly created.

Speedily laws were enacted emancipating all the serfs in America—Giving again to all Americans, the right of voting—Re-establishing State governments

—Fixing the rental of land used for agricultural purposes. And an Amendment was added to the Constitution eternally prohibiting the passage of laws placing a tax on importations.

All this was finished in a session of one month's duration, rather faster than the work of the old United States Senate, but of course the Proprietors were neither mad, blind, working for political preferment, local or personal advantages or (I had almost written—money) to confound a President—and then the danger was more imminent.

When a nomination to the office of President of the recreated Republic was called for, the position was tendered unanimously to our hero, Jack Lawton—but while highly pleased and complimented by the offered honor—Jack was too familiar with the history of the old American Republic to accept the nomination which was equivalent to an Election, saying as he refused the great honor—"I never could hope to escape that abuse which would cause a blush of indignation to cover the brow of a pickpocket or murderer, and yet must be expected by the occupant of the Presidential Chair in the American Republic—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and all others, justly and unjustly, had to bear it."

Soon after the selection of some other to occupy the onerous, difficult and disagreeable office of President of the Republic, Jack (for so we will fondly call him) bidding farewell to the assembled proprietors, with heartfelt expressions of gratitude for their actions, and commending the exhibition of wisdom displayed by them, hurried with the joyful tidings to Ohio and his waiting "Mollie."

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CHAPTER XXII.

TWENTY times has the snow upon Ohio's hills and fields been replaced by waving wheat and corn, since the inauguration of the regenerated Republic. Twenty crops yielded by the generous soil, untaxed by monopolies, have returned to the tillers of the land, remuneration exempt from payment of blackmail. Farmers, miners, mechanics and laborers as free and independent citizens have for twenty years enjoyed the full fruits of their toil, by tribute formerly paid to the American monopolists.

America blooms in the fair sunshine of permanent and true prosperity, like what it is, God's fairest garden. The land is dotted once again with comfortable cottages, farm-houses, barns; the fields are fenced, the highways paved. Accumulated wealth is earning its fair and just revenue. The Income Tax, yearly decreased until the unpopular measure has finally disappeared entirely.

The tenants, farmers, mechanics, laborers shout their joy and thankfulness, the landlords, old Proprietors and capitalists once again receiving dividends from their investments, are complacently contented.

The hovels and their accompanying poverty are no more seen in the regenerated United States. The nation stands as God grant it ever shall, foremost in enlightenment, religion, civilization, wisdom and also, in wealth—among all the nations of the earth.

This change had been brought about entirely by the adoption of the suggestions of a madman!—a visionary theorist!—a man who had only read books upon the subject of political economy, and observed intelligently the commerce of the nation, taking a broad view of the entire country, considering the welfare of the majority of the people, not blinded nor his range of vision narrowed by selfish interest nor prejudiced personal experience;—Jack Lawton had never kept a shop, factory, bank, nor been a member of a stock-exchange, but neither had Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Robert Peel and others who were once considered to possess some respectable knowledge upon the subject of the Wealth of Nations.

In the nineteenth century, during the period of attempted reformation of unjust taxation, the judgment and opinion on the subject of the nation's commercial condition, of every insignificant shopkeeper, clerk or tailor, based only upon his narrow limited personal experience, was held more worthy of consideration than the matured judgment, after thorough investigation and research, of the greatest scholar, even though he offer unanswerable arguments in support of his opinion. Business men were supposed to have the only correct ideas of Commerce in that mad century, when every butcher, baker and bar-keeper was called a business man, to distinguish him from the much ridiculed and despised theorist and schoolman.

In that inconsistent century, men when ill would seek the advice of a physician, when in legal difficulties they sought the council of a lawyer, never asking if the physician had himself experienced the pains from which they suffered; never demanding of the lawyer before engaging his services that he should himself have had similar difficulties—in such matters as required knowledge of Law or Medicine, men of the nineteenth century had great respect for knowledge of science derived from books and intelligent observation, but in matters appertaining to the science of Political Economy, any ignoramus, petty shopkeeper or peddler, so that he had some personal experience of actual trade, no matter how limited, was preferred above the profoundest scholar. This, however, was only in keeping with many other strange ideas of that peculiar period.

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Mr. Weaving has long since appeared before that Great Court of Last Resort, where deceit is useless and eloquence availeth not—Jackson the old butler too has passed beyond the earth's jarring noises. In the last hour when he heard the Master calling, Jack Lawton, was beside him and held the old white head upon his bosom, until the portals of Heaven opened to receive the soul of the faithful old servant.

Around the "Parsonage" for so many years that all have forgotten anything about his coming, is constantly seen a wrinkled old man, of hard visage, doing a kind of sentinel duty, and trying in spite of age to carry himself right soldierly. He is not a servant, but what his position is, no one knows as he is rather a hot tempered old fellow and no one dares ask him.

The only name he is known by is "sergeant" that is what the pastor calls him—and there is a whisper among the young farmers that he can use words if angered, hardly in keeping with the conduct of the friend of a clergyman, but old men and women tell such stories of the "sergeant's nursing" during the Plague that all (I rather think the pastor too) wink and seem not to hear, when the old "sergeant's" tongue slips. When he salutes with military precision the pastor, he says "Commandant,"—if the pastor be absent from home, and a visitor have courage to ask the sergeant where the clergyman is or what he is doing, the answer is sure to be. "He's just a-doin' good not a-talkin."

Whom have we here? This fine looking couple even though their heads are white with the snows of many winters. Did man ever see a better type of the military hero? Is he some renowned veteran leader of great armies? Has that commanding figure been seen in the front of charging hosts of armed men leading them in battle? Firmly and erect he carries his magnificent figure, as if the storms of life had found him unshakable, and passed by gently. He is devoted to the dignified and gentle matron who smiles so sweetly at his gallant speeches, that one loses sight of the trace of sorrows endured, on her kindly face.

The splendid old warrior's attention to the lady, the quiet motherly manner of the gentle woman, as she returns the greeting of some passing youth or maiden—make a picture so beautiful that the Stranger in America is curious to know the names of the two handsome people. He notices that urchins, girls, youths, maidens, men and women, all strive for the honor of recognition from this couple, men all speak with heads

uncovered as the pair pass by them, urchins cut across fields to doff their caps to them—and the Stranger hears such sentences from those who greet the couple as! "God bless them!"—"God keep him!"—"God bless America's friend!"—at last, no longer able to restrain his curiosity, the Stranger asked a native of the country: "What is the name of that veteran soldier to whom all pay such great honor?"

The native of the country looking at the Stranger with mingled surprise and indignation, answered: "You are not an American, or you would know that the man all, in this section love to honor is Christ's Veteran Soldier, Our Pastor, and that he is the same man that all Americans honor, as the best and truest friend of the Nation. The man who just passed us, walking with his good wife, is named John Lawton, we Americans call him the 'Salvation of the Nation'"—and the Stranger knew then that he had seen the man who had banished misery slavery and cabins from the territory of the Great Republic.

Coming centuries witness patriotic pilgrims making two journeys. One; to Mount Vernon, there to stand uncovered at the spot where lies the body of the "Father of the Country." The other to a quiet church yard in Ohio, where side by side in an humble tomb, lie Jack and "his Mollie,"—near by a grateful country has raised a giant shaft of granite, on which is chiseled words not easily forgotten.

IN HONOR OF

JOHN LAWTON,

WHO REMOVED THE
SECOND STAIN OF SLAVERY FROM
THE NATION. AMEN.